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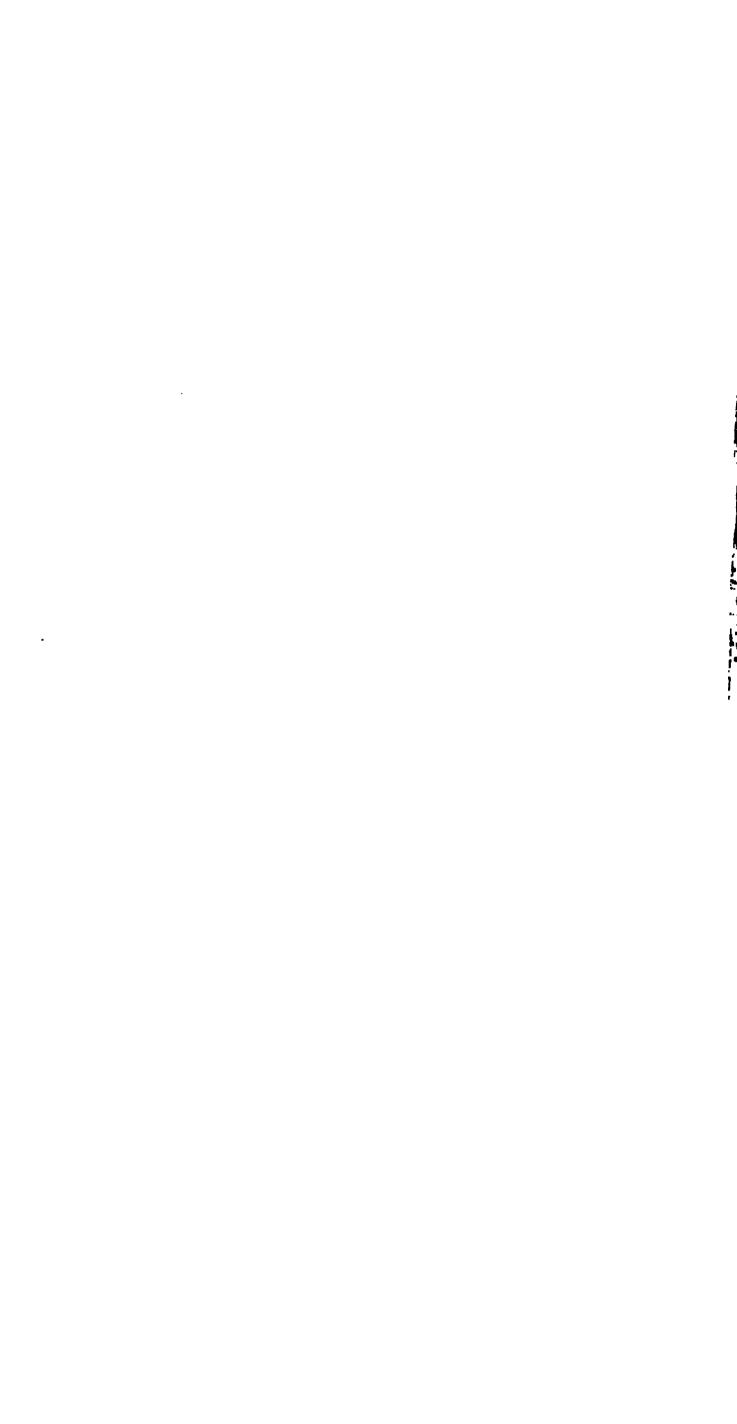
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HE DRAMATIC WORKS OF RICHARD BROME CONTAINING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

14424.2 (2) V

Five nevv

PLAYES,

VIZ.

The ENGLISH MOOR, or The MOCK-MARRIAGE.

The LOVE-SICK COURT, or The AMBITIOUS POLITIQUE.

COVENT GARDEN Weeded.

The NEVV ACADEMY, or The NEVV EXCHANGE.

The QUEEN and CONCUBINE.

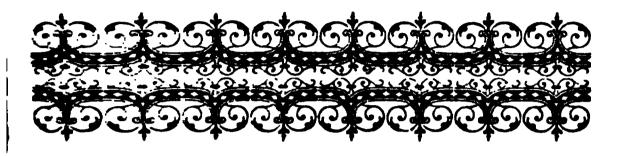
By RICHARD BROME.

LONDON,

Printed for A. Crook, at the Green Dragon in Saint Pauls Church-yard, and for H. Brome at the Gunn in Ivy-Lane, 1659.



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TO THE

READERS,

R rather to the Spectators, if the Fates fo pleas'd, these Cometies exactly being dressed for the Stage; and the often-tried Author (better than many who can but scribble) understood the Proportions and Beauties of a Scene; But as they are they will not deceive you; for the same hand (which formerly pleas'd) now held the Pen. We suppose we bring what in these dayes you scarce could hope for, Five A 3

new Playes. We call them new, becauft 'till now they never were printed. Ye must not think them posthumous Production. though they come into the world after the Author's death: they were all begotten a born (and own'd by Him before a thoufast, witnesses) many years since; they then trees the Stage (their proper place) though the pass'd not the Press. They are all Comedia, for (a man would think) we have had to many Tragedies. But this Book knew them not. The ENGLISH MOOR here (what ever name or face it wears) is older than our Troubles. The LOVE-SICA COURT, and the AMBITIOUS POLITICK are but one Play, though strange those two should dwell together. This NEW ACADEMY concerns not that which eight years since peep'd up in White Friers and this NEW EXCHANGE knows no thing

ng of that which now is cleaving to the mut Church VVall. This QUEEN is a er stranger to our Island; Her Scene is aly, the Persons and Action taste nothing England. Thus the whole Book being and ingenuous, we hope the Author may we the fame allowance, especially now since e's gone to the great Wits, that is, dead. and yet there are a fort (one would wonder here should be) who think they lessen this Author's worth when they speak the relation had to Ben. Johnson. We very thankfulrembrace the Objection, and defire they would name any other Master that could better teach a man to write a good Play. The materials must flow from all parts of the world: but the Art and Composition come onely from Books and fuch living Mafters as that our great Laureat; And for this purpole we have here prefixt Ben Johnson's own

A 4

grant it is (according to Ben's own nature and custome) magisterial enough; and who look for other, since he said to Shakespear—I shad draw envy on thy name (by writing in he praise) and threw in his sace—small Latin and less Greek; but also told Selden himsel (as if Ben's conscience checked him for being too good natured in commending others.)

Your Book (my Selden) I have read—
Though I confess (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men past their terms, and prais'd some name
too much,

But 'twas with purpose to have made them such Since, being deceiv'd, I turn a sharper eye Upon myself, and ask to whom, and why, And what I write, and vex it many dayes Before men get a Verse, much less a Praise.

—I first salute thee so, and gratulate,
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state.
—I could take up (and nere abuse
The credit) what would furnish a tenth Muse:
But here's nor time nor place my wealth to
tell;

You both are modest, so am I. Farewel.

It seems (what ere we think) Ben thought it diminution for no man to attend upon his Muse. And were not already the Antients too much trod on, we could name famous wits who served far meaner Masters than Ben Johnson. For, none vers'd in Letters but know the wise Æsop was born and bred a wretched slave; Lucian a Stonecutter; Virgil himself begotten by a Basketmaker, born in a ditch, and then preferred to an under Groom in the stable; nay, (to instance in our Authors own order) Nævius the

the Comedian a Captains mans man; Plan tus fervant to a poor Baker, Terence a flavi as well as Æ fop; and (which for our purpose is most of all) our Authors own Master hand led the Trowel before he grew acquainted with Scianus or Cataline. But enough of this left pleading for the Author, make him feer to want an Apology. As for the Stationers they bring these Poems as they had then from the Author; not fuffering any false of bufy hand to adde or make the least mutila tion; having been more watchful over the Printers common negligence, than fuch work as this hath usually obtained. And if these new Playes fail your expectation, we openly profess we know not how, where, or when we shall fit you.



To my old Faithful Servant, and (by his continu'd vertue) my loving Friend, the Author of this work, Mr. Rich. Brome.

Had you for a Servant, once, Dick.

Brome,

And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts:

Now, you are got into a neerer room

Of Fellowship, professing my old Arts,

And you do do them well, with good applause,

Which you have justly gained from the Stage,

By observation of those Comick Laws,

Which I, your Master, first did teach this

Age.

You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your Time,

A Prentiship, which few do now adayes:

Now each Court-Hobby-Horse, will wince in Rhime, Both

Both learned and unlearned, all wri Playes:

It was not so of old; men took up trades

That knew the Crafts they had been bred 1

right;

An honest Bilbo Smith would make goo Blades,

And the Physician teach men spue, and——
The Cobler kept him to his Awll, But now
He'll be a Pilot, scarce can guide a Plow.

Ben. Johnson.



To my most ingenious friend,

Mr. ALEX. BROME

Upon his fetting forth

Mr. RICH. BROMES

PLAYES:

His, Sir, is double *Piety*, and you In this oblige the *dead* and *living* too. As the last *trumpet* with one pow'rful found

Raises forgotten Bodies from the ground,
And betters those that yet remain alive:
So you an equal happiness do give
Unto his dust, and us, at once engage
His sacred Ashes, and the present age.
Nor can I tell to whom we more are bound,
Or to his wit, or you that have it sound.
When Thetis Son amongst the maids lay hid,
And for their softer wars the Trojan sled;
He that discover'd him, did justly claim
An equal share in th' honour of his name;
And dar'd to call Achilles victories,

All those exploits, and all those Trophies his: So you that have this noble wit reveal'd And made it be (which was before conceal'd) Known and commended, may as well receive Part in those Lawrels we to him do give. He made the oyl, but you enlightned it, He gave the falt, but you have made it white, And dug it from the Pit where it once lay Unfeen, or by the eyes of men or day: He made the branches of this Coral grow, Hid in its private Sea untouch'd; but you By drawing it into the open air, Have made it turn more pretious, and more fair. He spake with such a full and case strain, With fuch a foft, and fuch a flowing vein, As if 'twere *Nature* all, yet there was *Art*, Yet there was Skill in every limb and Part. So gently came all that he thought or writ, As if he made it not, but did repeat. His fancy like the blood did alwayes flow, Yet full of *life* and full of *spirts* too. His Wit and Angels did in this agree, Their motion is most nimble, quick, and sree, And perfect too. And as the world was made, (Which no delayes of spring and summer had, No ages or increases, but on all At first a ripeness, and full growth did fall;) So all that from his happy Pen did come

Was ripe and grown at first, and lest no room
For after change, no second hand could give
More strength to it, or it more strength receive.
When he doth speak of love, himself he arms
With such refistless, and such conquering charms,
Acts such sweet hopes, such innocent fears, and
ioyes,

That we or love his Mistress, or his voice, As eccho did. When he would make us smile, Thousand Anacreous play about his style. When he commands our forrow, straight our eyes Into falt fireams, our hearts to fighings rife. When he doth laugh again, the clouds are gone, Our minds into a sudden calmness run: He so dispos'd our thoughts, as when the hand, Or eye of the chief Gen'ral doth command, Whole Armies act what his example led, Follow his postures with such willing speed, Into obedience with fuch eafiness fall, As if one foul and spring did move them all. When he strook vice, he let the person go, Wounded not men but manners; nor did do Like him who when he painted heaven & hel, Amongst the damned shades and those that sell, Did draw his Enemies face, that all might fay Who there condemned by the Painter lay: But as the Surgeon at once hides and cures, And bindeth up the *limb* which most indures

The fore and pain: so he with gentle hand Did heal the wound, and yet conceal the man. His Scenes mens Actions, Tempers, Humours th And copy out what the great world doth do. His words are like the shapes which Angels take And for themselves of finest air do make, That are so much like men, that clearest eyes Cannot discern where the smal difference lies. In them we fee our felves, in them we find Whatever Time or Custom taught mankind. We fee with what expressiveness and life He painteth anger, hatred, joy, or grief, Or all the other winds that do enrage The hearts of men, nor in that living Stage (Where all he writ was acted first) mans breast, They more to th' full and nature are exprest. This we by him have gain'd, by him and you, For we as much unto the Merchant owe, Whose care and pains brought the rich Jew home,

As to the *Indiaes* whence those Jewels come.

T. S.



On the Comædies of the late facetious POET.

Mr. Richard Brome

Deceased.

His to thy memory I'm bound to do, (Ingenius Brome) though not related to Thy parts or person; kindled by that flame,

Which glows in thy example and fair name; I must pronounce these issues of thy brain, Of all th' Indulgers of the Comick strain Deserve applause; and they that do not see A worth in both, know neither them nor thee.

Yet I am no Wit-rampant, none of them That think they've pow'r to quit or to con-demn What ere is writ, and boldly say there's none True sterling Wit, but what looks like their own. And judge no person comely, if his head Be black or brown, their standard-heads being red. These would be Quorum-Wits, and by their own Commission, do invade Apollo's throne,

^a VOL. II. Where

Where Chair-men-like they rant, condemn, deric The Novice Wit, that must by them be tri'd. With Questions intricate, yet catching though, Such as themselves can't answer, namely, who First made them Wits? How they the grands obtain'd

Of *Poetry?* By whom they were ordain'd? And at what *Club?* and by whose lines they bin

Converted Poets, from that odious sin
Of Prose and thriving? whether Poetry
Be b' acquisition or extraduce?
Such Oversions and Commands not

Such Questions and Commands not worth fraw,

'Cause done without Authority or Law. Sic volo's all the pow'r, by which they sit, And th' only Rule by which they judge of Wit. For there's no other Standard but Opinion; Which varies still, 'cause fancy has dominion. So Martin Parker's laurell'd by some men, With as much boldness as the wise do Ben.

Nor can we help it, since among the wits
There is a Vulgus, whose ambition gets
To be o'th' Classis, and presumes to be
At first sight, Judges of all Poetry.
'Gainst whom there is no armour, but to know,
What they call good, or bad, they think is so.

Thus that sam'd Lombard story which was write To put the Reader to th' expense of wite And skill to judge of, and to understand, Can't censure scape, nor can applause command, But tamely must its self, and fate submite To the coy Readers prejudice, or wit. Who doth with equal eagerness contend, Some to cry down, and others to commend.

So easie 'tis to judg, so hard to do, There's so much frailty, yet such prying too:

Thi

their Poetry to view expose prepar'd to be abus'd in Profe. our Author garrison'd in's grave, mans censure, nor applause does crave: ese Remains; if they're approv'd of, so. too. But he would have us know, above our reach; for his Estate cur'd against the common Fate to young heirs, whose high desires and all, and be accounted Squires. b own Executor, and made the world; and that small All he had-Law or Scribe put out of doubt: me into th' world, and poor went out. d body higher powers claim, thing left to play with, but his name; may freely tofs; he all endures. use his name, so'll others yours.

ALEX. BROME.

THE

THE

STATIONERS

To the

READER.

Authors other labours of this kind, have kindled an encouragement in Vs to publish this, in which the clear streams of Comical Wit is no less discernable; so that it speaks these though posthume, the legitimate issue of the same brain. Tis not our designs to whet your judgements with our commendation; though some friends to the Authors memory and our benefit (in whose sentence we acquiesce) have blown their Trumpets before the shews, we might have purchased an Encomium of our own to have set before it, but we have other occasions for our mony; we are assured that these are good, and hope they will prove so; for if they be pleasantly good to you, they will be prositably good to

Your Servants,

A. C. H. B.

THE

English Moor,

OR THE

MOCK-MARRIAGE:

A Comcedy as it was often acted with general applause, by Her Majesties Servants.

By RICHARD BROME.

Innocuos permitte jocos, cur ludere nobis
Non liceat?



LONDON,

Printed in the year, 1659.



Drammatis Personæ.

... Two old Gentlemen and friends, supposed to have been kill'd in a Duel. Meanwels Son, in love with Lucy. ilus, Rashleys Son, in love with ands, an old Vsurer. en old angry Justice. a decayed Gentleman. 1 Two gallants undone by Quickd. fands. Banelass, a Wencher. Meanwels fervant. Rashleys servant. Quicksands Jervant. Meanwels daughter. ashleys daughter. Teftys Newe. Winlose daughter. Quicksands fervant.

The Scene London.

PROLOGUE.

Prologue.

M Oft noble, fair and curteous, to ye all
Welcome and thanks we give, that you we
call
And wifit your poor fernants, that have been

And visit your poor servants, that have been So long and pitiless unheard, unseen.

Welcome, you'l say your money that does do, (Dissembling is a fault) we say so too.

And your long absence was no fault of your,
But our sad fate to be so long obscure.

Fove and the Muses grant, and all good Men, We feel not that extremity again:

The thought of which yet chills us with a fear That we have bought our liberty too dear:

For should we fall into a new restraint,

Our hearts must break that did before but fain

You noble, great and good ones, that vouchsafe
To see a Comedy, and sometimes laugh

Or smile at wit and harmeless mirth, As thus ye have begun to grace and succour us;

Be further pleas'd (to hold us still upright, For our relief, and for your own delight)

To move for us to those high powers whom we submit unto in all humility,

For our proceeding, and we'le make it good To utter nothing may be understood

Offensive to the state, manners or time,
We will as well look to our necksas climb.

You hear our sute, obtain it if you may; Then find us money and we'le find you play.



THE

ENGLISH-MOOR

or the

Mock-Marriage.

Act I. Scene I.

Arthur. Dionyfia.

Ar.
Di.

Ear Sister, bear with me.
I may not, brother.
What! suffer you to pine, and peak
away

In your unnatural melancholy fits;
Which have already turn'd your purer blood
Into a toad-pool dye. I am asham'd
(Upon my life) almost to call you brother
But nature has her swing in me. I must.
Therefore I crave you (as you are my brother)
To shake this dull and muddy humor off,
By visiting the streets, and quit your chamber,
Which is a sickness to you.

Ar. O my fister!

Di. I can fay, O my brother too, to shew you How it becomes you. I have the same cause Equally with your self, to spend my life In sollitary mourning; and would do it, Could it make good our loss: My honor'd Father! A tear has scap'd me there: But that's by th'by, 'vol. II. A 3 And

And more of anger 'gainst his enemy,
And his for ever curs'd posterity,
That rob'd us of a Father, then of sorrow
For what we know is unrecoverable.
But to sit grieving over his Memory
In a resolved silence, as you do;
Killing your own blood while a vein holds any
Proceeding from the sless, that drew out his,
Is meerly idle. Mingle then your grief
With thought of brave revenge: And do it not
In private Meditation in your Chamber;
But bear it out till it proceed to Action.

Ar. By powring blood on blood?

Di. By quenching fire

Of high revenge, with base unmanly blood; By stopping of our Fathers cureless wounds (Which still bleed fresh in our vex'd memories) With the proud slesh of him that butcher'd ours.

Ar. We know he lives not that has slain our Father:

Or, if he lives, tis where I cannot reach him. He nere saw English harbour since his sword Unfortunately had the better of my father.

Di. But his fon lives.

Ar. Good fifter cool thy passion With reasonable means.

Di. O where's the spirit

That my flain father had. Have you no part of't Must I now play the Man, whilst you inherit Onely my Mothers puling disposition?

Ar. I know thy drift, good sister, Dionisia, Is not unto revenge, or blood; but to stir up Some motion in me, to prevent the danger A sad retireness may bring upon me.

Di. Bee't as you think it, so you will abroad; And make the house no longer dark with sighing.

Ent. Rass

Now Sir the newes with you?

Ra. Newes worth your hearing,

Meerly to laugh at: Good for nothing else.

Di. Is the old Ruffian tane, and hang'd, that slew My Father; or his son Brain-battered; or His daughter made a prostitute to shame?

Ar. How merciless are your wishes!

Ra. Lady, no.

But as I was hankring at an ordinary, In quest of a new Master (for this, here, Will never last to a new livory 'Less he were merrier) I heard the bravest noise Of laughter at a wicked accident Of Marriage, that was chopt up this Morning.

Di. What marriage? Quickly.

Ra. Who do you think

Has married fair Mistriss Millicent?

Di. Theophilus (I can name him, though his father Was fatal unto mine) was fure to her.

Ra. Yes, but without a Priest. She has slipt his And is made sast enough unto another, (hold, For which fine Mr. The. so whines and chases, And hangs the head! More than he would do For's sather, were he hanged, as you did wish For laughing newes eene now. Ther's sport for you.

Di. It does me good to hear of any cross That may torment their family. I wish Joy to the man that did beguile him of her What ere he be.

Ar. But who has married her?

Ra. Thence springs the jest. Old Mr. Quicksands, Sir,

The bottomless devourer of young Gentlemen; He that has liv'd, till past three-score, a batcheler, By three-score i'the hundred; he that has Undone by Mortgages and under-buyings So many Gentlemen, that they all despair'd

A 4

Of means to be reveng'd.

Ar. But where's your jest?

Ra. The Jest is, that they now have found that means

(As they suppose) by making of him Cuckold. They are laying their heads together in every corner. Contriving of his horns, and drinking healths. To the success. And there were sport for you now. If you were any body.

Ar. I'le abroad however.

Di. That's nobly faid. Take courage with you Brother.

Ar. And yet me thinks I know not how to look. The wide world in the face, thus on the fudden I would fain get abroad, yet be unknown.

Ra. For that Sir (look you) I have here, by chance, A false beard which I borrowed, with a purpose To ha' worn't and put a jest upon your sadness.

Ar. Does it do well with me? Ar. puts on Ra. You'l never have the beard.

One of your own fo good: you look like Hellor.

Ar. Go fetch my fword and follow me.

Di. Be sure you carry a strict eye o're his actions, And bring me a true account.

Ra, I warrant you Mistris.

Dr. Do, and I'le love thee everlastingly.

Why, now you are my brother.

Ar. Farewel Sifter. Exit Ar. Ra.

Di. I hope he has fome stratagem a foot

In our revenge to make his honour good: It is not grief can quit a father's blood.

ACT 1. SCENE 2.

Nathaniel, Phillis.

Nat. Prithee be and answered, and hang off o'me. I ha' no more to say to you in the way You wot on Phillis.

Phl.

Phi. Nor do I seek to you
In that way which you wot on, wanton Sir,
But to be honest, and to marry me.
You have done too much the other way already.

Nat. I wish you were more thankful, Mrs. Phillis, To one has taught you a trade to live upon: You are not thisfirst by twenty I have taught it That thrive well i'the world.

Phi. There are so many

Such teachers in the world; and so sew Resormers, that the world is grown so sull Of semale srailties, the poor Harlotries Can scarce already live by one another,

And yet you would have me thrust in among 'em.

Nat. I do not urge you. Take what course you

But look not after me: I am not mark'd (please,

For Matrimony, I thank my stars.

Phi. Should I run evil courses, you are the cause; And may in time, curse your own act in it: You'l find th' undoing of an honest Maid Your heaviest sin upon your bed of sickness; Twill cost your soul the deepest groan it setches; And in that hope I leave you.

Exit.

Nat. Farewel wag-tail.

Marry thee quoth a! That's wife work indeed!

If we should marry every Wench we lie with,

Twere after six a week with some of us.

(Marry love forbid) when two is enough to hang one.

Enter Vincent and Edmond.

Vin. Nat, we have fought diligently, for fear The news that is abroad should flie before us.

Nat. What news? What flying fame do you labour with?

Ed. News that makes all the Gallants i' the Town Fly out o' their little wits: They are so eager Upon the joy. I mean such youthful Gallants As have, or sold, or mortgag'd; or been cheated

By

By the grave patron of Arch-colonage, Whole lad misfortune we are come to ling:

Shall I need to name him to thee? (good Vince Nat. Who, the old Rascal Quickfands? speak What! has he hangd himself? speak quickly prithe.

Vin. Worse, worse by half man. Durst thou hear, a news

Whose mirth will hazzard cracking of a rib?

Nat. I and't be two. Here's hoopes enough befides. To hold my drink in. Pray thee speak; what Is come upon him. (mischief

Ed. I pray thee guess again.

Nat. Has fomebody over-reach'd him in his way Of damnable extortion; and he cut his throat, Or fwallowed poifon?

Vin. Ten times worse then that too.

Nat. Is he then hoisted into the Star-Chamber For his notorious practises? or into The high Commission for his blacker arts?

Ed. Worse then all this.

Nat. Pax, keep it to your felf then,
If you can think it be too good for me.
Why did you fet me a longing? you cry worse
And ten times worse; and know as well as I,
The worse it is to him, the better wel-come
Ever to me: And yet you tell me nothing.

Vin. He has married a youg wife.

Nat. Has he Cadzooks?

Ed. We bring you no comfort, we.

Nat. Nere go fine sport, Ha, ha, ha. What is she? Would he had my wench, was here eene now, What is she he has married? quickly prithe.

Vin. One much too good for him. Ed. The beauteous Millicent.

Driven by the tempest of her Uncles will, Is like a pinnace forc'd against the Rock.

Nat. But he will never split her, that's the best on't

or the Mock-Marriage.

I hope she'le break his heart first. Gentlemen, I thank you for your news; and know what I Will presently go do.

Vin. Pray stay a little.

Ed. And take us with you. What will you go do?

Nat. That which we can all at once. Do not

Vin. We came to cast a plot w'ye. (hold me.

Nat. Cast a pudding—How long ha'they been

Ed. But this morning. (married?

Nat. You'l ha'me come too late.

Ne're go 'tis a shame he was not Cuckolded 'Fore Dinner.

Vin. That had been a fine first course At a wedding seast indeed. A little patience.

Nat. Pray let me take my course 'sore supper yet.

Ed. The business 'longs to us as much as you, He has wrong'd us all alike. He has cozened us As much as you.

Nat. He has made me so poor (me.

That my poor whore eene now claim'd marriage of Vin. The case is ours. His wrongs are common So shall his wife be, can we purchase her: (to us, Did we bring you the news for you to run And prevent us do you think?

Nat. Pardon my zeal good Gentlemen; which Considered but the fitness of the Act, (onely And that 'tis more then time 'twere done is ith.

Enter Theophilus and Arnold.

Ed. And fee here comes a fourth man that has lost More on her part, then we upon the Bridegrooms.

Vin. He's very sowre and sad. 'Tis crept upon him By this untoward accident. (a match;

Nat. 'Twould anger any man to be nos'd of such But Ile remove his forrow——

Gentle Theophilus, you are well met, Your forrow is familiar with us all In the large loss of your betrothed love;

But

But, fir, be comforted: you have our pitty And our revenge to ease you Tis decreed Her husband shall be instantly a Cuckold.

The. Most sinfully thou lyest; and all that give Breath to that soul opinion.

Draw and

Nat. What do you mean. fight.

The. Give me that thought from you; nay, from Or I will rip you for't. (you all

Nat. Zooks what mean you. Vin. Hold, Sir, forbear.

The. He have that thought out first.

Nat. I say he does deserve to be a Cuckold; Let him be what he will, a pox upon him.

Ed. Vin. So we say all.

The. What's that to ill in her?

I stand upon that point. Mans evil merit's No warrant for a womans dishonesty. I say had shee a man forty degrees Beneath his undeservings, twere more possible For him to deceive her with a good Life, Then shee him with a wicked.

Nat. I fay fo too.

But then I say again, The more's the pitty.

The. Do and undoe. He hurts

Nat. Zookes now your bitch has bit me, him.

I say he will be one, he shall be one;

Il'e make him one myfelf.

Ent. Ar. in his false beard he sides with Theoph.

Ed. Vin. And weel both help him. (Murder.

Arn. Why here's trim stuff. Help ho, Murder.

Art. This is oppression gentlemen; an unmanly one. Nat. What devils this rais'd? fall off, tis an ill business. Ext. Nat. Vin. Ed.

Arm. Have you no hurt Sir.

The. No I'm confident.

Arn. By your favour, I will fee. Arnold fearches Art. What fortune's this, Theoph.

I fought 'gainst friends to save mine enemy, But

Bet I hope neither know me. I defire with hid to my friends for my offence to them, with mine enemy, till I make him dearer. Exit.

Fee I told thee there was none.

den I'm glad it proves fo.

The But wher's the Gentleman?

The Not I, tis the first time that ere I saw him, o my remembrance; yet he sought for me. That thoused he be that so could fight for me, that thoused he be that so could fight for me, that care not for my company? bestrew thy heart. Thy should he use me thus? I shall be sick to think

m made beholding now to I know not whom;
and I m the worst to sue or seek to a man—

Are That scurvy, between proud and bashful
quality.

ou are famous for, as tother toy that haunts you.

The What's that?

drw. Why, to be deadly angry, fir, by least occasion, and friends as quickly. For and cold in a breath: you are angry now ith him that fought for you I warrant you.

The In troth I am, and friends with them I deul'd me peevally to leave me fo, (fought with;

Te I could thank him.

Arn. So tis that I told you. (tlemen, The. But did you mark th'humanity of my Gennafe thee's dispot'd by her felf willed uncle that unworthy Quickfands (Devil take him) bey thought twould found like musick in my ears hear her disgrace sung; when her fair honour all I have to love, now shee's took from me: d that they'd go about to rob me of.

aven grant me patience. O my slaughter'd father! on thy son, and know by thy infirmity.

Arn.

Arn. Methinks, Sir, his example should allay you Impatience was his ruine.

The. Push, we see

Thieves daily hang'd for Robberies; yet some Go on still in the practice! What a fine Is set upon the head of soul Adultery, And yet our neighbours Wives can hardly scape us There's Lawes against extortion, and sad penalties Set upon Bribes,

Yet great mens hands ha'their fore-fathers itch! Prisons are fill'd with Banckrupts; yet we see How crasty Merchants often wrong their credits, And Lond'ners slie to live at Amsterdam! Nothing can banish Nature: That's the Moral.

Arn. It was indeed your Fathers known infirmity. And ever incident to the noblest Natures. But of your Father, is there yet no hope Of better news?

The. No, certainly he's flain.

Arn. I have not heard a story of more wonder; That two such men, of such estates and years, Having liv'd alwayes friends and neighbours nearly, Should at the last fall out so mortally On a poor cast at bowles! Where wast they sought?

The. It is uncertain. All we heard of em
Was, they rode forth ('tis now a whole year past)
Singly to end their quarrel: But to what
Part of the kingdom, or the world they took,
We can by no inquiry find or hear
Of either of them. Sure they crost the Seas,
And both are slain.

Arn. You speak poor comfort Sir.

The. I speak as my heart finds. She's gone for Her hearts desire be with her. (ever too;

Arn. Now he's there again. (ments me, The. Then my poor Sisters sickness; that tor-Never in health since our dear Father lest us.

Am

Ara And now there.

The How thall I do to fee these men again?

ire Why here's the noble nature fill. 'Twil

The I've feek'em out. Nathaniel always lov'd me. Exit.

den. Here's an unsettled humor. In these sits eac nere be mad, nor ever well in's wits Exit.

ACT L SCENE 3.

Tefty. Quickfands. Millicent.

Tef. Go to I say, go to; as y're my Neece, And hope t'inherit any thing that's mine:
Seast off this Maiden peevishness. Do you whimper Up a your wedding day? Or, do you think a are not married yet? Did you not say 1 Mistent take Mandevill? A ha!
Wis it not so? Did not I give you too?
I that have bred you from the cradle up
I a ht growth to match with his sair years;
And sar more sair estate.

Mil I, there's the Match-

Love him I charge you.

Mu lie endeavour't Sir.

Stand from her, Nephew! I'le so swinge her. Ha

Land. Let me intreat your patience. She's my
wife Sir

[Jandle her in her humour, do; and spoyle want. Tis but her modesty. (her.

Tef Her fullen doggedness,

He baste it out of her. You do not know her

Cuark. I thall, Sir, before morning Better I doubt not. Come we shall agree.

Tef. You will endeavour't! Come I'le see it don't Marry a man first, and then endeavour To love him will you? Ha! Is it but so? I'le see you love him presently. So to bed.

Mil. What before Supper?

Tes. A posset and to bed,

I'le see it done. And cause you are so nice (To bed I say) there I will see more done

Then I will speak. Tell me of your endeavour! Quick. Be not so rough and stiffe with her, god I know my supple tender dealing will (Uncle

Get more upon her love then all your chidings.

Test. Such tender dealers spoyle young Brides; and Nothing of stubborness. Down with her I say (ge Now in her wedding sheets: She will be naught else Mil. Construe more charitably, I beseech you,

My Virgin blushes.

Tef. Tis your sullenness; Would you have brided it so lumpishly With your spruce younker, that fine silken beggar, Whose Land lies in your Husbands counting house, Or the most part.

Mil. O my Theophilus.

Quick. Indeed the better half; nor without hope To have the rest as he may want my money.

Tef. Would you have whin'd and pul'd, had you had him,

To bedward think you? yet to speak the truth, And that wherein she has vext me a thousand times, I never saw her laugh, nor heard her sing In all my life: yet she could both, I have heard, In company she lik'd.

Mil. It has been 'mong Maidens then.
But honour'd Sir (I know what I will do)
To let you see and hear, since you desire
To have me shew a cheerfulness unto
My reverend Husband. Look you Sir, I'le kis him

Cla

him, and stroke him: Ha, my Joe, ha, ha, ha, Hey day (&c.

sa Sne'l make me blush anon I think.

1. 1.e ting him fongs too.

Whoop, how's this? (ones, I hat I will chick, old fongs and over old thy reverend felf, my Chick a bird: (names has She cals me chick and bird: The common han es that Cuckold their old cravend husbands. It (Shee fings)

New made him a bed of the thistle down soft, Since laid her felf under to bear him a loft, And over she jung sweet turn thee to me, Weel make the new bed cry Figgy Foggy.

What impudence is this.

de. Shee's gon as far ond it now as it was to't.

Now may you answer.

e lings)

Go to bed fweet heart I'le come to thee, with bed fine and foft I'le lig with thee. Ha, ha, ha. Is this your bashful Neece. (become thee? What canst thou mean by this? dos this let Fray do not beat me o'my wedding night, but teil me

this and half a dozen chopping Children may ume an old mans wife fome five years hence.

ora O intollerable!

Is't possible thou canst do thus?

It Let women judge. Tis very possible

It a young lusty wise may have six Children

one at once in five years, Sir, and by

Father too. He make him young enough

Father mine.

her Shee'l make a youth of me.

(She fings)

There

There was a Lady lov'd a swine. Honey, quoth she And wilt thou be true love mine. Hoogh, quoth to Test. Do you hear gentlewoman; are you i'you wits?

Mil. Yes, and my own house I hope. I pushall we to bed, Sir, supperless? you need (be can no stirring meats, it seems. I'm glad on't. Come, biddy, come away, will you see Uncle How I will love him i'bed? come away.

Quic. My edge is taken off: this impudence
Of hers, has outfac'd my concupifence.
Dasht all quite out o'Countenance! what a beast

Was I to marry? Rather, what a beast

Am I to be? * How now! O horrible. A fowgelders

Tef. What hidious noise is this. horn blown. Buz. I cannot help it.

Ent. Buzzant

While I went forth for the half pint of Sack
To make your prodigal posset; and the maid
(Watching the Milk, for running ore) forgot
To shut the door, they all rush'd in.

Quic. What they, what all?

Bus. Vizarded people, Sir, and odly shap'd. You'l see anon. Their tuning o'their pipes, And swear they'll gi'ye a willy nilly dance Before you go to bed, tho'you stole your Marriage. Quic. Outragious Roysters.

Tef. Call and raise the street.

Mil. That were to let in violence indeed.

These are some merry harmless friends I warrant.

I knew I could not be so ill belov'd

Among the batchelers, but some would find
Way to congratulate our honoured Marriage.

Quic. What, with horn musick?

Tef. A new kind of flourish.

Quic. Tis a flat conspiracy.

This is your bashful modest whimpring Neece.

Test. Then let'em in. If they wrong us to night,

The

Law tomorrow shall afford us right.

y let's resolve to seet. Here comes their Prologue.

florish, Ent. Mercury.

Mer At a late Parliment held by the Gods, suf and Hymen fell at bitter ods n an argument; wherein each did try accance his own bove tothers deity, t of this question, which might happier prove we without Marriage, or Marriage without love. the effects the tryal must be made: each from others Office drew his aid; grad no more of Hymens matches fram'd; n Hyman married those that love instam'd. Now mark, the fad effects this ftrife begot, had his tiery darts and arrows that thick as ere he did; and equal hearts excands with equal love. But Hymen parts be forward hands 'alas!) and joyneth none t trofe which his new match-Maker brings on, Lagredy zivariae) who by his fpells, treatts of Parents and of guardians dwells, and force their tendelings to loathed beds;

the ancouth Policie to forrow leads be and a thousand wayes, of which the least this with which we celebrate your (feast

Icf A special drove of horn beatts

Her. These sew are thought enough

to shew how more

fould appear horrible, the town hath

(store,

The first's a Lawyer, who by strife

(prevail'd wed a wife, that was by love in-(tail'd

to that Courtier, who had the hap on after to adorn him with that cap.

Fnter four Masquers with horns on their heads: a Stag, a Ram, a Goat, and an Oxfollowed byfour persons, a Courtier, a Captain, a Schollar, and a Butcher.

The

The next a country cormorant, whose great weals
By a bad fathers will, obtain'd by stealth
That valiant Souldiers Mistress: for which matter
The Enginier his sconse with Rams did batter.

This an old Goatish Usurer, that must Needs buy a wretches daughter to his lust; Doated, and married her without a groat, That Herald gave this crest unto his coat.

And that's the Citizen, so broadly pated,
Which this mad Butcher, cuckold antidated.
Now by this dance let husband that doth wed
Bride from her proper love to loathed bed
Observe his sortune. Musick strike aloud
The cuckolds joy, with merry pipe and crowd.

They dance to musick of Cornets and Violina

The Daunce. Ext. Masquer.

Tef. How now! all vanisht! The devil take the hindmost.

Qui. The foremost I say; and lay him a block For all the rest to break their necks upon.

Tef. Who are they? Can you guesse.

Mil. Truly, not I Sir.

Some of my husbands friends perhaps, that came To warn him of his fortune.

Qui. Well confider'd.

Mil. Lock the doors after'em, and let us to bed And lock our felves up, chick, safe from all dange

Qui. We will to bed chick, fince you'l have it for This key shall be your guard: And here's another Shall secure me. My house has store of beds in I bring you not to an unsurnisht dwelling.

Mil. Be not afraid to lie with me, good man, Ileso restore thee gain with Cawdels and Cock-broth So cuckle the up to-morrow thou shalt see—

Quic. O immodestie.



or the Mock-Marriage.

17

Mil. Thou haft good ftore of gold, and shalt not n Cullifes: in every broth He boil (want it An angel at the leaft.

Qui. He hang first.

Tef. I am quite out of wits; and yet I'le counsel Thee, Nephew. Heark thee. They whifper.

Bus. Tis like to be mad counsel.

Mil. But will you not lie with me then?

Tef. No marry shall he not.

Nephew, You shall not, till shee bride it modestly. Tis now too late, but Ile so rattle her up to morrow.

Buz. Tis too late now, and yet he'l do't to morrow!

Tef. Will you to your lodging?

(good!

Mil. Where be my bride-maids?

Tef. They wait you in your chamber.

Buz. The devil o'maid's i'this but my fellow Madg the Kitching maid, and Malkin the Cat, or batchelor but myfelf, and an old Fox, that my mafter has kept a prentiship to palliate his passie.

Mil. Where be the maids, I fay; and Batchelors

To disappoint my husband.

Qui. Mark you that?

(none.

Mil. I mean, to take your points. But you have O thrifty age! My Bridegroom is fo wife,

In flead of points, to hazzard hooks and eyes.

Bus. Shee means the eyes in's head, He hang elfe. My Mafter is like to make a blind match here.

Tef. Take up the lights, sirrah.

Qui. I hope the talks to idly, but for want Of fleep; and fleep the thall for me to night.

Tef. And well faid Nephew. Will you to your chamber, Mistrefs?——

Mil. Hey ho, to bed, to bed, to bed.

No Bride fo glad-to keep her Maiden-head.

Exeunt omnes.

VOL. II.

A 3

A C T. 2

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

Lucy. Phillis.

Lu. Y'are the first Maid that ere I entertain'd Upon so small acquaintance. Yet y'are welcom, I like your hand and carriage.

Phi. 'Tis your favour.

But love, they say sweet Mistriss, is receiv'd At the first sight, and why not service then, Which often brings more absolute returns Of the dear trust impos'd, and firmer saith By Servants then by Lovers?

Lu. Stay there Phillis.

I may, by that, conjecture you have been Deceiv'd by some false Lover.

Phi. Who, I Mistrifs?

I hope I look too merrily for such a one, Somewhat too coursly too, to be belov'd; If I were sad and handsome, then it might Be thought I were a little love sick. Pray How long has this disease affected you; This melancholy, Mistris? Not ever since You lost your father I hope.

Lu. For the most part.

Thou faidst, me thought, that love might be tane in At the first sight.

Phi. There 'tis. I find her.

Love, Mistris? yes, a Maid may take in more
Love at one look, or at a little loop-hole,
Then all the Doddy-poles in Town can purge
Out of her while she lives; she smothring it,
And not make known her passion. There's the
mischief!

Lu. Suppose she love an enemy to her house. Phi. An enemy! Put case the case were yours.

į,

But 'tis no case of mine; put by I pray thee.
I'le put it to you though I mis your case.
It were your house, and Master Arthur,
father was your fathers enemy,
our belov'd -—

Pray thee no more.

Now I have struck the vein. Suppose I say, were true ' would you consound your self thering your love, which, in it self, and innocent, until it grow amicrous disease within you; the it in your bosom, till it work indled heart to ashes?

Thou haft won

Sence to attention: Therefore tell me cantle find or think it honourable to take such affection?

Yes, and religious; most commendable, you but win his love into a marriage, et peace between your families.

any, and what great examples have we, ormer ages, and of later times, ag diffentions between furious factions, their opposite houses have drawn in Ailies and Friends, whole Provinces, ingdoms into deadly opposition;

of blood, which onely have been stop'd foft bands of love in marriages at branches, sprung from the first roots

al branches, (prung from the first roots the Hell-bred hatreds!

My good Maid -

Yes, I have been a good one to my grief. Thou half given me strength to tell thee, and

I warrant you M finis. Therefore out with it.

B 4

Lu

The English-Moor,

20

Lu. I love that worthy Gentleman; and am confiThat in the time of our two fathers friendship (dent
He'affected me no less: But since that time
I have not seen him, nor dare mention him
To wrong my brothers patience, who is so passionate,
That could he but suspect I bred a thought
That savour'd him, I were for ever lost.
For this sad cause, as well as for the loss
Of my dear Father, I have sigh'd away
Twelve Moons in silent sorrow; and have heard
That Arthur too (but for what cause I know not)
Has not been seen abroad; but spends his time
In pensive solitude.

Phi. Perhaps he grieves As much for the supposed loss of you, As of his Father too.

Phi. Fear nothing, Mistriss. Now you have eas'd Let me alone to comfort you. And see your Brother.

The. How is it with you Sister? Enter Theoph.

Phi. Much better now than when you lest me

If no ill accident has happend you (Brother,

Since your departure; as I fear there has:

Why look you else so fadly? speak, dear Brother.

I hope you did not meet the man you hate.

If you did, speak. If you have sought and slain him

I charge you tell, that I may know the worst

Of sortune can befal me: I shall gain

Per-

Perhaps a death by't.

The. You speak as if you lov'd the man I hate, And that you fear I have kil'd him.

Phi. Not for love

Of him I assure you Sir; but of your self. Her sear in this case, Sir, is that the Law May take from her the comfort of her life. In taking you from her, and so she were But a dead woman. We were speaking. Of such a danger just as you came in; (trembles, And truly, Sir, my heart even tremble-tremble-To think upon it yet. Pray, Sir, resolve her.

The. Then 'twas your frivolous fear that wrought

in her.

Good Sister be at peace: for, by my love to you, (An oath I will not violate) I neither saw Nor sought him, I. But other thoughts perplex me.

Lu. What, were you at the wedding, Brother?

The. Whose wedding, Sister?

Lu. Your lost love Millicents. Are you now sad After your last leave taking?

The. What do you mean? (Brother—

Lu. There may be other matches, my good The. You wrong me shamefully, to think that I Can think of other then her memorie.

Though she be lost and dead to me, can you

Be fo unnatural as to defire

The separation of a thought of mine

From her dear memorie; which is all the comfort My heart is married to, or I can live by.

Phi. Surely good Sir, in my opinion, Sharp, eager stomacks may be better fed With a'ery smell of meat, then the bare thought Of the most curious dainties——

The. What piece of impudence have you receiv'd Into my house?

Lu. Pray Brother pardon me.

I took her, as I find her, for my comfort, She has by councel and discourse wrought much Ease and delight into my troubled thoughts.

The. Good Maid forgive me; and my gentle Sister, I pray thee bear with my destractions. (flasher.

Phi. A good natur'd Gentleman for all his hafty The. And now I'le tell you Sister (do not chide me) I have a new affliction.

Lu. What is it brother?

The. I am ingag'd unto a Gentleman, (A noble valiant Gentleman) for my life, By hazarding his own, in my behalf.

Lu. It was then against Arthur.

What villain was't durst take your cause in hand Against that man?

The. You wrong me beyond suffrance, And my dear fathers blood within your self, In seeming careful of that mans safety——

Phi. His fafety Sir? Alas! she means, he is A villain that would take the honor of His death out of your hands, if he must fall By sword of man.

The. Again, I ask your pardon. But I had A quarrel yesterday, that drew strong odds Upon my single person; Three to one: When, at the instant, that brave Gentleman With his sword, sides me, puts'em all to slight——

Lu. But how can that afflict you?

The. How quick you are!

Lu. Good Brother I ha'done.

The. My affliction is,

That I not know the man, to whom I am
So much ingag'd, to give him thanks at least. Ente
O Sir y'are welcome, though we parted
Abruptly yesterday. (somewhat

Nat. I thank you Sir.

The. Pray thee Nat. tell me, for I hope thou know'st

What Gentleman was that came in betwixt us? Nat. If the devil know him no better, he will lofe A part of his due I think. But to the purpose, I knew your wonted nature would be friends With me before I could come at you. However, I Have news fer you that might deserve your love, Were you my deadly enemy.

The. What is't pray thee? (Kiss.

Nat. Sweet Mistris Lucy so long unsaluted?

Lu. My Brother attends your news Sir.

Nat. My Wench become her Chamber-maid! very pretty!

How the Jade mumps for fear I should discover her.

The. Your news good Nat? what is it ready made,

Or are you now but coining it?

Nat. No, it was coin'd last night, o'the right stamp, And passes current for your good. Not know, That I, and Mun, and Vince, with divers others Of our Comrades, were last night at the Bride-house.

The. What mischief did you there?

Nat. A Masque, a Masque lad, in which we pre-The miseries of inforced Marriages So lively—Zooks, lay by your captious counten-And hear me handsomely.

Lu. Good brother do, it has a fine beginning.

Nat. But mark what follows; This morning, early up we got again, And with our Fidlers made a fresh assault And battery 'gainst the bed-rid bride-grooms window. With an old fong, a very wondrous old one, Of all the cares, vexations, fears and torments, That a decrepit, nasty, rotten Husband Meets in a youthful, beauteous, sprightly wife: So as the weak wretch will shortly be afraid, That his own feebler shadow makes him Cuckold.

Our

Our Masque o'er night begat a separation Betwixt'em before bed time: for we sound Him at one window, coughing and spitting at us; She at another, laughing, and throwing money Down to the Fidlers, while her Uncle Testy, From a third Port-hole raves, denouncing Law, And thundring statutes 'gainst their Minstralse.

Lucy. Would he refusehis bride-bed the first night

Phi. Hang him.

Nat. Our Horn-masque put him off it, (bless m invention)

For which, I think, you'l Judge she'le forsake him All nights and dayes hereaster. Here's a blessing Prepard now for you, if you have grace to follow it.

The. Out of my house, that I may kill thee; Go For here it were inhospitable. Hence, Thou busie vaillain, that with sugard malice Hast poyson'd all my hopes; ruin'd my comforts In that sweet soul for ever. Go, I say, That I may with the safety of my man-hood, Right me upon that mischievous head of thine.

Nat. Is this your way of thanks for courtefies; Or is't our luck alwayes to meet good friends, And never part so? yet before I go, I will demand your reason (if you have any) Wherein our friendly care can prejudice you; Or poyson any hopes of yours in Millicent?

Lu. Pray brother tell him.

The. Yes: that he may die
Satisfied, that I did but Justice on him,
In killing him. That villain, old in mischief,
(Hell take him) that has married her, conceives
It was my plot (I know he does) and, for
A sure revenge, will either work her death
By poyson, or some other cruelty,
Or keep her lock'd up in such misery,
That I shall never see her more.

Nat. I answer——

The. Not in a word, let me intreat you, go.

Nat. Fair Mistris Lucy-

The. Neither shall she hear you.

Nat. Her Maid shall then: or I'le not out to night.

Phil. On what acquaintance Sir. He takes

Nat. Benotafraid: I take no notice o'thee, herafide. I like thy course, Wench, and will keep thy councel, And come sometimes, and bring thee a bit and Phi. I'le see you choak'd first. (th'wilt.

Nat. Thou art not the first

Cast Wench that has made a good Chamber-maid.

Phi. O you are base, and I could claw your eyes out.

Nat. Pray tell your Master now: so fare you well Sir. Exit.

Lu. I thank you, Brother, that you promise me You will not follow him now, some other time Will be more sit. What said he to you, Phillis?

Phi. Marry he said (help me good apron strings.)

The. What was it that he faid?

Phi. I have it now.

It was in answer, Sir, of your objections. First, that you fear'd the old man, wickedly, Would make away his wife: to which he faies, That is not to he fear'd, while she has so Much fear of Heaven before her eyes. And next, That he would lock her up from fight of man: To which he answers, she is so indued With wit of woman, that were she lock'd up, Or had locks hung upon her, locks upon locks; Locks of prevention, or fecurity: Yet being a woman, she would have her will; And break those locks as easily as her Wedlock. Lastly, for your access unto her sight; If you have Land he faies to fell or Mortgage, He'le undertake his doors, his wife and all, Shall Shall fly wide open to you.

The. He could not say so.

Lu. Troth, but tis like his wild way of expression Phi. Yes; I knew that: my wit else had been puzzl'd.

The. And now I find my self instructed by him: And friends with him again. Now, Arnold, any tidings.

Ent. Arn

Ar. Not of the gentleman that fought for you But I have other newes thats worth your knowledge Your enemy, young Arthur, that has not Been seen abroad this twel'moneth is got forth In a disguise I hear, and weapon'd well. I have it from most sure inteligence. Look to your self, sir.

Lu. My blood chills again. (fister. The. Pseugh, Ile not think of him. To dinner

ACT 2. SCENE 2.

Quicksands. Testy. Millicent.

Qui. Here was a good night, and good morrow to Given by a crew of Devils.

Tef. 'Twas her plot, And let her smart for't.

Mil. Smart, Sir, did you say?

I think 'twas smart enough for a young Bride To be made lye alone, and gnaw the sheets Upon her wedding.

Tes. Rare impudence!

Mil. But for your satisfaction, as I hope

To gain your favour as you are my Uncle, Ent. But I know not any acter in this business. with a paper Bus. Sir, her's a letter thrown into the entry.

Quick. reads i

Tef. It is some villanous libel then I warrant.

Saw

at thou not who convaild it in?

Not I I onely found it, Sir. (from'em! I'm I'ray read it you. Not my own house free he devi, ow'd me a spight; and when he has plow'd in old mans lust up, he sits grinning at him.

1; I that have so many gallant enemies in fire, to do me mischies, or disgrace;

1 at I must provide tinder for their sparks!

1 he very thought bears weight enough to sink me.

Mil May I be worthy, Sir, to know your trouble?

Wil Am I your trouble then?

The Tis fworn and written in that letter there The fhalt be wicked. Hundreds have tane oaths I make thee false, and me a horned Monster.

Mil. And does that trouble you?

Mil A dream has done much more. Pray, Sir, And now I will be ferious, and endeavour I mend your faith in me. Is't in their power to deftroy vertue, think you; or do you suppose me false already, tis perhaps Their plot to drive you into that opinion.

And so to make you cast me out amongst'em; You may do so upon the words of strangers;

And if they tell you all, your gold is counterseit,

Throw that out after me.

Itel Now shee speaks woman. (em. Mil But since these men pretend, and you suppose To be my friends, that carry this presumption Over my will. He take charge of my self, And do sair justice, both on them and you:

My honour is my own; and i'm no more

Yours yet, on whom my Uncle has bestowed me, Then all the worlds (the ceremony off)

And will remain so, free from them and you;

Who, by the salse light of their wild-fire slashes

Have

Have slighted and deprav'd me and your bride bed; Till you recant your wilfull ignorance, And they their petulant folly.

Tef. This founds well. (Honor;

Mil. Both they and you trench on my Peace and Dearer then beauty, pleasure wealth and fortune; I would stand under the fall of my estate Most chearefully, and sing: For there be wayes To raise up fortunes ruines, were her towers Shattered in pieces, and the glorious ball Shee stands on cleft asunder: But for Peace Once ruin'd, there's no reparation; If Honour sall, which is the soul of life, Tis like the damned, it nere lifts the head Up to the light again.

Tef. Neece, thou hast won mee;

And Nephew, she's too good for you. I charge you Give her her will: Ile have her home again else.

Qui. I know not what I can deny her now.

Mil. I ask but this, that you will give me leave To keep a vow I made, which was last night Because you slighted me.

Tef. Stay there a little.

I'le lay the price of twenty Maidenheads Now, as the market goes, you get not hers

This feav'night.

Mil. My vow is for a moneth; and for so long I crave your faithful promise not to attempt me. In the meantime because I will be quit With my trim, forward Gentlemen, and secure you From their assaults; let it be given out, That you have sent me down into the countrey Or back unto my Uncles; whither you please.

Quic. Or, tarry, tarry—ftay, stay here a while. Mil. So I intend, Sir, Ile not leave your house, But be lock'd up in some convenient room. Not to be seen by any, but your selse:

Or else to have the liberty of your house In some disguise, (if it were possible) Free from the least suspition of your servants.

Tef. What needs all this?

Do we not live in a well govern'd City?
And have not I authority? Ile take
The care and guard of you and of your house
'Gainst all outragious attempts; and clap
Those Goatish Roarers up, fast as they come.

Quic. I understand her drift, Sir, and applaud Her quaint devise. Twill put 'em to more trouble, And more expence in doubtful search of her, The best way to undo'em is to soil'em At their own weapons. Tis not to be thought The'l seek, by violence to sorce her from me, But wit; In which wee'l overcome'em. (friends.

Tes. Agree on't twixt your selves. I see y'are

I'le leave you to your selves.

Heark hither Neece—Now I dare trust you with him. He is in yeares, tis true. But hear'st thou girl Old Foxes are best blades.

Mil. I'm sure they stink most. (again.

Test. Good keeping makes him bright and young Mil. But for how long.

Test. A year or two perhaps.

Then, when he dies, his wealth makes thee a Countess.

Mil. You speak much comfort, Sir.

Tef. That's my good Girl.

And Nephew, Love her, I find she deserves it;
Be as benevolent to her as you can;
Shew your good will at least. You do not know
How the good will of an old man may work
In a young wife. I must now take my journey
Down to my countrey house. At your moneths end
Ile visit you again. No ceremony
Joy and content be with you.

Quic. Mil. And a good journey to you. Exit Test.

C Quic.

Quic. You are content you say to be lock'd up
Or put in some disguise, and have it said
Y'are gone unto your Uncles. I have heard
Of some Bridegrooms, that shortly after Marriage
Have gone to see their Uncles, seldom Brides.
I have thought of another course.

Mil. Be't any way.

Quic. What if it were given out y'are run away? Out of a detestation of your match?

Mil. 'Twould pull a blot upon my reputation.

Quic. When they consider my unworthiness 'Twill give it credit. They'l commend you for it. Mil. You speak well for your self.

Quic. I speak as they'l speak.

Mil. Well; let it be so then: I am content.

Quic. Wee'l put this instantly in act. The rest, As for disguise, or privacy in my house, You'll leave to me.

Mil. All, Sir, to your dispose, Provided still you urge not to insringe My vow concerning my virginity.

Quic. Tis the least thing I think on,

I will not offer at it till your time.

Mil. Why here's a happiness in a husband now.

Exeunt.

ACT 2. SCENE 3.

Dionysia. Rafe.

Dio. Thou tell'st me things, that truth never came near.

Ra. Tis perfect truth: you may believe it, Lady. Dio. Maintain't but in one fillable more, Ile tear Thy mischievious tongue out.

Ra. Fit reward for Tell-troths.

Bnt that's not the reward you promis'd me.

For

ching of your brothers actions;
I forfooth if t please you to remember)
u would love me for it.
Arrogant Rascal.
hee bring account of what he did

his enemy, and thou reports.

this enemy, and thou reports.

this enemies danger on himself,

p't to rescue him whose bloody father

is. Can truth or common reason claim

in this report? My Brother doe't!

a sword to help Theophelus.

Tis not for any spight I ow my Master, my itch at her that I do this.

herith d ilrong back'd fervingmen ere now.

Why dost not get thee from my sight, false ow? (patience lle be believed first. Therefore pray have

He be believed first. Therefore pray have gives her a paper.

My brothers charecter!

My listers name——The brighter Lucy
a written in nothing but her name——

age of attributes—one serves not twice.

divine, Illustrious, all perfection;
heaven blefs me) powerful in one place.
off thing I read yet, heap of all vertues—
thining, and all these ascrib'd to Lucy.
Id curie thee now for being so just
thou had it belied him still.

I nere belied him, I.

O muchel of affection! Monstrous! horrid.

not pass so quietly. Nay stay.

Shee I cut my throat I fear.

Thou art a faithful fervant.

It may do yet.

I am (weet Lady, and to my master

In true construction: he is his friend I think That finds his follies out to have them cur'd, Which you have onely the true spirit to do.

Dio. How I do love thee now !

Ra. And your love Mistress,

(Brave sprightly Mistress) is the steeple top Or rather Weathercock o'top of that To which aspires my lifes ambition.

Dio. How didst thou get this paper.

Ra. Amongst many

Of his rare twelve-moneths melancholy works, That lie in's study. Mistress tis apparent His melancholy all this while has been More for her Love, then for his fathers death.

Dio. Thou hast my love for ever.

Ra. Some small token

In earnest of it. Mistress, would be selt. He offers.

Dio. Take that in earnest then.

Ra. It is a sure one.

Risks his

And the most seeling pledge she could have given For she is a virago. And I have read

That your viragoes use to strike all those

They mean to lie with: And from thence tis take That your brave active women are call'd strikers

Dio. Set me that chair.

Ra. The warm touch of my flesh Already works in her. I shall be let

To better work immediately. I am prevented.

Dio. Away and be not feen. Be fure I love th

Ra. A ha! This clinches. Another time I fure on't.

Ar. Sifter! where are you? How now! not w or fleepy. (She)

Dio. Sick brother-fick at heart, oh-

Ar. Passion of heart! where are our servants n
To run for doctors? ho—

or the Mock-Marriage.

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Dio. Pray stay and hear me.

Her's no work for them. They'l find a master here Too powerful for the strength of all their knowledge.

Ar. What at thy heart?

Dio. Yes, brother, at my heart.

Too fcornful to be disposses by them. (name it.

Ar. What may that proud grief be? good fifter Dio. It grieves me more to name it, then to fuffer't.

Since I have endur'd the worst on't, and prov'd

To fufferance and filence, twere a weakness

Now to betray a forrow, by a name,

More fit to be feverely felt then known.

Ar. Indeed I'le know it.

Dio. Rather let me die,

Then so afflict your understanding, Sir.

Ar. It shall not afflict me.

Dio. I know you'l chide me for't.

Ar. Indeed you wrong me now. Can I chide you?

Dio. If you be true and honest you must do't,

And hartily.

Ar. You tax me nearly there. (nothing.

Dio. And that's the physick must help me or

Ar. With grief I go about to cure a grief then.

Now speak it boldly, Sister.

Dio. Noble Physitian-It is-

Ar. It is! what is it? If you love me, speak.

Dio. Tis-love and I befeech thee spare me not.

Ar. Alas dear fifter, canft thou think that love

Deferves a chiding in a gentle breaft?

Dio. Do you pitty me already. O faint man That trembleft but at opening of a wound! What hope is there of thee to fearch and drefs it? But I am in thy hands, and forc'd to try thee.

I love—Theophilus——

Ar. Ha!

Dio. Theophilus, brother;

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His

His fon that flew our father. Ther's a love! O more then time 'twere look'd, for fear it festers.

Ar. She has put me to't indeed. What must I do?

She has a violent spirit; so has he;

And though I wish most seriously the match, Whereby to work mine own with his sair Sister,

The danger yet, in the negotiation

May quite destroy my course; spoyle all my hopes. Ile therefore put her off on't if I can.

Dio. Can you be tender now?

Ar. What! To undo you?

I love you not fo flightly. Pardon me.

A rough hand must be us'd: For here's a wound Must not be gently touch'd; you perish then, Under a Brothers pitty. Pray sit quiet; For you must suffer all.

Dio. I'le strive to do it.

Ar. To love the Son of him that flew your To say it shews unlovingness of nature; (Father! Forgetfulness in blood, were all but shallow To the great depth of danger your fault stands in. It rather justifies the act it self,

And commends that down to posterity

By your blood-cherishing embraces. Children,

Born of your body, will, instead of tears,

By your example, offer a thankful joy

To the sad memory of their Gransiers slaughter.

Quite contrary! How fearful 'tis to think on't! What may the world fay too? There goes a

daughter,

Whose strange desire leap'd from her Fathers ruine; Death gave her to the Bride-groom; and the marriage

Knit fast and cemented with blood. O Sister—

Dio. O Brother.

Ar. How! Well? And so quickly cur'd? Dio. Dissembler: foul dissembler.

Ar. This is plain.

Dio. Th'hast play'd with fire; and like a cunning Bit in thy pain o'purpose to deceive (fellow Anothers tender touch. I know thy heart weeps For what't has spoke against. Thou that darst love The daughter of that Feind that slew thy Father, And plead against thy cause! unseeling man, Can not thy own words melt thee? To that end I wrought and rais'd'em: 'Twas to win thy health That I was fick; I play'd thy disease to thee, That thou mightst fee the loath'd complection on't, Far truer in another then ones felf. And, if thou canst, after all this, tread wickedly, Thou art a Rebel to all natural love, And filial duty; dead to all just councel: And every word thou mock'dst with vehemence Will rife a wounded father in thy conscience, To scourge thy Judgment. There's thy Saint crost out, And all thy memory with her. I'le nere trust Revenge again with thee (so false is manhood) She tears and throws the paper to him.

But take it now into mine own power fully,
And fee what I can do with my life's hazard;
Your purpose shall nere thrive. There I'le make fure work.

Exit.

Ar. How wife and cunning is a womans malice;
I never was fo cozened.

Exit.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Quick-sands. Buzzard. Madge.

Quic. Out of my doors pernicious knave and Avaunt I say. (harlot;

Buz. Good Master.

Mad. Pray your worship.

Quic. You have all the wages you are like to have

Buz Buz

Buz. Nay, I dare take your word for that: you'l All moneys fast enough whose ere it be, (keep If you but gripe it once.

Quic. I am undone,

And sham'd for ever by your negligence, Or malice rather: for how can it be

She could depart my house without your knowledge.

Buz. That cursed Mistris that ever she came here! If I know of her slight, Sir, may these hands Never be held up, but to curse you onely, If you cashier me thus: because you have lost Your wife before she was well sound, must we Poor innocents be guilty?

Mad. For my part,

Or ought I know she may as well be gone Out o'the chimney top as out o'door.

Quic. The door must be your way; and find her out,

Or never find my door again. Be gone.

Buz. Mad. O, you are a cruel Master. Exit. Quic. So, so, so.

These cries are laughter to me: Ha, ha, ha. I will be Master of my invention once, And now be bold to see how rich I am In my concealed wealth. Come, precious mark Of beauty and persection, at which envy

Enter Milicent.

And lust aim all their rankling poysonous arrowes. But He provide they nere shall touch thy blood.

Mil. What are your servants gone?

Quic. Turn'd, turn'd away

With blame enough for thy suppor'd escape:
Which they will rumor so to my disgrace
Abroad, that all my envious adversaries
Will, betwixt joy of my conceiv'd missortune
In thy dear loss, and their vain hopes to find thee,
Run frantic thorow the streets, while we at home
Sit safe, and laugh at their deseated malice.

Mil.

Mil. But now for my difguise.

Quic. I, that, that, that.

Be but so good and gentle to thy self, To hear me and be rul'd by me in that, A Queens selicity falls short of thine.

Ile make thee Mistress of a Mine of treasure, Give me but peace the way that I desire it——

Mil. Some horrible shape sure that he conjures so.

Quic. That I may fool iniquity, and Triumph Over the lustful stallions of our time; Bed-bounders, and leap-Ladies (as they terme'em) Mount-Mistresses, diseases shackle em,

And spittles pick their bones. (pray you.

Mil. Come to the point. What's the disguise, I Qui. First know, my sweet, it was the quaint Of a Venetian Merchant, which I learnt (devise In my young sactorship.

Mil. That of the Moor?

'The Blackamore you spake of? Would you make An Negro of me.

Qui. You have past your word,
That if I urge not to infringe your vow
(For keeping this moneth your virginity)
You'l wear what shape I please. Now this shall both
Kill vain attempts in me, and guard you safe
From all that seek subversion of your honour.
Ile fear no powder'd spirits to haunt my house,
Rose-sooted siends, or sumigated Goblins
After this tincture's laid upon thy sace,
'Twilcool their kidnies and allay their heats. A box of

Mil. Bless me! you fright me, Sir. black paint-Can jealousie ing.

Creep into such a shape? Would you blot out

Heaven's workmanship?

Qui. Why think'st thou, searful Beauty, Has heaven no part in Ægypt? Pray thee tell me, Is not an Ethiopes sace his workmanship

As



The English-Moor,

As well as the fair'st Ladies? nay, more too Then hers, that daubs and makes adulterate beauty? Some can be pleas'd to lye in oyles and paste, At fins appointment, which is thrice more wicked. This (which is facred) is for fins prevention. Illustrious persons, nay, even Queens themselves Have, for the glory of a nights presentment, To grace the work, fuffered as much as this.

Mil. Enough Sir, I am obedient.

Quic. Now I thank thee.

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Be fearless love; this alters not thy beauty, Though, for a time obscures it from our eyes. Thou maift be, while at pleafure, like the Sun; Thou doft but case thy splendor in a cloud, To make the beam more precious in it shines, In stormy troubled weather no Sun's seen Sometimes a moneth together: 'Tis thy case now. But let the roaring tempest once be over, Shine out again and spare not.

Mil. There's fome comfort. (fearlefsly, Quic. Take pleasure in the scent first; smell to't And tafte my care in that, how comfortable

'Tis to the nostril, and no foe to feature.

He begins to paint her. Now red and white those two united houses, Whence beauty takes her fair name and descent, Like peaceful Sifters under one Roof dwelling For a small time; farewel. Oh let me kiss ye Before I part with you-Now Jewels up Into your Ebon Casket. And those eyes, Those sparkling eyes, that send forth modest anger To findge the hand of fo unkind a Painter, And make me pull't away and spoyle my work. They will look streight like Diamonds, set in lead, That yet retain their vertue and their value, What murder have I done upon a cheek there! But there's no pittying: 'Tis for peace and honour;

And pleasure must give way. Hold, take the Tincture,

And perfect what's amis now by your glass.

Mil. Some humbler habit must be thought on too.

Quic. Please your own fancy. Take my keysof all; In my pawn Wardrobe you shall find to fit you.

Mil. And though I outwardly appear your Drudge,

'Tis fit I have a Maid for private service: My breeding has not been to serve my self.

Quic. Trust to my care for that. One Exit Mil.

knock. In; in.

Is it to me your business? Enter Phillis like Phi. Yea, if you a Cook-maid.

Be Master Quick-sands Sir; the Masters worship Here o'the house.

Quic. I am so. What's your business?

Phi. 'Tis upon that, Sir, I would speak Sir, hoping That you will pardon my presumptuousness,

I am a Mother that do lack a service. (Mothers.

Quic. You have said enough. I'le entertain no A good Maid servant, knew I where to find one.

Phi. He is a knave, and like your worship, that Dares say I am no Maid; and for a servant (It ill becomes poor solks to praise themselves, But) I were held a tydie one at home.

Quic. O th'art a Norfolk woman (cry thee mercy) Where Maids are Mothers, and Mothers are Maids.

Phi. I have friends i'th'City that will pass their For my good bearing. (words

Quic. Hast thou?

Phi. Yes indeed, Sir.

I have a Cousen that is a Retorney
Of Lyons-Inn, that will not see me wrong'd;
And an old Aunt in Muggle-street, a Mid-wise,
That knows what's what as well's another woman.

Quic. But where about in Norfolk wert thou bred? Phi. At Thripperstown Sir, near the City of Norwich.

Quic.

Quic. Where they live much by spinning with the Phi. Thripping they call it, Sir. (Rocks?

Quic. Dost thou not know one Hulverhead that An Innocent in's house. (keeps

Phi. There are but few innocents i'the countrey Sir. They are given too much to law for that: what That Hulverhead be a councellor, Sir. (should

Quic. No a husband man.

Phi. Truly I know none.

Quic. I am glad she do's not. How knew'st thou A servant. (I wanted

Phi. At an old wives house in Bow-lane That places fervants, where a maid came in You put away to day.

Quic. All, and what said she?

Phi. Truly to speak the best and worst sorsooth, She said her fault deserv'd her punishment For letting of her Mistress run away.

Quic. The newes goes current. I am glad o'that.

Phi. And that you were a very strict hard man, But very just in all your promises.

And such a master would I serve to chuse.

Quic. This innocent countrey Mother takes me. Her looks speak Wholesomeness; and that old That Bow-lane purveyor hath sitted me (woman With serviceable ware these dozen years. I'le keep her at the least this Gander moneth, While my sair wise lies in of her black sace, And virgin vow; in hope she's for my turn. Lust, when it is restrained, the more twil burn.

Phi. May I make bold to crave your answer, Sir? Quic. Come in, I'le talk with you. Exit.

Thi. Prosper now my plot,

And hulk, thou art twixt wind and water shot.

Exil. ACT 3.

ACT 3. SCENE 2.

Nathaniel. Vincent. Edmond. Buzzard.

Boy. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Nat. Let's ha'good wine, Boy, that must be our

Boy. You shall, you shall Sir. (welcome.

Within. Ambrose, Ambrose; (I come.

Boy. Here, here, anon, anon, by and by, I come, Ex. Ferom, Ferom, draw a quart of the best Canary into the Apollo.

Buz. This is a language that I have not heard.

You understand it, Gentlemen.

Vin. So shall you anon master Buzzard.

Buz. Your friend and Jonathan Buzzard kind gentlemen.

Nat. What excellent luck had we, friend Buzzard, to meet with thee, just as thy Master cast thee off.

Buz. Just Sir, as I was going I know not whither: And now I am arrived at just I know not where. Tis a rich room, this. Is it not Goldsmiths hall.

Nat. It is a Tavern man—And here comes the wine.

Fill boy—and her's to thee friend, a hearty draft to chear thee—fill again boy—There, drink it off.

Ed. Off with it man—hang forrow, chear thy heart.

Buz. And truly ti's the best chear that ere I tasted.

Vin. Come tast it better, her's another to thee.

Buz. And truly this was better then the first.

Ed. Then try a third. That may be best of all.

Buz. And truly, fo it is—how many forts of wine

May a vintner bring in one pot together? (question Nat. By Bacchus Mr. Buzzard, that's a subtil

Buz. Bacchus! whose that I pray?

Vin. A great friend of the vintners, and master of their company indeed.

Buz.

Buz. I was never in all my life fo far in a tavera. What comforts have I lost. (before.

Ed. Now he begins to talk.

Buz. Nor ever was in all my two and twenty years under that Babilonian Tyrant Quicksands, far as a Vintners bar but thrice.

Nat. But thrice in all that time?

Buz. Truly but thrice Sir. And the first times was to setch a jill of sack for my Master, to make a friend of his drink, that joyned with him in a purchase of sixteen thousand pound. (and a beer bowl.

Vin. I, there was thrift. More wine boy. A pottle

Buz. The second time was for a penny pot of Muscadine, which he drank all himself with an egge upon his wedding morning. (wives running away.

Nat. And to much purpose, it seem'd by his Buz. The third and last time was for half a pint of sack upon his wedding night, of later memory; and I shall nere forget it, that riotous wedding night: when Hell broke loose, and all the devils danced at our house, which made my Master mad, whose raving made my mistriss run away, whose running away was the cause of my turning away. O me, poor masterless wretch that I am—O—

Nat. Hang thy master, here's a full bowl to his

confusion.

Buz. I thank you. Let it come Sir, ha, ha, ha. Vin. Think no more of Masters, friends are better then Masters.

Buz. And you are all my friends kind gentlemen, I found it before in your money when my Master (whose consussion I have drunk) took your Mortgages; And now I find it in your wine. I thank you kind gentlemen still. O how I love kind gentlemen. (self, friend Buzzard.

Nat. That shewes thou art of gentle blood thy

Buz. Yes friend—Shall I call you friend?

All

All. By all means, all of us.

Buz. Why then, all friends, I am a gentleman, though spoild i'the breeding. The Buzzards are all gentlemen. We came in with the Conqueror. Our name (as the French has it) is Beau-desert; which

fignifies—Friends, what does it signifie?

Vin. It signifies that you deserv'd fairly at your masters hands, like a Gentleman, and a Buzzard as you were, and he turn'd you away most beastly like a swine as he is. And now here is a health to him, that first finds his wife, and sends her home with a bouncing boy in her belly for him to sather.

Buz. Ha, ha, ha. Ile pledge that: and then Ile

tell you a fecret.

Nat. Well said friend; up with that, and then out with thy secret.

Buz. I will friend. And tother two friends, here's

upon the same.

Ed. I hope he will shew us a way, out of the bottom of his bowl to find his Mistresse.

Vin. This fellow was happily found.

Buz. This was an excellent draught.

Nat. But the fecret, friend, out with that, you must keep no fecrets amongst friends.

Buz. It might prove a shrew'd matter against my

mischievous Master as it may be handled.

Nat. Hang him cullion, that would turn thee away. Wee'l help thee to handle it, fear it not.

Buz. Heark you then all friends. Shall I out Vin. What else? (with it?

Buz. Ile first take tother cup, and then out with't altogether—And now it comes—If my Mistress do bring him home a bastard, she's but even with him.

Nat. He has one I warrant. Has he cadzooks?

Buz. That he has by this most delicate drink. But it is the Arsivarsiest Ause that ever crept into the world. Sure some Goblin got it for him; or chang'd it in the neast, that certain.

Nat.

Nat. I vow thou utterest brave things. Is't a boy Buz. It has gone for a boy in short coats an long coats this seaven and twenty years.

Ed. An Idiote is it.

Buz. Yes: A very natural; and goes a thissen and looks as old as I do too. And I think if m beard were off, I could be like him: I have take great pains to practise his speech and action t make my self merry with him in the countrey.

Nat. Where is he kept, friend, where is he kep Buz. In the further side of Norfolk, where yo must never see him. Tis now a dozen years sime his father saw him, and then he compounded for sum of mony with an old man, one Hulverkea to keep him for his life time; and he never to he of him. But I saw him within these three moneth We hearken after him, as land-sick heirs do after their sathers, in hope to hear of his end at last.

Vin. But heark you, friend, if your beard we off, could you be like him think you? What if you it off, and to him for a father?

Nat. Pray thee hold thy peace.

Buz. My beard, friend, no: My beard's n honour. Hair is an ornament of honour upon ma or woman.

Nat. Come, come; I know what we will do wi him. Mun, knock him down with the other cu We'l lay him to fleep; but yet watch and kee him betwixt hawk and buzzard as he is, till wake excellent sport with him.

Buz. Hey ho. I am very sleepy.

Nat. See he jooks already. Boy shew us a pi Boy. This way, Gentlemen. (vate roof

Buz. Down Plumpton-park, &c. They lead Bu out, and he fing

Аст

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

Lucy. Theophilus.

Lu. Indeed you were unkind to turn away
My maid (poor harmless maid) whose innocent
Was the best chear your house afforded me. (mirth

The. I am forry fifter, trust me, truly sorry,
And knew I which way to recover her
With my best care I would. Yet, give me leave,
I saw her overbold; and overheard her
Say, she soresaw that Arthur my sole enemy
Should be your husband. Ile marry you to death
Lu. Now you sly out again. (first.

The. Your pardon again your sister,
And for your satisfaction I will strive Ent.
To oversway my passion. How now Arnold, Arn.
Me thinks I read good newes upon thy sace.

Ar. The best, Sir, I can tell is, the old Few Quicksands has lost his wife.

The. She is not dead.

Ar. Tis not so well for him: sor if she were He then might overtake her though she were Gone to the devil. But she's run away: But to what corner of the earth, or under Whose bed to find her is not to be thought. It has rais'd such a laughter in the town Among the Gallants—!

The. And do you laugh too?

Ar. Yes; and if you do not out-laugh all men That hear the joyful newes, tis too good for you.

The. I am too merciful, I kill thee not. Out of my doors, thou villain, reprobate.

He beats Arnold.

Ar. Hold, Pray Sir, hold.

D

The

The. Never while I have power to lift a hand Against thee, mischievous Villain.

Lucy. Is not this passion, brother?

The. Forbear, sister.

This is a cause turns patience into sury.

Lu. Arnold, forbear his fight.

The. And my house too.

Ext.

Or villain, look to die, oft as I fee thee. The. La.

Arn. Turn'd out o'doors! A dainty frantick

humour
In a young Master! Good enough for me though;

Because tis proper to old serving-men

To be so serv'd. What course now must I take?

I am too old to feek out a new Master.

I will not beg, because Ile crosse the proverb That runs upon old serving creatures; stealing I have no minde to: Tis a hanging matter.

Wit and invention helpme with someshift He kneels.

To help a cast-off now at a dead lift.

Sweet fortune hear my suit. Ent. Nat. Vin. Edm. Nat. Why how now, Arnold! What, at thy devotion? Nat. and Arnold whisper.

Ar. Ile tell you in your ear, sir, I dare trust you. Vi. Could earthly man have dreamt this Rascal

Quicksands,

Whose Letchery, to all our thinking, was
Nothing but greedy Avarice and Cosonage,
Could have been all this while a conceal'd whoreTo have a Bastard of so many years (master,
Nursled i'th' Countrey?

Ed. Note the punishments

That haunt the Miscreant for his black misdeeds; That his base off-spring proves a natural Ideot; Next that his wise, by whom he might had comfort In progeny, though of some others getting, (headed Should with her light heels make him heavie-By running of her Countrey! And lastly that

The

The blinded wretch should cast his servant off, Who was the cover of his villany, To shew us (that can have no mercy on him) The way to plague him.

Vin. Ha, ha, ha— Ed. What do'st laugh at? Vin. To think how mimble the poor Buzzard is Tobe reveng'don's Master; How he has Shap'd him-Cut off his beard, and practis'd all the postures (self;

To act the Changeling bastard.

Ed. Could we light

Upon some quaint old fellow now, could match him To play the clown that brings him up to town, Our company were full, and we were ready To put our project into present action.

Nat. Gentlemen, we are fitted: take this man w'ye He is the onely man I would have fought, To give our project life. I'le trust thee Arnold, And trust thou me, thou shalt get pieces by't; Besides, Ile piece thee to thy Master again.

Ar. That clinches Sir.

Nat. Go follow your directions.

Vin. Come away then. Ex. Vin. Ed. Arn.

Nat. Sweet mirth thou art my Mistress. I could ferve thee,

And shake the thought off of all woman kind But that old wonts are hardly left. A man That's enter'd in his youth, and throughly falted In documents of women, hardly leaves While reins or brains will last him: Tis my case. Yet mirth, when women fail, brings sweet incounters That tickle upon a man above their sphear: They dull, but mirth revives a man: who's here,

En. Arm. There

The folitary musing man, cal'd Arthur, Posses'd with serious vanity; Mirth to me! The world is full: I cannot peep my head forth But I meet mirth in every corner: Ha!

D 2

Sure

Sure some old runt with a splay-soot has crost him! Hold up thy head man; what dost seek? thy grave? I would scarce trust you with a piece of earth You would chuse to lye in though; if some plump Or a dest Lass were set before your search. (Mistris

Ar. How vainly this man talks!

Nat. Gid ye good den forfooth.

How vainly this man talks! speak but truth now, Does not thy thought now run upon a Wench? I never look'd so but mine stood that way.

Ar. 'Tis all your glory that; and to make boast

Of the variety that ferves your lust:

Yet not to know what woman you love best.

Nat. Not I cadzooks, but all alike to me,
Since I put off my Wench I kept at Livory:
But of their use I think I have had my share,
And have lov'd every one best of living women;
A dead one I nere coveted, that's my comfort:
But of all ages that are pressable;
From sixteen unto sixty, and of all complections
From the white slaxen to the tawney-Moor;
And of all statures between Dwarf and Giants;
Of all conditions, from the Doxie to the Dowsabel.
Of all opinions, I will not say Religious:
(For what make they with any?) and of all
Features and shapes, from the huckle-back'd Bumcreeper,

To the streight spiny Shop-maid in St. Martins.

Briefly, all forts and fizes I have tafted.

Ar. And thinkst thou hast done well in't! (say't. Nat. As well as I could with the worst of em tho' I Few men come after me that mend my work.

Ar. But thou nere thinkstof punishments to come; Thou dream'st not of diseases, poverty, The loss of sense or member, or the cross (Common to such loose livers) an ill marriage; A hell on earth to scourge thy conscience.

Nat.

or the Mock-Marriage.

Nat. Yes, when I marry, let me have a wife o have no mercy on me; let the fate of a stale dovting Batchelor fall upon me. et me have Quicksands curse, to take a Wise Vill run away next day, and prostitute ler self to all the world before her Husband.

Ar. Nay, that will be too good: If I forefee anything in thy marriage destiny, I will be to take a thing that has been common to th'world before, and live with thee perforce to thy perpetual torment.

Nat. Close that point.

l cannot marry. Will you be merry, Arthur? I have such things to tell thee.

Ar. No, I cannot.

Nat. Pray thee come closer to me. What has crost Is thy suppos'd slain father come again, (thee? To disposses thee for another life time? Or has thy valiant sister beaten thee? Tell me. It shall go no surther.

Ar. Let your valiant wit

And jocound humor be suppos'd no warrant For you t'abuse your friends by.

Nat. Why didst tell me of marrying then? But I Have done. And now pray speak what troubles you.

Ar. I care not if I do: For 'twill be Town talk. My Sister on a private discontent

Betwixt her self and me hath lest my house.

Nat. Gone quite away?

Ar. Yes, And I know not whither. (took

Nat. Beyond Sea fure to fight with th'Air, that Her fathers last breath into't. Went she alone?

Ar. No, No; My man's gone with her.

Nat. Who, the fellow (Rascal?

That brags on's back so; the stiff strong chin'd Ar. Even he.

Nat. The devil is in these young Tits, VOL. II. D 3

And

And wildfire in their Cruppers.

Ar. Let me charm you,

By all our friendship, you nor speak nor hear
An ill construction of her act in this.

I know her thoughts are noble; and my wo
Is swoln unto that sulness, that th'addition
But of word in scorn would blow me up
Into a cloud of wild distemper'd fury
Over the heads of all whose looser breath
Dare raise a wind to break me. Then I fall
A sodain storm of ruin on you all.

Nat. I know not how to laugh at this: It comes So near my pitty. But ile to my Griggs Again; And there will find new mirth to stretch And laugh, like tickled wenches, hand ore head.

Exit

Exit.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

Dionysia, in mans habit, Rafe. .

Dio. Howdoes my habit and my arms become me?

Ra. Too well to be a woman, manly Mistress.

Dio. Wher's the piftol you provided for me.

Ra. Here Mistress and a good one.

Dio. Tis too long.

Ra. No Lady would wish a shorter. If it were 'Twould bear no charge, or carry nothing home.

Dio. Ile try what I can do. Thou think'st me I'm sure I have often selt it. (valiant.

Ra. All the virago's that are found in story, Penthesilea and Symaramis

Were no such handy strikers as your self:

But they had another stroke, could you but find it, Then you were excellent. I could teach it you.

Dio. I dare not understand thee yet. Be sure As you respect my honour, or your life

That

That you continue constant to my trust, And so thou canst not know how much Ile love thee.

Ra. There is a hope as good, now, as a promise. Dio. Here at this Inne abide, and wait my coming. Be careful of my guildings: Be not seen Abroad for sear my brother may surprise you. Ther's money for you; and ere that be spent Tis like I shall return.

Exit.

Ra. Best stars attend you,

Mars arm thee all the day; and Venus light

Thee home into these amorous arms at night. Exit.

ACT. 4. SCENE 2.

Quicksands. Millicent, her face black.

Quic. Be chear'd my love; help to bear up the That I conceive by thy concealed Beauty, (joy, Thy rich imprison'd beauty, whose infranchisement Is now at hand, and shall shine forth again In its admired glory. I am rapt Above the sphear of common joy and wonder In the effects of this our quaint complot.

Mil. In the mean time, though you take pleasure My name has dearly suffered. (in't,

Quic. But thine honor

Shall, in the vindication of thy name,
When envy and detraction are struck dumb
Gain an eternal memory with vertue;
When the discountenanc'd wits of all my jierers
Shall hang their heads, and fall like leaves in Autumn.
O how I laugh to hear the cozen'd people
As I pass on the streets abuse themselves
By idle questions and false reports.
As thus: good morrow Master Quicksands; pray
How sares your beauteous bedsellow? says another
I hear she's not at home. A third sayes no:

D 4 He

He saw her yesterday at the still-yard
With such a Gallant, sowsing their dry'd tongues
In Rhemish, Deal, and Back-rag: Then a sourth
Sayes he knowes all her haunts and Meetings
At Bridgsoot, Bear, the Tunnes, the Cats, the
(Squirels;

Where, when, and in what company to find her, But that he scornes to do poor me the savour: Because a light piece is too good for me. While a fifth youth with counterseit shew of pity, Meets, and bewails my case, and saies he knowes A Lord that must be nameless keeps my wise In an enchanted Castle two miles West Upon the River side: but all conclude— (serve it. Mil. That you are a monstrous cuckold, and de-Quic. Knowing my safety, then, and their soul

Have I not cause to laugh? Yes, in abundance.
Now note my plot, the height of my invention.
I have already given out to some,
That I have certain knowledge you are dead,
And have had private burial in the countrey;
At which my shame, not grief, sorbad my presence:

Yet some way to make known unto the world A husbands duty, I resolve to make

A certain kind of feast, which shall advance My joy above the reach of spight or chance.

Mil. May I partake, Sir, of your rich conceit?

Quic. To morrow night expires your limited
Of vow'dvirginity; It shall be such a night; (moneth
In which I mean thy beauty shall break forth
And dazel with amazement even to death
Those my malicious enemies, that rejoyc'd
In thy suppos'd escape, and my vexation.
I will envite 'hem all to such a feast
As shall setch blushes from the boldest guest;



or the Mock-Marriage.

53.

I have the first course ready—

Mil. And if I A fide, one Fail in the second, blame my houswifery. knocks.

Quic. Away, some body comes; I guess of them That have jeer'd me, whom I must jeer again. Ex. Mil. Gallantsy are welcom. I was sending sorye. En. Nat.

Nat. To give us that we come for? Vin.Ed.

Qui. What may that be?

Vin. Trifles you have of ours. Qui. Of yours, my Masters?

Ed. Yes, you have in mortgage

Three-score pound Land of mine inheritance.

Vin. And my Annuity of a hundred Marks. Nat. And Jewels, Watches, Plate, and cloaths of

mine, Pawn'd for four hundred pound. Will you restore all?

Qui. You know all these were forseited long since, Yet I'le come roundly to you, Gentlemen.

Ha'you brought my moneys, and my interest?

Nat. No furely. But we'le come as roundly to you

As moneyless Gentlemen can. You know

Good Offices are ready money Sir.

Qui. But have you Offices to fell, good Sirs.

Nat. We mean to do you Offices worth your Qui. As how, I pray you. (money.

Nat. Marry, Sir, as thus;

We'le help you to a man that has a friend-

Vin. That knows a party, that can go to the house—— (Scholar

Ed. Where a Gentleman dwelt, that knew a Nat. That was exceeding wel acquainted with a Traveler (the Seas.

Vi. That made report of a great Magician beyond Ed. That might habeen as likely as any man in all the world.

Nat. To have helpt you to your wife again.

Qui.

Qui. You are the merriest mates that ere I cop'd. But to be serious Gentlemen, I am satisfied (withal. Concerning my lost Wise. She has made even With me and all the World.

Nat. What is the dead?

Que. Dead, Dead: And therefore as men use to For kind and loving wives, and call their friends. Their choicest friends unto a solemn banquet. Serv'd out with sighs and sadness, while the widowers. Blubber, and bath in tears (which they do seem. To wring out of their singers ends and noses). And after all the demure ceremony, Are subject to be thought dissemblers, I (To avoid the scandal of Hypocresie, Because 'tis plain she lov'd me not) invite. You and your like that lov'd her and not me, To see me in the pride of my rejoycings, You shall find entertainment worth your company.

And that let me intreat to morrow night.

Nat. You shall ha'mine.

Vin. To morrow night fay you.

Quic. Yes gallants: fail not, as you wish to view Your mortgages and pawns again. Adieu. Exit. Nat. We came to jear the Yew, and he jears us. Vin. How glad the raschal is for his Wives death. Nat An honest man could not have had such luck. Ed. He has some surther end in't, could we guess it,

Then a meer merriment for his dead wives riddance.
Vin. Perhaps he has got a new Wife, and intends

To make a funeral and a Marriage feaft. In one to hedge in charges.

Ed. Hell be hang'd rather then marry again.

Nat. Zooks, would he had fome devilish jealous.

'Twould be a rare addition to his mirth, (hilding).

For us to bring our antick in betwixt'em.

Of his changling Bastard.

Vin

Vin. How ere we'll grace his feast with our pre-

Nat. Wher's the Buzzard? (sentment

Vin. We left him with his foster father, Arnold, Busy at rehearfal practising their parts.

Ed. They shall be perfect by to morrow night.

Nat. If not unto our profit, our delight.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 4. SCENE 3.

Theophilus. Lucy.

Lu. Brother be comforted.

The. Let not the name

Or empty found of comfort mix with th'air
That must invade these ears: They are not capable,
Or, if they be, they dare not, for themselves,
Give the conveyance of a sillable
Into my heart, that speak not grief or sorrow.

Lu. Be griev'd then, Ile grieve with you: For each You waste for Millicents untimely death (sigh

Ile spend a tear for your as fruitless forrow.

The. That's most unsutable; y'are no company For me to grieve with if you grieve for me; Take the same cause with me; you are no friend Or sister else of mine. It is enough To set the world a weeping!

Lu. So it is;

All but the stony part of't.

The. Now you are right. Her husband's of that He cannot weep by nature: But Ile find (part; A way by art in Chymistry to melt him. At least extract some drops. But do you weep Indeed for Millicent? What, all these tears?

Lu. All for your love.

The. She is my love indeed; and was my wife. But for the empty name of marriage onely,

But

But now she's yours for ever. You enjoy her. In her sair blessed memory; in her goodness, And all that has prepar'd her way for glory.

The. Let me embrace thee sister. How I reverence Any fair honour that is done to her, (comfort Now thou shalt weep no more: Thou hast given me In shewing me how she's mine. And tears indeed Are all too weak a sacrifice for her But such as the heart weeps.

Enter Page.

Lu. Sit down brother.

Sing boy the mornful fong I bad you practife.

Song.

The. Call you this mournful. Tis a wanton air. Go y'are a naughty child indeed, Ile whip you If you give voice unto fuch notes.

Lu. I know not brother how you like the air, But in my mind the words are fad, Pray read'em.

The. They are sad indeed. How now my boy, I am not angry now. (dost weep?

Pa. I do not weep,

Sir, for my felf. But ther's a youth without (A handsome youth) whose forrow works in me: He sayes he wants a service, and seeks yours.

The. Dost thou not know him.

Pa. No: but I pity him.

The. O, good boy, that canst weep for a strangers The sweetness of thy dear compassion (misery! Even melts me too. What does he say he is.

Pa. Tis that Sir, that will grieve you when you He is a poor kinsman to the gentlwoman (hear it. Lately deceased that you so lov'd and mourn for.

The. And dost thou let him stay without so long? Merciless Villain! run and setch him quickly.

Lu. O brother—

The. Sifter, can I be too zealous

In fuch a cause as this? For heark you, fister,
Enter Dionisia.

There was no way like this to get within em, Some contage keep true touch with me. He vex Your contage and unnatural purpose, brother, If I is nothing esse

I'r Sir, here's the youth.

The A lovely one he is, and wondrous like her, to let me run and chasp him; hang about him, And yook him to me with a thousand kisses! I that, be treable some and heavy to thee, With the pleased weight of my incessant love. The her of a happy kindred, which foreruns A happy to tune ever. Pray thee, fifter, Is he not very like her?

Lu lt I durft

I would now key, this were the better beauty,

The 1 st not her face? you do not mind me fifter.

Lu Hers was a good one once, and this is now.

The Why fifter, you were wont to take delight

In any comfort that belong'd to me;

And help to carry my joyes fweetly: now

You keep no conflant course with me.

Die This man

Melts me-alas, Sir, I am a poor boy.

The. What, and allied to her? impossible!
Where ere thou liv'th her name's a fortune to thee.
Her memory amongst good men sets thee up;
It is a word that commands all in this house.

Die. This fnare was not well laid. I fear my felf.
The Live my companion, my especial sweet one,
My brother and my bedsellow thou shalt be.

Die By lakin but I muit not, though I find

But weak matter against it.— This my courage!

The She took from earth, how kind is heaven,

To tend me yet, a joy so near in blood! (how good

Good

Good noble youth, if there be any more
Distres'd of you, that claims aliance with her
Though a far off; deal freely; let me know it,
Give me their sad names; Ile seek'em out,
And like a good great man, in memory humble
Nere cease until I plant'em all in fortunes,
And see'em grow about me.

Dio. I hear of none, my felf excepted, Sir.

The. Thou shalt have all my care then, all my love.

Dio. What make I here? I shall undo my self.

The. Yet note him sister.

Dio. I ther's the mark my malice chiefly aims at; But then, he stands so near, I wound him too.

I feel that must not be. Art must be shewen here. The. Come, you shall kiss him for me, and bid

him welcome. (name

Lu. You are most welcome, Sir, and were her To which you are allied, a stranger here, Yet, Sir, believe me, you in those fair eyes Bring your own welcome with you.

Dio. Never came Malice 'mong so sweet a people.

It knowes not how to look, nor I on them.

Lu. Let not your gentle modesty make you seem Ungentle to us, by turning so away.

The. That's well faid sister, but he will and shall

Be bolder with us, ere we part.

Dio. I shall too much I fear.—

The. Come gentle bleffing,

Let not a misery be thought on here, (If ever any were so rude to touch thee) Between us we'll divide the comfort of thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT 4. SCENE 4. Millicent. Phillis.

Mil. I have heard thy story often, and with pitty As often thought upon't, and that the father

or the Mock-Marriage.

Of my best lov'd Theophilus, together with His, then, friend Master Meanwell (who have since Become each others deathsman as tis thought) By suits in Law wrought the sad overthrow Of thy poor Fathers fortune; by which means, Poor Gentleman he was enforc'd to leave His native Country to seek forrain meanes To maintain life.

Phi. Or rather to meet death. For fince his traval, which is now fix years, I never heard of him.

Mil. Much pittiful!

Phi. So is your story, Mistress unto me. But let us dry our eyes; and know we must not Stick in the mire of pitty; but with labour Work our delivery: yours is now at hand If you set will and brain to't. But my honor (If a poor wench may speak so) is so crack'd Within the ring, as 'twill be hardly solder'd By any art. If on that wicked sellow, That struck me into such a desperate hazard.

Mil. He will be here to night, and all the crew And this must be the night of my delivery,

I am prevented else for ever, wench.

Phi. Be sure, among the guests, that you make Of the most civil one to be your convoy, (choise And then let me alone to act your Mores part.

Mil. Peace, he comes. Enter Quic.

Phi. Ile to my shift then.

Exit. Phi.

Quic. Wher's my hidden beauty?

That shall this night be glorious.

Mil. I but wait the good hour

For my deliverance out of this obscurity.

Quic. Tis at hand.

So are my guests. See some of em are enter'd.

Enter Nat. Arthur.

O my my blith friend, Master Nathaniel, welcome And

And Master Arthur Meanwell as I take it.

Nat. Yes, Sir, a Gentleman late posses'd with Whom I had much a do to draw along (sadnes, To be partaker more of your mirth then chear. You say here shall be mirth. How now, what's that? Ha'you a black coney-berry in your house?

Quic. Stay Catelina. Nay, she may be seen. For know, Sirs, I am mortified to beauty Since my wives death. I will not keep a sace

Better then this under my roof I ha'sworn.

Ar. You were too rash, Sir, in that oath, if I May be allowed to speak.

Quic. Tis done and past, Sir.

Nat. If I be not taken with yon'd funeral face,
And her two eyes the scutcheons, would I were
whipt now. (match

Art. Suppose your friends should wish you to a Prosperous in wealth and honour.

Quic. Ile hear of none, nor you if you speak so.

Art. Sir, I ha'done.

Nat. It is the handsom'st Rogue

I have ere seen yet of a deed of darkness; Tawney and russet faces I have dealt with, But never came so deep in blackness yet.

Quic. Come hither Catelyna. You shall see, Sir, What a brave wench she shall be made anon And when she dances how you shall admire her.

Art. Will you have dancing here to night.

Quic. Yes I have borrowed other Moors of Merchants

That trade in *Barbary*, whence I had mineownhere. And you shall see their way and skill in dancing.

Nat. He keeps this Rie-loaf for his own white tooth

With confidence none will cheat him of a bit; Ile have a fliver though I lose my whittle.

Quic. Here take this key, 'twill lead thee to those ornaments That

Interchid thy Mistress lately. Use her casket, and with the tourklingst of her jewels shine; and with that face, tend thep a fire; the streamers glowing to be keel mourning, show I shall rejoyce the manning splendours) get thee glorious; letter a running sire-work in my house.

Not lie tets me more a fire at her. Well old

Ilds chance to clap your Barbary buttock hal, acr bravery, and get a match has odd corner, or the dark to night formed your chear, and you hereafter hear on't, Say there are as good flomacks as your own.

Mil No see, O no, I darea notta.

Nu Why, why pish-pox I love thee.

Mil () no de fine white Zentilmanna Cannit a love a the black a thing a.

Nat tadzooks the best of all wench.

Mill. () take -a heed-a my maitra fee-a.

Nat When we are alone, then wilt thou.

Mil Then I thall speak a more a.

Nat And He not lofe the Moor-a for more then I Will fpeak-a.

Qua. I muse the rest of my invited Gallants

Come not away.

Nat Zooks the old angry justice. Enter Testy.

Test How comes it Sir, to pass, that such a newes is spread about the town? is my Neece dead,

And you prepared to mirth Sir, hah?

Is this the entertainment I must find

To welcome me to town?

Que Sue is not dead, Sir. But take you no notice. You that have instantly an entertainment, that Shall fill you all with wonder.

Exit.

Tef Sure he is mad;

Or do you understand his meaning sirs? Or how or where his wife died?

Nat. I know nothing;

But give me leave to fear, by his wild humor, He's guilty of her death; therefore I hope Hee'l hang himfelf anon before us all To raife the mirth he speaks of.

Art. Fie upon you.

Yet trust me, sir, there have been large constructions, And strong presumptions, that the ill made match Betwixt her youthful beauty and his covetous age; Between her sweetness and his frowardness Was the unhappy means of her destruction; And you that gave strength to that ill tied knot Do suffer sharply in the world's opinion, While she, sweet virgin, has its general pity.

Tef. Pray what have you been to her? I nere Appear a suiter to her. (sound you

Art. I nere saw her,

Nor ever should have sought her, Sir; For she Was onely love to my sworn enemy,

On whom yet (were she living and in my gist)
Rather a thousand times I would bestow her

Then on that man that had, and could not know her.

Tef. I have done ill; and wish I could redeem This act with half my estate.

Nat. This Devels bird,

This Moor runs more and more still in my mind.

Enter Vin. and Edm.

O you are come? And ha'you brought your scene Of Mirth along with you?

Vin. Yes, and our actors

Are here at hand: But we perceive much business First to be set a foot. Here's Revels towards.

Ed. A daunce of furies or of Blackamores Is practifing within;

Vin. But first there is to be some odd collation In stead of supper.

Nat.

Nat Cheap enough I warrant,

But law you not a Moor-hen there amongst'em.

At A pretty little Rogue, most richly deck'd

With pearls, chains and jewels. She is queen

of the Nights triumph.

Nat. If you chance to fpy me

Take her aside, say nothing.

Ed Thou wilt filch

5 me of her jewels perhaps.

Nut. He draw a lot Enter Quicksands, For the best jewel she wears. But mum my Masters.

Our Enter the housepray Gentlemen: I am ready
Now with your entertainment. Exit

7e/ Weel follow you

Now for fix penny custards, a pipkin of bak'd Pears, three sawcers of stew'd prunes, a groats worth Us strong ale, and two peniworth of Gingerbread.

Ext 3.

Tef. If the does live (as he bears me in hand She is not dead) He tell you briefly, Sir, If all the law bodily and ghoftly, And all the confeience too, that I can purchase with all the wealth I have can take her from him, I will recover her, and then bestow her (If you resuse her) on your so you speak of, (whose right she is indeed) rather then he sha hold her longer. Now mine eyes are open'd. Will you walk in.

Exit. Enter

Ir I pray excuse me, Sir,

I cannot fit my felf to mirth.

Tef Your pleasure.

Mult whitefac'd & in her
own habit.

Mil Have I with patience waited for this hour, And does fear check me now? I'le breakthrough all, And truft my felf with you'd milde Gentleman.

He cannot but be noble.

Art. A goodly creature!

The Rooms illumin'd with her; yet her look

(c) E 2 Sad

Sad, and cheek pale, as if a forrow fuck'd it. How came she in? What is she? I am sear-struck. Tis some unresting shaddow. Or, if not, What makes a thing so glorious in this house, The master being an enemy to beauty? She modestly makes to me.

Mil. Noble Sir,—

Art. Speaks too.

Mil. If ever you durst own a goodness, Now crown it by an act of honour and mercy.

Art. Speak quickly; lose no time then: say, what are you?

You look like one that should not be delai'd.

Mil. I am th' unfortunate woman of this house, To all mens thoughts at rest. This is the face On which the Hell of jealousie abus'd

The hand of Heaven, to fright the world withall. Ar. Were you the feeming Moor was here?

Mil. The fame;

And onely to your fecrefie and pitty

I have ventur'd to appear myfelf again. (perform'd. Ar. What's to be done? Pray speak, and tis Mil. In trust and Manhood Sir, I would commit

A great charge to you, even my life and honor To free me from this den of mifery. (Lady—

Art. A blessed tasque! But when you are freed Mil. I would desire Sir, then to be convei'd.—

Ar. Whither? to whom? speak quickly: why do you stoop?

Mil. Pray let that rest. I will relieve your trouble When I am freed from hence, and use some others.

Art. Nay, that were cruelty. As you love goodness tell me.

Mil. Why dare you bear me Sir, to one you hate. Art. What's that, if you love? Tis your peace I look upon your fervice, not mine own. (wait on. Were he the mortall'st enemy slesh bred up

To you I must be noble.

Mil. You profess—

Ar. By all that's good and gracious, I will die Ere I forsake you, and not set you sase Within those walls you seek.

Mil. Then, as we pass

Ile tell you where they stand, Sir.

Ar. You shall grace me.

Exit.

ACT 4. SCENE 5.

Quicksands. Testy. Nath. Vincent. Edmond.

Qui. Now to our Revels. Sit ye, sit ye gallants Whilst, Uncle, you shall see how I'le requite The masque they lent me on my wedding night. Twas but lent Gentlemen, your masque of horns, And all the private jears and publick scorns Yhave cast upon me since. Now you shall see How Ile return them; and remarried be.

Vin. I hope he'l marry his Moor to anger us.

Nat. Ile give her something with her, if I catch her,

And't be but in the cole-house. Florish enter

Tef. Attend Gentlemen. Inductor

Ind. The Queen of Ethiop dreampt like a Moor upon a night leading Phil-

Her black womb should bring forth a lis (black

Ed. Black womb! (virgin white. and) gorge-Ind. She told her king; he told oufly deck't thereof his Peeres. with jewels.

Till this white dream fil'd their black heads with Nat. A whorson blockheads. (fears.

Ind. Blackheads I sai'd. Ile come to you anon.

Tef. He puts the blockheads on'hem grosly.

Quic. Brave impudent rogue. He made the speeches last year

Before my Lord Marquess of Fleet Conduit.
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Ind.

Ind. Till this white dream fil'd their blackheads. For tis no better than a Prodegy (with fear, To have white children in a black countrey. So 'twas decreed that if the child prov'd white, It should be made away. O cruel spight! The Queen cry'd out, and was delivered Of child black as you see: Yet Wizards sed That if this damsel liv'd married to be To a white man, she should be white as he.

Vin. The moral is, If Quicklands marry her,

Her face shall be white as his conscience.

Ind. The careful Queen, conclusion for to try, Sent her to merry England charily (The fairest Nation man yet ever saw)
To take a husband; such as I shall draw, Being an Ægyptian Prophet.

Ed. Draw me, and ile hang thee.

Ind. Now I come to you, Gentlemen. He looks in Qui. Now mark my Jeeres. Edmonds hand. Ind. You must not have her: For I find by your You have forseited the mortgage of your land. (hand Ed. Poy o'your Palmistrie.

Ed. Pox o'your Palmistrie.

Vin. Now me.

Ind. Nor you: For here I plainly see In Vin. his
You have sold and spent your lifes Annuity. hand
Vin. The devil take him, made thee a soothsayer.
Nat. I find from whence your skill comes. Yet
For thy little Princess of darknesse, and if (take me
I rub her not as white as another can
Let me be hung up with her for a new
Sign of the labour in vain.

Ind. Nor you, fir: For In Nats hand.
The onely fute you wear fmels of the cheft
That holds in Limbo Lavender all your reft.

Nat. Would his brains were in thy belly that keeps the key on't.

Ind. This is the worthy man, whose wealth and wit,

To make a white one, must the black mark hit.

In Quic. hand

Qui. Your jeers are answer'd, gallants. Now your dance.

Enter the rest of the Moors. They Dance an Antique in which they use action of Mockery and derifion to the three Gentlemen.

Nat. We applaud your devise, and you'l give me leave

To take your black bride here, forth in a daunce.

Quic. With all my heart, fir. Nat. Musick, play a Galliard,

You know what you promised me, Bullis.

Phi. But howa can ita be donea. (nostrils.

Nat. How I am taken with the elevation of her

Nat. Play a little quicker—Heark you—if I lead you

Adance to a couch or a bed fide, will you follow me?

Phi. I will doa my besta. Nat. daunces
Nat. So, so; quick Musick, quick. vily. Quicks.

Qui. Oougly!callyouthisdauncing; & Tef. laughs (ha, ha, ha. & looks off.

Nat. Do you laugh at me. Enter Arnold like a

Arn. By your leave Gentlefolks. Countreyman, and

Buz. O brave, o brave. Buz. like a changling,

and as they enter, exit Qui. How now.

Tef. What are these? Nat. with Phil. the Buz. Hack ye there, hack ye Mufick stillplaying.

(there, He fings and dan-

O brave pipes. Hack ye there. ces and spins with Hay toodle loodle loo. a Rock & Spindle.

Qui. Whatare you men or devils?

Arn. Youareadvis'd enough: Sir, if

(you please

But to be short, Ile shew you I am a Norfolk man E 4 And And my name is John Hulverhead.

Quic. Hold thy peace. Softly.

Arn. You cannot hear o'that fide it feems.

Quic. I know thee not, not I. (verhead

Arn. But you know my brother Matthew Hule Deceas'd, with whom you plac'd this simple child of yours. (any

Qui. I plac't no childe in Norfolk, nor Suffolk nor.
Folk I—fay thou mistookst me: He reward thee. Go.

Arn. I cannot hear o'that ear neither, fir. Vin. What's the matter, Mr. Quicksands?

Ed. Ha'you any more jeeres to put upon us? what Buz Hay toodle loodle loodle loo (are these? Qui. Get you out of my house. (and

Arn. I may not till I be righted. I come for right.

I will have right, or the best of the Citie shall

Hear on't.

Vin. I swear the Rascals act it handsomly.

Tef. What art thou fellow? What dost thou seek? Vin. Tell that Gentleman: He is an upright And will see thee righted. (Majestrate

Arn. I am a poor Norfolk man, fir. And I come to ease my self of a charge, by putting off a childe nat'ral to the natural father here. (speak it

Quic. My child! Am I his father? Darit thou Arn. Be not asham'd on't, sir: You are not the first

Grave and wife Citizen that has got an ideot.

Tef. Here's good stuff towards. (loo. Bus. Ha, ha, ha — with a Hay toodle loodle loodle Qua. How should I get him. I was never married till this moneth. (children?

Arn. How does other bawdy Batchelors get Bus. With a hay toodle loodle loodle loo. &c.

Vin. Now it works. (my Neece

Tef. He teach you to get a bastard, sirrah.

Arn. He needs none o'your skill it seems.

Bus. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Que Well, Gentlemen, to take your wonder off, and lay truth before you.

or a pour fervant that I had, I undertook and paid or keeping of an ideot.

Ed Who, your man Bussard?

Our Even he.

Puz. Hay toodle loodle, &c. (fum Que 'Tes like this is the child. But for a certain Thich I did pay, twas articled, that I should nere be froubled with it more.

Tel. Now what fay you to that Sir?

Ara 'Tis not denyed Sir, There was fuch agreet now he is another kind of charge,

Vin Why, he gets fomething towards Buzzard his living me thinks. Spinus.

Ar. Yes, he has learn'd to thrip among the Mothers;

or Sir, withal, to do more harm then good by't, and that's the charge I speak of : we are not bound o keep your child, and your childes children too.

Tel Hows that?

Arn. Sir, by his cunning at the Rock, and twirling of his spindle on the Thrip-skins, ie has fetch d up the bellies of fixteen of his Thrip-fifters.

Bus Hay toodle, loodle, loodle, &c.

Tef Is't possible. (feems.

Arn. So well he takes after his father here it Ed. Take heed o'that friend: you heard him fay it was his mans child,

Arm. He tha not fright me with that, though it be great mans part to turn over his baftards his fervants. I am none of his hirelings, nor

It's Tenants I. But I know what I fay; and I know That I come about; and not without advise; And

YOU

May know, that Norfolk is not without as knavish Councel, as another County may be. Let his man Be brought forth, and see what he will say to't. (But

Bus. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Qui. Wretch that I was to put away that fellow But stay! where is my wife? my wife, my wife—

Vin. What fay you, Sir?

(Moor)

Qui. My Moor I would fay. Which way went my Vin. Your Ethopian Princess. Nat is gone to dance with her in private, because you laught him out of countenance here.

Qui. Mischief on mischief! worse and worse I fear. Tes. What do you sear, why stare you? Are you frantick? (segaries

Qui. I must have wits and fits, my fancies and

Ed. Your jeers upon poor Gallants.

Vin. How do you feel your felf. Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Am. Ask your father bleffing Timfy.

Bus. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Arn. Upon your knees man. (loodle

Buz. Upon all my knees. A—ah. Hay toodle Nat. What was't to you, you flaves? Enter Nat.

Must you be peeping.

& Phills

Tef. What's the matter now? pul'd in by Nat. What was't to you, ye Rascals? the Moors. Moor. It is to us Sir, We were hir'd to dance

and to speak speeches; and to do the Gentleman true service in his house: And we will not see his house made a baudy house, and make no speech o'that.

Tef. What is the business?

Moor. Marry Sir a naughty business. This Gentleman has committed a deed of darkness with your Moor, Sir; We all saw it.

Tef. What deed of darkness? speak it plainly. Moor. Darkness or lightness; call it which you

will. They have lyen together; made this same a baudy house; How will you have it?

Qui. Undone, most wretched. O, I am consounded.

I see no art can keep a woman honest.

Nat. I love her, and will justifie my Act.

Pki. And I the best of any man on earth.

Nat. Thou speakest good English now.

Qui. O Ruine, ruine, ruine-

Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Vin. Why take you on so, for an ougly seind? Qui. She is my wise, Gentlemen.

All. How Sir, your wife.

Ed. In conceit you mean.

Qui. I say my lawful wife; your Neece; and so By me on purpose. (difguis'd

Tef. I said he was mad before, ha, ha, ha.

Nat. Now I applaud myact, 'twas sweet and brave.

Qui. I'le be divorc'd before a Court in publique.

Tef. Now will I use authority and skill.

Friends, guard the doors. None shall depart the Nat. Mun. Vin. Content, content.

Arn. Shall I, Sir, and my charge stay too?

Qui. Oh-

Tes. Marry Sir, shall you.

Buz. I fear we shall be smoak'd then.

Arn. No, no, fear nothing. (o'your Master

Tef. You know your Chamber huswise. I'le wait To night. We will not part until to morrow day, Justice and Law lights every one his way.

Vin. Is this your merry night, Sir?

Qui. Oh—oh—oh—o

Ed. Why roar you so? (about the City.

Nat. It is the Cuckolds howle. A common cry

Qui. Oh o-Buz. Hay toodle loodle, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

Act

ACT 5. SCENE I.

Meanwell, Rashly, Winlosse, Host.

Mea. Now my good Hoft, fince you have been our friend

And onely councel keeper in our absence,
To you, before we visit our own houses
We'le render a relation of our journey,
And what the motive was that drew us forth.
'Tis true, we did pretend a deadly quarrel
At a great bowling match upon Black-heath;
Went off; took horse; and several wayes, forecast
To meet at Dover, where we met good sriends,
And in one Barque past over into France:
Here 'twas suppos'd to fight, like sashion followers
That thither she, as if no sand but theirs
Could dry up English blood.

Host. Now, by the way,
Suppose that supposition had been true,
And the supposed deaths of you, and you
Had mov'd your sons to combate in carnest,
And both been kil'd indeed, as you in jest,
Where had been then your witty subtilty,
My noble Meanwell, and my brave Rashly?

Ha! have I twight ye there?

Rash. Thou keepst thy humor still my running.

Host. My humor was, nor is, nor must be lost:

But, to the question, was it wisely done,

When each of you might so have lost a son?

Rash. We had no fear of that, Sir, by the Rule. The common Rule o'th'world. Where do you find Sons that have lives and Lands, will venture both For their dead Fathers that are gone and car'd for?

Nor was it onely to make tryal of What husbands they would be; how fpend, or fave How

How mannage, or destroy; how one or both Might play the Tyrants over their poor Tenants, Yet fall by Prodigality into th'Compters: And then the dead by pulling off a Beard, After a little chiding and some whyning, To fet the living on their legs again, And take 'em into favour; pish, old play-plots. No Sir, our business runs another course; Know you this Gentleman yet?

Host. Nor yet, nor yet;

Best wits may have bad memories; I forget.

Win. It is my part to speak. Mine Host, y'have known My name is Winloss; a poor Gentleman, Yet richer, by my liberty, then I was For fix years space, till these good Gentlemen In charity redeem'd me.

Host. Master Winloss!

I thought I could as foon forget my Chris-Cros, Yet (pardon me) you have been fix years gone, And all of them in prison faving one, In Dunkerk as I weene.

Win. It is most true;

And that from thence these Gentlemen redeem'd me At their own charge, by paying five hundred pound, Which was my Ransom.

Host. 'Tis a rare example.

Win. Worthy brass tables, and a pen of steel.

Mea. No more good neighbour Winlofs. What we did

Was to discharge our conscience of a burden Got (and 'twas all we got) by your undoing, In a sad suit at Law.

Host. I do remember;

And, without ruine I'le tell you, That sad cause, In which you join'd against him, overthrew him And all his Family: But this worthy act Of yours in his enlargement, crowns your piety,

And

And puts him in a way of better Fortune, Then his first tottering estate could promise.

Rash. Shut up that point. You have heard no ill

you fay,

Among our fons and daughters in our absence.

Host. Not any, Sir at all. But, Mr. Winloss,

You that have past so many forrows, can

(I make no doubt) here one with manly patience.

Win. Tis of my daughter Phillis! Is she dead L.

Host. Tis well and the no worse with her: I fear

She's gone the t'other way of all flesh, do you hear?

Rash. Why dost thou tell him this?

Hoft. To have him right

His daughters wrong upon that wicked beaft That has feduced her.

Rash. Who is't? canst thou tell?

Host. Even the Ranck-rider of the town, Sir, one Master Nathaniel Banelasse, if you know him.

Mea. He has my fons acquaintance.

Rash. And mine's too. (doctrine

Host. You may be proud on't, if they scape his Win. But does he keep my daughter to his lust?

Host. No, Sir, tis worse then so. He has case To the common, as tis sear'd. (her of

Win. O wretchedness!

Rash. How camst thou by this knowledge.

Host. Sir, Ile tell you.

I have, i'th'house, a guest, was once your man,
And serv'd your son, since you went ore I'm sure on't.
Though now he has got a young spark to his Master.
That has a brace of gueldings in my stable;
And lusty ones they are. That's by the way.

Rash. But to the point, I pray thee.

Host. Sir, the young gallant is abroad, the man Scults closs i'th'house here, and has done these two Spending his time with me in drink and talk. (days Most of his talk runs upon wenches mainly;

 A_{DU}

And who loves who, and who keeps home, and so And he told me the tale that I tell you (forth; Twixt Banelasse and your done and undone daughter.

Ra. Mine host-cry mercy Gentlemen-

Enter Rafe.

Mea. Nay, nay, come on.

Host. I told you he was very shy to be seen.

Ra, My old master alive again? and he that he kil'd too?

Mea. Whom do you ferve? was I fo ill a mafter, That, in my absence, you forsook my children? Or how have they misus'd you? Why dost look So like an apprehended thies? I fear. Thou ferv'st some robber, or some murderer, Or art become thy self one. If the Devil Have so posses'd thee, strive to turn him out: Ile add my prayers to help thee. Whats the matter?

Ra. O honor'd master! He keepnothing from you. There is an act of horror now on foot, Upon revenge of your supposed murder, Of which to stand and tell the circumstance, Would wast the time and hinder the prevention Of your sons murder, and your daughters ruin.

All. O fearful!

Ra. Let not your amazement drown Your reason in delay; your sudden hast Was never so requir'd as now. Stay not To ask me why, or whither. As ye go I shall inform ye.

Rash. Go, we follow thee.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 2.

Dionysia as before in mans kabit, sword and pistol.

What a fierce conflict twixt revenge and love, Like an unnatural civil war, now rages

In

(c)

In my perplexed breaft. There, fight it out: To it Pel-mel my thoughts. The battel's hot. Now for the day! revenge begins to stagger, And her destracted Army at an instant Routed and put to flight. All conquering love, Thou hast got the victory; and now I sue (Like a rent kingdom by felf-opposite thoughts) Unto thy foveraignty, to be the liege-right. Take me to thy protection, kingly love, And having captivated my revenge. O, play not now the Tyrant. A firm hope Perswades me no: But when I shall Reveal my felf I shall obtain Theophilus love. Which now is ten times fweeter in my thought Then my revenge was, when 'twas first begot.

Enter The. & Lucy

The. What, still alone? we have been feeking thee

Dio. O'tis the service that I ow you Sir.

Lu. Indeed you are too penfive: two wholedayes And nights among us, and no more familiar? Ent. Ar. in his false beard, leading in Mil. veil'd.

Pages they stand aloofe. Pa. May I crave your name, Sir?

Ar. That's to little purpole,

My bufiness is the thing—yonder's the star! What young Gentleman is that your Mistris arm Appears to courteous too?

Pa. One the thinks well on Sir,

No matter for his name, as you faid, neither.

Ar. He feems fome well grac'd fuitor. 'Tis my If he should now—I must be just however. Pa. Sir, a Gentleman defires to speak with you.

The. Dost thou not know his name?

Pa. He will not tell it Sir. (know not whom? The. You treacherous boy, do you bring you O'tis the Gentleman I was fo bound to, Sifter: The welcom'ft man alive; Thanks my good boy. What's What's thehe brings in veil'd, and this way leads?

Sir, though I am still a stranger in my visit,
I works of gentleness, I am partly known.

Itere (it you chance t'enquire of me hereaster
(When I shall more deserve your inquisition)

I may be found, if not exact in service,
At least a poor pretender in my wishes:

And to presenting this white gift, (more modest

Then the most secret duty of mans friendship

Can ever be. I take my leave—

7 he This man

Would breed, at every time he's feen, a wonder!

5.r. leave me not thus loft. let me once know you,
And what this mystery means? This bears a shape

1 may not entertain: I have fet my vow

Against all woman kinde, since Heaven was married

To my hist love; and must not willingly

Discover a temptation with mine own hand.

Ar How this and nice we are to meet our happi-Like dying wretches, 'fraid to go to reft. (neffe! Because you shall be guilty of no breach Lie ope the Casket for you. He unveils her, &

The Blesse me, it is -- flips away.
Warm, so Love cherith me and comfortable.

Dio. () death my hopes are blafted.

Lu. How is it with you, fir.

The Might a man credit his own fences now This were my Millicent. How think you, lifter?

Mil. Indeed I am fo, my Theophilus.

Dec She hves, and he is lost to me for ever,
I thall be straight discover'd too. False Love
Thou hast dealt loosely with me; And Revenge
I re-invoke thy nobler spirit: Now
Possesse me wholly; let it not be thought
I came and went off idly. (woman

Lu Sir, tomething troubles you. See your kinf-My brother stands intranc'd too; Brother, brother-Noble Lady, speak to him.

Mil. Mil. I was in my discovery too sudden.

Strong rapture of his joy transmutes him—Sir.

Be not so wonder-struck; or, if you be,

Let me conjure you by the love you bore me,

Return unto your self again. Let not

A wandring thought fly from you, to examine

From whence, or how I came: If I be welcome

I am your own and Millicent.

The. And in that

So bleft a treasure, that the wealth and strength Of all the world shall never purchase from me. Heaven may be pleas'd again to take thee, but He hold so saft, that weell go hand in hand; Besides. I hope his mercy will not part us. But wher's the man now more desir'd then ever That brought you hither?

Mil. You ask in vain for him.

I can refolve you all; but for the prefent He will be known to none.

The This is a cruel goodness: Toputthankfulness
Out of all action. Sirah, how went he?

Pa. I know not, Sir, he vanish'd sodainly.

The. Vanish'd! good Lucy help to hold her fast She may not vanish too. Spirits are subtle.

Mil. This was my fear. Will you have patience, And fit within this chair while I relate my story.

The. He be as calm in my extreamest deeps. As is the couch where a sweet conscience sleeps.

Dio. Tis now determinate as fate; and fo

As Dionisia presents her pistol. Enter Rash. Mean. Win. Rafe. Arthur.

At the whole cluster of em. Bless me ha! My father living! Then the cause is dead Of my revenge.

Rash. What is he kill'd out right.
Or els but hurt? Theophilus! my boy!
Dead, past recovery. Stay the Murdress there.

Look

ok you, Sir, to her. I suspect your son too out without a hand in't by the hast met him in.

He is not hurt at all bonour d father, as I defire your bleffing, throken with an extalle of joy.

Rajh. Look up my boy. How dost? here's none but friends.

The Sure, sure ware all then in Elisium ere all are friends and fill'd with equal joy. the can have no felicity like this.

Rafii. Thou canst not see nothing, bk well about thee man.

who knowes what he knowes, fees, feels, or not an age for man to know himfelf in. (hears?

Rajh. He is not mad I know by that.

The If I know any thing, you are my father.— Rash. Thou art a wife child.

The. And I befeech your bleffing. (story, Rash. Thou hast it. Millicent, I have heard your dear, you betwixt you sooth his fancy,

will be well anon. Keep'em company Arthur, and Lucy, bid him welcome.

Lu. More then life, Sir.

Rush. You Dronysia would be chid a little;

Ma Dry your eyes: you have it. instantly resume your sexes habit,

Ad with the rest be ready, if we call ye Quak fands house. The rumour of our coming tready calls us thither to be affistant

justice Telty in a ponderous difference.

Rafh. How does he now?

Ar He's fallen into a flumber,

Rafh. In with him all I pray.

F 2

Ar.

Ar. &c. Heshall have all our cares. Exitwith The. Rash. Come my friend Meanwell. in the chair. Now to Quicksands cause,

To keep it out of wrangling lawyers jawes. The face of danger is almost made clean And may conclude all in a comick scene.

Exit.

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

Vincent. Edmond. Testy. Rashly. Meanwell.

Vin. Come, we will hear this cause try'd.

Ed. See the Judges (dence.

Have tane their feats, while we fland here for evi-Tel. My worthy friends, y'are come unto a cause

As rare, as was your expected coming

From the supposed grave— Rash. To th'point I pray.

Tef. Howquick you are! Good Mr. Rashly, know

(Though I crav'd your affiftance) onely I

Supply the chief place in Authority (bufinefs—Rafh. And much good do't you. I have other

Your Neece Sir was too good for my poor fon.

Tef. How's that?

Mea. Nay Gentlemen, we came to end A bufinefs: Pray begin no new one first.

Rafh. Well Sir, I ha'done.

Mea. Pray Sir fall to the question.

Test. Bring in the parties. Ent. Quie. The first branch of the question rises here Nat Phil. If Quickfands wife, my Neece, be dead or living Speak Gentlemen. What can you say to this?

Vin. Quick fands affirm'd to us, that she was dead.

Edm. Though, fince in a destracted passion

He fayes the lives.

Qui. She lives, and is that strumpet, From whom I sue to be divorc'd.

Mea.

That Moor, there? wed her fince your fair wives deceafe? That fame is the, and all the wives I had. ck is but an artificial tincture my jealoufie upon her face. This is most strange, Braver and braver still, but at a cloud and clasp'd a Juno, be onely mine? have (worn it ever. Then I am made for ever, Remove her, and let instant tryal be made the blackness off. Then if her shame, firm truth appear not, punish me. However, your confent to be divorc'd fillicent is irrecoverable. Before you all, He forfeit my estate re-accept her. Then the's free. low Mr. Banelass-Now for the honour of Wenchers. Your fact is manifested and confest. In fewelt words it is. Are you content this woman now in question, found no Moor to be your Wife, marriage to restore her honour? Or elfe, before you all, let me be torn ; having first those dearest members, I have most delighted, daub'd with honey This protestation without respect of portion, now, the is my Neece: For you must know Neece of mine that could transgress cane kind: Nor must the ever look or at my hands. Nat

Nat. I am content, to take her as she is, Not as your Neece, but as his counterfeit servant, Hoping he'le give me with her all about her.

Qui. My chains, and Jewels, worth a thousand

I'le pay it for my folly.

Nat. 'Twil be twice

The price of my pawn'd goods. I'le put the rest Up for your jeers past on my friends and me.

Mea. You are agreed.

Nat. To take her with all faults. Enter Phi-

Phi. I take you at your word. lis white.

Qui. Hah-

Nat. Hell and her changes.

Phi. Lead by the hope of justice, I am bold

To fix here fast, here to repair my ruins.

Nat. The devil looks ten times worse with a Give me it black again. (white face,

Phi. Are we not one, you know from the begin-(ning?

Nat. Get thee from me.

Tes. Sirrah you have your suit and your desert, 'Tis your best part to pass it patiently.'

Rash. 'Tis Winloss daughter; we have found the Qui. I am confounded here. Where is my Wife?

Tef. I, that's the point must now be urg'd. The Law

Asks her at your hands. Answer me, where is she? Qui. I am at my joys end, and my wits together. Mea. You have brought her fame in question:

Tis reveng'd

Now you are in both for her life and honour.

Tef. Speak villain, Murderer, where is my Neece? Qui. I have fnar'd my felf exceeding cunningly;

That quean there knows.

Nat. Take heed, Sir, what you fay, If she must be my wife. Hands off, I pray, These are my goods she wears. Give me'em, Phil. For fear he fnatch, Ile put'em in my pockets.



or the Mock-Marriage.

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Phi. Sweet heart, my own will hold'em.

Nat. Sweet heart already! we are foon familiar.

Phi. You know we are no strangers. (answer

Rash. Well Mr. Quicksands: because you cannot (To put you by the sear of halter-stretching)
Since y'have ingag'd your word and whole estate
To be divorc'd: And you good Mr. Testy,
If you'l be willing yet that my poor son
To wed your Neece, as I shall find it lawful,

Ile undertake her fafe recovery.

Tef. I have in heart given her your fon already.

Rash. And he has her already. Ent. The. Mil.

As for example, see Sir. Ar. Lu. Dio.

Qui. See, fee, the heaven that I am justly Winloss.

O may I yet find favour. (fallen from,

Mil. Never here.

Hadst thou not given thy faith to a divorce,
On forfeiture of thine estate, which thou
Dost hold more precious; or couldst now redeem
That great ingagement; and then multiply
Thy past estate into a tenfold sum,
Make me inheritrix of all; and last assure me
To die within a week, Ile not re-marry thee:
Adulterate beast, that brok'st thy sormer wedlock
In thy base lust with that thy servant there.

Nat. What a pox no, I tro—My wife that must be? Phi. 'Twas your own doing, to put me to my shifts. Nat. The devil shift you, then you will be sure

Of change enough.

Win. O shame unto my blood.

Nat. I will henceforward councel all my friends To wed their whores at first, before they go Out o'their hands.

Tef. How can you answer this?

Qui. I utterly deny't upon my oath. Phi. So do I, and safely for any act.

Nat. That's well agen.

Phi. It was but in attempt, I told my Mistris, Had it been done, sure I should nere have spoke on't.

Nat. Those are the councels women can onely

Phi. Nothing in act I assure you.

(keep.

Mil. In him 'twas foul enough though.

Mea. O hateful vice in age.

Tef. 'Tis an old vice grown in him from his youth, Of which bring forth for proof his bastard there.

Ent. Bus. Arn.

Buz. I fear we shall be whipt for counterfeits; My long coats have a grudging of the lash.

Arn. I fee my old Masters sace again, and I will

Fear nothing.

Buz. Then Ile bear up again——
Hay diddy daddy, come play with thy Baby
Dindle dandle on thy knee, and give him a penny,
And a new coat, o ho——

Qui. My grief and shame is endless.

Vin. Let not grief master you, Mr. Quicksands.

Ed. We are your friends, and pitty your afflictions. What will you give us now and we'le release you For ever of this changling charge of yours?

Vin. And prove he's not your bastard. Speak

now roundly.

Qui. I'le cancel both your mortgages.

Vin. A match. Now look you Sir, your quandam All but the beard he wore; for loss of which (servant, We'le recompense him.

Qui. O Buzzard, Buzzard, Buzzard.

Buz. O Master, Master, Master. Your servant and Nor father of your Ideot in Norfolk, (no bastard, He's there, and well Sir, I heard lately of him.

Qui. How couldst thou use me thus?

 $\widetilde{B}uz$. How could you turn me away so?

Test. Ha, ha, ha. Come hither Buzzard. Thou shalt not want a Master.

Arn. Nor I, I hope, while my old Master lives. Y'are

are welcome home Sir. (Arnold. Rath And thou to me my good old fervant Our Well fare a mifery of a man's own feeking; tough one too will hold him tack to's end, his comes with wiving at threefcore and three; **Yould** deating fools were all ferv'd fo for me.

7. To that up all: Theophilus, take my Neece, [[e]] thortly find a Lawfull course to marry ye. Rifle I will take care for't. Arthur, take my

With a glad fathers bleffing (daughter Mes. And mine with it, wishing my daughter

were as well beflow'd.

Die Sir take no thought for me, till my strict life by making man, and the world meer ftrangers to me, a expiation of my late transgression ainth maiden modefty) shall render me

ome way deferving th'honour of a husband. Kala Spoke like a good new woman. If How now ' do you look fquenish on your for-

or her's a Gentleman shall maintain her blood

as worthy as your own till you defile it,

I is best you cleanse it again. Nat Cadzocks I will-

Forgivine for (wearing, and turn Precisian, and pray It c note that all my brothren whoremafters spend Phr My father --(no worfe,

Wm O my child.

Nat Though Mr. Quickfands made a Mockmarriage with his English Moor,

le not mock thee.

T.f. Enough, enough. I hope all pleas'd at last

llut Master Quick-sands here.

Qui. I yeeld to fortune with an humble knee, f you be pleas'd, your pleasure shall please me.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Ow let me be a modost undertaker For us the players, the play and the play-make If we have faild in speech or action, we Must crave a pardon; If the Commedy Either in mirth, or matter be not right, As'twas intended unto your delight, The Poet in hope of favour doth submit Unto your censure both himself and it, Wishing that as y'are judges in the cause You judge but by the antient Comick Lawes. Not by their course who in this latter age Have sown such pleasing errors on the stage, Which he no more will chuse to imitate Then they to fly from truth, and run the State. But whether I avail, you have seen the play, And all that in defence the Poet can say Is, that he cannot mend it by a jest I'th Epilogue exceeding all the rest; To send you off upon a champing bit, More then the scenes afforded of his wit: Nor studies he the Art to have it said He sculks behind the hangings as affraid Of a hard censure, or pretend to brag Here's all your money again brought in i'th bag If you applaud not, when before the word 'Twas parcel'd out upon the shearing-board. Such are fine helps; but are not practised yet By our plain Poet who cannot forget His wonted modesty, and humble way For him and us, and his yet doubtful play, Which, if receiv'd or but allow'd by you, We and the play are yours, the Poet too.

THE

LOVE-SICK COURT.

OR THE

Ambitious Politique.

A

COMEDY

Written by Richard Brome:

Vil mea, ceu mos est, commendes carmina curo Se nist comendent carmina dispersant.



LONDON,

conted by F. T. for A.C. and are to be fold by Broom, at the Gun in Ivie-lane, 1658.



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PROLOGUE.

little wit, lesse learning, no Poetry This Play-maker dares boaft: Tis his modesty. For though his labours have not found least grace, It puffs not him up or in minde or face, Which makes him rather in the Art disclame Bold License, then to arrogate a Name; Yet to the wit, the scholler, and the Poet, Such as the Play is, we must dare to show it Our judgements to but too: And without fear Of giving least offence to any ear. If you finde pleasure in't, we boasting none, Nor you nor we lose by expectation. Sometimes at poor mens boards the curious finde 'Mongst homely fare, some unexpected dish, Which at great Tables they may want and wish: If in this slight Collation you will binde Us to believe you'have pleasd your pallats here, Pray bring your friends w'you next, you know (your cheer.



Drammatis Personæ.

King of Thessaly.

Philargus, the Prince, supposed Son of the late slain General.

Disanius Two Lords.

Stratocles a Politician.

Philocles, A young Nobleman fon of the late General, and twin with Philargus.

Euphalus, A Gentleman belonging to the King.

Geron, A curious Coxcomb and a Schollar.

Matho, A villain, servant to Stratocles.

Terfulus, A Taylor, servant to Philargus.

Varillus, A Barbar, servant to Philocles.

Eudina, The Princesse.

Themile, Philocles Mother.

Placilla, Her Daughter.

Garula, An old Midwife.

Doris, Themilis Waiting-woman.

4. Rusticks.

The Scene THESSELY.

THE

LOVE-SICK COURT.

OR THE

Ambitious Politique.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Disanius, Justinius,

Meeting.

fares the King? (th'opinion, Jus. More fick in mind then body, by (Not onely of the skilful Doctors, but) of all That come about him.

Dif. I that have not feen him
Since he was fick, can guess then at the cause,
Of his distemper. He is fick o'th'subject;
I h'unquiet Commons fill his head and breast
With their impertment discontents and strife.
The peace that his good care has kept'hem in
For many years, still feeding them with plenty,
Hath, like ore pampered steeds that throw their
Masters.

Set them at war with him. O milery of kings! His vertue breeds their vices; and his goodness Pulls all their ills upon him. He has been

Too

Too long too lenetive: A thousand heads (Or say a hundred, or but ten) cut off Of the most gross ones, the prime, leading heads Of theirs a moneth since, had preserv'd him better Then all his doctors pills can purge him now.

Fus. You are too sharp Disanius. There's a As milde as other of the Kings clear Acts, (means,

In agitation now, shall reconcile

All to a common peace no doubt.

Dis. What's that Justinius?

Jus. Stay: Here comes Stratocles. Ent. Strat.

Dif. I fear, in that

Ambitious pate lies the combustable stuff Of all this late commotion.

f all this late commotion.

Str. Why is man

fer afide.

Prescrib'd on earth to imitate the Gods, But to come nearest them in power and action? That is to be a King! That onely thought Fills this capacious breast. A King or nothing!

Jus. He's deep in meditation.

Dif. On no good.

It is some divellish waking dream affects him. I'le put him out—And as I was about To say my Lord.

Str. What? when Disanius?

Dif. About a moneth fince,
It stick still in my jaws. Be not ambitious,
Affect not popularity. 'Tis the most
Notable break-neck in a kingdom.

Str. In whom?

Dif. I know to whom I fpeak; would Stratocles As well knew who he is, and what he does: It would be better for him. Thank me not, I wish it for the King and kingdoms good, Not yours I do assure you, my great Lord; Yet mine own Peer, if you forget me not.

Str.

5: You take your time Sir to make me your Line may come -(mirth.

Dif When you may be my King,

and then up goes Difanius. Is't not fo?

Str Ves, up to Court, to be king Stratocles fool, Dr. The Court now priviledges thee, or I would change (greatness

caffe with your great Souldier-ship and popular lith clowns and Citizens, and Gentry, fprung

by their late peaceful wealth, out of their dongue.

but let'em thank our pious King, not you that claim as ment for your fervice done)

Their layer and voices.

Jul Ceale my Lords this strife.

The King may hear on't, whose perplexities Mready are too grievous. Pray be filent,

The lang approaches. Enter king Dif Weell attend his entrance. & Eupathus. King Upon those terms they are come then,

Emporthus? En Four of the chief in the commotion,

Join the ingagement of my faith, that you lad part your kingly word for their return a fatety. I have brought to Court, who wait

our prefent will and pleafure.

King Bring em in.

Janus, welcome. I thought well to fend for you take a Councerlors part of my late cares to your confideration.

Dif I attend

our Highness pleasure.

Ling Nearer good Difanius. They talk privately. Mr Do you deal in secret king? The Commons b their examination, and this old (fent for ta coult of mine calld to confront me, d I prepar'd by no intelligence fit me for th'incounter? Let'em come.

I must not be deny'd to stand as fair
In competition for the Crown as any man
The King himself elects for his successor;
The people are mine own thro'all his parts:
He may command their knees, but I their hearts.

King. Stratocles, Justinius, Disanius sit.

My Lords, altho'our Lawes of Thessay
To you, as well as to our self, are known,
And all our customs, yet for orders sake
I shall lay open one to you. That is, when
A king deceaseth without issue male
(As I unfortunately must) the Commons
Are to elect their King, provided that
He be of noble blood, a souldier, and one
That has done publick service for the Crown——

Str. That makes for me.

King. Or else the son of some Great General slain in battel for his countrey (As my Adrastus was.)

Dif. O my brave brother!

King. Twenty years forrow for that Souldiers loss Has not worn out his memory.

Str. Your grace

Forgets not then Souldiers of fresher same.

King. Some other time to boast good Stratocles.

Dif. Twere good youl'd hear the king—A general, Or a Generals fon may be elected. There Your Majesty left.

King. Or if the sonless King Yet has a daughter, and he match her in His life time to a husband that is noble, He stands immediate heir unto the Crown Against all contradiction.

Str. Now think upon my fervice, Royal Sir.

Dif. Nowthink upon my Nephewes, Royal Master, The sons of brave Adrastus, who was slain Twenty years since in fighting of your battel.

Str. Twere good you would hear the king. The husband of

Your daughter must be elected. There you lest, sir.

King. It rests now that a speedy choice be made Of a fit husband, one that may acquire Eudynas love, and peoples approbation, The people, (for whose noise I must not rest Till my successor be appointed to them) Are wild till this election be made:

They have, in arms, made their demand, and wait My present answer. Enter Eupathus 4 Rustiks.

Dif. O here they come. These be the principals The heads, the heads, forsooth they call themselves. Head-carpenter, head-smith, head-plowman, and head-shepherd. (abash'd

Kin. Nay, pray approach; and seem no more Here then amongst your giddy-headed rowts,

they all knecl.

Where every man's a King, and wage your powers Gainst mine in soul defiance. Freely speak, Your grievance, and your full demand.

i. Rus. Tis humbly all exprest in this petition.

- 2. Rus. By all means have a care that, to any question, we give the King good words to his face; He is another manner of man here then we took him for at home.
- 3. Rus. I sweat for't. I am sure I have scarce a dry thred in my leather lynings.
- 4. Ruf. They made us heads i' the countrey: But if our head-ships now, with all our countrey care should be hang'd up at court for displeasing of this good King, for the next Kings good our necks will not be set right again in the next Kings raign I take it.
 - I. Rus. My head itches to be at home again.
 - 2. Rus. My head itches to be at home again.
 - 3. Rus. My head and heart both akes with fear. G 2 Would

Would I were honestly hang'd out o'the way to be rid on't. (before

King. There you may read my Lords what we Found would be their demand. Tis for a King That must succeed me.

Dif. And because you have

Govern'd them long in peace, by which they thrive Their wisdom would have you intail that piece On them for after times; and so they nominate Ambitious Stratocles to be your heir.

Str. Envious Disanius, my merit is

Their motive. (inclin'd

King. Cease your strife.—You have stood more To lay your choise on *Philocles*, or *Philargus* The Twin-born sons of long since slain Adrastus.

1. Rus. May't please your Majesty we are insorm'd That in their travails unto Delphos, both Of them are dead.

Dif. That information
Was meerly by suggestion (I dare speak it)
Insinuated by Stratocles. They both live
And are upon return.

I. Rus. Would we knew that.

Lord Stratocles then should pardon us. Hee's a man Gracious amongst us. But——

2. Ruf. Philargus! O---

Philargus, be he living.

3. Rus. I say Philocles.

Brave Philocles is the man.

Str. False, empty weathercocks.

4. Rus. I say Lord Stratocles is the man we know And ought to honour.

Str. There lives yet some hope.

Fus. What strange consusions this? Or whither You run by several wayes? Philargus one, (will Another Philocles; a third cries Stratocles. In this you say you'l have no king at all.

This

pon your felves. He, whom the king is pleaf'd give his daughter to must be your King.

that the king will graciously be pleas'd (knees) to make a speedy choice, and give us leave

ith pardon to depart, and fignifie

lis Reyal pleafure to the doubtful countreys.

King Fell'em they shall expect, then, but a name that the time my daughters marriage (moneth, had be consummate.

Ad Ruf The Godsprotect your Majesty. Ex. Rust. King And now, my Lords, the commons being at peace,

Le me prevail your private jarrs to ceafe.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Eudyna. Thymele weeping.

End. Madam, the cause is mine; tis mine to

In chief, if they be dead. They were your fons, Is true, and though they were your onely comforts upon this earth, you but refigne to heaven the bieffings that it lent you. But to me they were a pair of equal lovers; and me is equally belov'd; and by the king my father so'bove all men respected that I by either had been made a Queen. Which title I for ever will disclaim If they be dead.

Thy O my Philargus. O my Philocles! Cods I know they did not feek your Counfels or dare to approach your altars, but with all be reverence and required ceremony.

And could your Delphian Oracle, when they

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Were friendly competitioners for love, Answer them but with death?

Eud. The rumor, Madam,
Carries so little shew of truth, that you
Do ill to take so deep a sense of it;
Much worse t'expostulate, as if you had
An injury done you by the Gods. Have you
Been from mine infancy my governess,
And careful councel-giver; and must I
Find cause to chide you now? come dry these te

Gar. Where's my sweet princess? Where's my Lady governess?

Eud. O Garrula, welcome. I could never w Thy company more usefully: For thou bring'st Some recreation on thy countenance alwayes.

Gar. I am glad my countenance pleases you. For I have on it now (could you discern'em) (mA thousand joyes dancing within these wrincles More then my feeble failing tongue can utter. And that's a grief to me 'mong all my joyes; The failing of the tongue, the tongue, the tongue Is a great grief to any woman. But To one in years, and well in years, as I am, It is a grief indeed, more then the loss Of any other member.

Eud. But I pray thee

Let not that grief deprive us of the hearing Of, at least, one of thy whole thousand joyes.

Gar. Tis a report of joy and wonder, princess Enough to make not onely you, and you, But King and kingdom glad, could I but utter!

Eud. Thou dost speak well enough, and enough pray thee tell it. (t

Thy. Tis some faign'd stuffe

She hopes to palliate our forrowes with.

Gar. 'Tis a report, worth more then all the stor

Beget

y felf have told in child-bed chambers, re spirit to the pallid flesh. ave been a woman as good at it t vain boaft beet (poke) as any the My, that ere durst undertake e of a midwife: And that the queen other knew, when I delivered her weet babe (your felf.) She is in bliffe Elipum. But you, Madam Governesse, remember good old Garrula, ok into the light your twin-born fons, reby hangs a tale---What means this woman? (ftory? Good Garrula, thy newes? thy present Tis fuch a story, that could I but utter't **aubility** of tongue !----But O gue, that fails me now; for all the helps os, and fweet fippings. I still go She fips oft d, as you see, to cherish it. of a bottle at et it falters with me. her girdle. We shall ha't ope. Placilla, whatsyournews? Ent. Placilla Tis excellent Madam. And I was ambitious you the first taste of it. But if has in that prevented me, th no lesse joy relate it yet. thers are return'd, and fafe, from Delphos. Be thou as true as th'Oracle. Now, Madam. Mother, tis true. Tis that I would ha'told you my tongue fail'd me i'th'utterance. Thy tongue ran fast enough, but lost its way. Three minutes, Madam, brings'em to your lence. How is it with you, Madam? Let not joy Beget a worse effect then did your sears.

Help, Garrula. Thym swounds.

Gar. Ods pity, what dee mean.

Madam, look up, and speak up too you were best, Do you know who talks to you? Speak; and speak well too.

I shall speak that will be worse for you else.

Madam, you know, that I know what I know.

Thy. I am well I thank you, Garrula.

Gar. O are you so?

Eud. I have observ'd that often in her language, This chattring Midwise glanceth at the knowledge Of some strange hidden thing, which like as with A Charm, she keeps my Governess in aw with.

I guess it but some trifle: For I know

The Lady is right vertuous; yet it may

Be worth my inquisition at fit time.

Thy. You have felt the comforts of my friendship Garrula,

And had you common charity, you'd forbear me.

Gar. I-done Madam. Be secure. But yet,

Though I forbear to speak, I not forget.

Eud. You have not yet, Placilla, told the means Of your rich knowledge.

A shout and crying Philar. and Philocles, &c.

Pla. Nor shall I need now Madam

These shouts of joy that follow'd them to Court Attend them to your presence.

Eud. O let us meet'em. Madam, come away.

Thy. O ye Gods, I thank ye. Ex. omnes pret. Gar. Gar. I have a fon there too, as dear to me

As any Mothers onely born can be,

Whose name's not voic'd with theirs. Yet by your Great Madam Governess, he has discharg'd (favour The office of a Governor ore your sons,

As well as you have over the Kings daughter. And they have suck'd more of his Helycon

Then

Then the has of your doctrin: which their breeding fips the bottle.

Together with their Travels through his care Will testifie (I doubt not) to my honor

That have brought forth a fon of such performance. Ent Dif Jus Phila, Philo, End, Thy, Pla. Geron

Dif Did not I fay, 'twas Stratocles that rais'd

That huleous rumor of their deaths, among

His wilde idolators, in hope to gain Election by their ignorance and rudeness?

Ful 'Twas well those factious heads were wrought Before the King to finde his elemencie, (to come And probability that these were living. (Stratocles!

Dif And how they then shrunk in their necks from

It has for laid the flames of his ambition,

That these may safely now tread out the fire.

Phila. Welcom again my princely Nephews, welcom.

Phil Thanks, courteous Uncle.

Thy You interrupt me, brother. (fuch things!

Dif Good woman, cry thee mercy. Mothers are

Gar. Why, what things are we mothers?

Dif. O the old night-piece with her dark lanthorne by her

Gar. You'l give us leave to take
The comforts due unto us in our age,
For which we fuffer'd forrow in our youth!
Our children are our children young or old,

Dif. So is my horfe my horfe.

Gar. You have repli'd,

As Whileme did a Councellour at Law, Who faid his adverse Advocate had pleaded

To as much purpose as a hen i'th'forchead. (humor,

Dif Geron, th'art welcom. Thou still keepst thy Thy travels ha'not chang'd thee. Thou camest home As wife as thou wentst out.

Ger. So W'hilome faid,

The Love-sick Court.

A miser, having much increas'd his store, He had as much still as he had before.

Dif. Enough, I'le give thee over.

Thy. O my dear off-fpring; every fight of you Is a new recompence, and fatisfaction For all the pain and travel of your birth. In you your fathers memory shall live Beyond the malice of the grave and death: And I, when my rejoycing shall be full, And cannot take addition, freely yeelding My slesh to dust, shall yet be blest by those Who shall give testimony to your vertue.

Philar. Twere a sufficient spur to noble actions. To be rewarded but with your content, Which to procure we make our businesse.

Thy. Philocles,

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Your brow is clouded. Has the Oracle Adjudg'd against you. Pray let us partake The knowledge of the *Delphian* decree; And which of you stands highest in the favour Of wise *Apollo*, to be husband to Princesse *Eudyna* here the Kingdoms heir. What speaks the Oracle?

Philoc. Such a Verdict, Madam, Requires an OEdipus to construe it. I neither know't, nor am solicitous After the meaning,

Gar. Wisely spoken, Pupil.

So Whilome answered an Ægyptian Porter To one demanding what he bore conceal'd?

Tis therefore cover'd that thou shouldst not know.

The cases are alike.

Eud. Pray let us hear it.

Cannot your Tutor Geron play the Hermes T'interpret it?

Gar. I am not Ænigmatical.
But all for Apothegmes. Besides, I say

(As Whilome Ariflippus of a Riddle)
It is not fafe to loofe what being bound
Doth trouble us so much.

Gar Let me come to't.

Dif Yes by all means: For as one Whilome faid The blinde are best 1 th'dark.

Gar. My Lord, your trumps

Are ever shot at me. Blinde as I am,
I perceive that. And make much of your Riddle,
I know both what it can and will come to,
Better without the sight of it, then all
You can, with all your wife constructions.

And fo I leave you.

Thy Not in anger, Garrula.

Gar Madam, you know I know. I must take leave I take a nap. Exit.

Dif And Governour Geron, wait upon your Trust our cares with your charge. (mother,

Ger. So Whilome faid

A School boy, when another rais'd his top,

Let me alone, my felf can keep it up. Exit.

End And now let me entreat that we may hear
The hidden fentence. Happily so many

May guesse at the intent.
Dif She longs to hear

Which of the two is prickt to be her husband.

Phs. Here it is. If there be any thing.

Dif Let me be Clerk. I hope at least to read it.

Contend not for the Fewel, which

Ere long shall both of you enrich.

Pursue your Fortune: For its she

Shall make you what you seem to be.

Apollo, thy great wildom hath quite fool'd mine.

Philo. Nothing but contradictions.

Thy As how, Philocles.

Philo. He commands here.

Contend not for the Jewel-we agree,

Eudyna

Eudyna is the Jewel—which shall both of you enrich. How shall she enrich us both? Can she be wife to Then here he bids. (us both?

Pursue your Fortune.—And we both agree Eudyna is that Fortune too: she's both The Jewel we must not contend for; and The Fortune we must both pursue. Then here He sayes tis she shall make us what we seem to be. What do we seem? we are no Hypocrites In slesh or spirit; no phantastick bodies Or shadows of humanity.

Philar. No, Delphos is but a den of jugglers which Abuse divinity, and pretend a God (prosanely

Their Patron to authorize their delusions.

Dif. Nephews, the Gods had need be cautilous For what they fpeak if you may be their Judges.

Thy. What thinks good Fustinius?

Jus. My Lords, here's two commands; One, that you not contend to gain the jewel; The other, that you both pursue your sortune. Both these commands are thus to be obey'd; Contend not for her as to violate Your unexampled friendship, which you are Renown'd for ore all Greece; And both pursue Your fortune in her without eithers grudge, At tothers happiness in her choice.

Philar. Noble Justinius, thanks.

Philoc. This we can do. (aspire to

Philar. And for the happiness which we both We here confirm the friendship long since plighted, Which never shall be broken by Philargus.

Eud. Noble Philargus.

Philoc. So vows Philocles,

'Tis not the cloudy language of the Gods
Shall make our breasts tempestuous or stormy;
But with the same serenity and quiet,
As heretosore our hearts shall mingle still,

And

And fortifie their truce. Let the event Exp und their Ridle. If good, it is our merit; If bad, we know our vertue can correct it Mean time Philargus take the word of Philocles, That though there be no happiness on earth I can esteem above Philargus friendship, but fair Eudyna's love, which onely is The treasure I can covet from Philargus; And cannot look to live but to enjoy it Rather then justle with his friendship, I Will die to lose it.

End Noble Philocles. (Philocles,

Philar You have made my vow, my brother And friend, which is above it. I will feek And rather die then fail to gain her love:
But that, and the whole kingdom in addition Must divide our friendship or affection.
As we are Twins in birth, we'le be in mind Unto our latest breath. Let Greece hereaster Forget to mention the Tyndarides
With their alternate Deities, and tell Of two Thessalan brothers could resuse A happiness which onely is not Heaven) In detectation of priority;
Would not be happy 'cause they might not share

Wou'd not be happy, 'cause they might not share

An individual, both Time and Thing.

Admit no fellowship; It holds not here.
These will have neither wise nor crown alone.
They each desire my love; but neither can
Enjoy t unless he were the other man.
My love is doubly tane, yet must gain neither,
Unless I could enjoy them both together. O, ye

Why made ye them two persons, and assign'd To both but one inseparable mind?

Or, Why was I mark'd out to be that one,

That

The Love-sick Court.

That loves and must embrace, or two, or none; O my perplexity.

Sinks.

Dif. Look to the Princess.

Philar. Madam. How fares the life of goodness. Philoc. She sinks. Dear Mother, Sister, bring your aids. (ance.

Philar. To keep the world alive give your assist-Jus. Ye Gods be now auspicious.

Dis. A love-qualm.

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To bed with her and call for *Cupids* aid, He best can cure the wound that he has made.

Exeunt omnes.

Explicit Actus primus.

ACT 2. SCENE I.

Doris reading a Letter.

Do. My Lesbia, my Cinthia, my Licoris (that's I. Or (which is best of names) my lovely Doris— I still am thine and cannot commutate, I am as certain to thee as thy fate. Tis not my study, or my travails can Make me to thee appear another man: Thou may'st affirm of me as Whilom did Xantippe of her husband whom she chid, Grave Socrates regardless of his worth He still return'd the same that he went forth. Before I visit thee, thus may'st thou hear on Thine in the tribulation of love—Geron. Ha, ha, ha. Old Whilom Geron! art thou come Could Delphos not detain, nor the Sea-swallow thee But I must be in danger to be punish'd (En. Pla-With the porcupine bristles? Fate deliver me. cilla.

Pla. Doris, you must be vigilant in attendance, And see that no man pass this lobby, towards Her graces lodging. Tis your charge: look to't.

Dor.

Dor. Mistress you know your Mother laid that

On me before, and I am ready here To answer every commer in his kind

Had you forgot it?

Pin Pardon me, I had; (Doris. But my care hurts not. One thing more good If my dear brother Philocles come to vifit, Puthe call me Speak, wilt thou.

Do -help your head.

I must not stir from hence, yet I must come To call you forth. Away, some body comes.

Pla I trust unto thee Doris. Exit.

Dor What a sick Court is here? Shee's lovestruck too.

But cannot guess the object of her love.

She keeps the fire so close up in her bosom,

That she will sooner perish by't, then suffer

A spark of it slie out to make discovery.

The Princes the's love-sick for two; and her

Despair of gaining either's her consumption.

But what think I of their loves, when mine own

Is trouble enough? Now the visitants;

My great Lords Howdies are upon the entry,

And the unwelcom'st first

Ent. Matho.

Ma Good morrow Lady.

May I crave admittance to the Lady Governess?

Dor Yes, you may crave it Sir, But not obtain it:

Her nearness to the Princess at this time

Is by so strict necessity required.

Ma. May I prevail then, to impart the duty I have in charge, unto the Ladies daughter?

Dor. That is the Mistris whom I wait upon, Though now at remote distance: She attends Her Mother at this instant, and her Mother The Princess in much privacy. If I

May

May be thought worthy to receive the knowledge Of what you have in trust unto the Princess. It shall be orderly convey'd unto her Grace.

Ma. Lord Stratocles, solicitous for glad tydings, (Befeeching that her Grace be pleas'd to take The tender of his fervice; and affirming Upon his honour that no rest affects him Until he shall receive a persect knowledge Of her recovery) prayes to be advertis'd In what condition of health she fares; Or to gain leave to visit her himself. (have faid

Dor. Sir, you have lost much time: you might How does the Princess? And I answer thus, She is most dangerously sick; not to be seen

By him or any man.

Ma. Yet let her know

My Lords obsequious care for her recovery.

Dor. I'le tell my Mistris, who shall certifie Unto my Lady, who shall intimate Unto the Princess what you have lest in trust With me, her Graces hand-maid thrice remov'd.

Ma. I will acquaint my Lord; who for your care Shall upon his advancement to the Crown Give me command, who will give prefent order Unto my man for your promotion.

Your diligence deserves it.

Exit. Dor. My great Lords especially parasite. I am

beholden to you.

Ent. Tur-Here comes another; an importunate, Though impertinent fuitor of mine own.

Ter. My beauteous Doris, first my love presented Unto your felf, my Lord Philargus craves To know how fares the Princess.

Dor. This comes nearer To my regard then tother; and deserves A comfortabler answer. She's not well Sir,

But much amended in her health. 'Tis like,

Your

Your Lord (would he approach to visit her) Shall find a fair admission to her Grace.

Ter. I dare not (to delay my Lord a minute Of these glad tidings) stay to prosecute My love-suit to your felf.

Dor. No, no; away.

Away good Tersulus; and hazard not Your Lords, for your own fortunes.

Ter. Yet my Doris-(me.

Dor. Yet again man. Ter. Be pleas'd to think of

Dor. I shall, and better of you when you are gone.

Ter. Wing'd with that hope, I fly.

Dor. A pretty nimble fellow and a Taylor. Ent. I could almost affect him, did not this More supple handed Barber put him by.

Var. Sweet Doris! thus, by me Lord Philocles Salutes the Princess. Kiss.

Dor. This requires an answer

Of health indeed.

Var. How fares her highness?

Dor. Well. Exceeding well, and longs to see your

Var. I'le hast to tell him so.

Dor. Nay, good Varillus,

I have not gain'd a conference with you Since your return from Delphos.

Var. At more leasure

I'le tell thee wonders, Doris.

Dor. Something now.

Var. Ha'you seen your lover Geron, the old tutor, Since our arival?

Dor. Here is an Epistle (him.

Came from him to my hands this morning. Var. Well: he has been the whole mirth of our journey

In the discovery of his love to you.

His meat, his drink, his talk, his sleep, has all

Been Doris, Doris, nothing but your remembrance \mathbf{H}

Has

The Love-sick Court.

Has been thee trouble of his company; Ile tell the at large hereafter. The fair Princess

Is well you fay.

IIO

Dor. She was well when I left her, But subject to much passion: She is well And ill, and well again all in three minutes. Great Ladies may be fo. But if I should Be fick and well, and fick again and well Again as oft as she; the world would say

I had it—And had been a courtier, to some purpose. Var. They would fay the Handmaid had been

handled

Would they? (talk'd on so.

Dor. Like enough, but great ones must not be Var. You have detain'd me to my undoing.

See, my Lord! Enter Philocles. Dor. Ile send his sister to appease him.

Philo. You have done ill Varillus to neglect

A duty of that consequence, that I

Expected in your quick return, was this

A time to loyter?

Var. My good Lord, the Princess

Is well again; restor'd to absolute health.

Philoc. Tis happy news. But why was I delay'd In this accompt? was it too precious for me? Redeem your fault by some insuing service, Or you may lose a master, that has lov'd you. Ex. I must proceed to gain Eudinas love Var. From my Philargus or I loose my self. And gaining it, I must forgo Philargus, And equally be lost. O sister, welcome. Enter I must request your aid. Placilla.

Pla. In any thing

Wherein I may be useful, best of brothers.

Philoc. I would intreat you be my advocate In love unto Eudina.—O, but hold, Shall I be treacherous unto my brother?

A brother! What's a brother? A meer name;
A title which we give to those that lodg'd
le the same womb; so bedsellowes are brothers;
So men, inhabiting one town, or countrey
Are brothers too: for though the place containing
Be greater, the relation is the same.
A smend! I that's the thing I violate, (sacred,
Then which, nor earth nor heaven hath ought more
Tis my Philargus, nay my self I injure,
If I content my self.

Pla. Why, brother Philocles—
Did I say brother? How my tongue conspires
To torture me! If Brother be a naked
Title or name (as he suggests) I would
It had nor being, name, nor title. Philocles

l are passionate.

Philos Fond reason I disclaim thee,
Love is a strain beyond thee, and approaches
The Gods estate: Friendship's a moral vertue
Exter for disputation, then observance,
Endina: O Endina! In what price
Art thou with me, for whom I cast away
The Souls whole treasury Reason and Vertue?
Placifia, you must wo Endina for me;
Do you startle at it? Pray do't, as you love me.
Pla. Is I were she you should not need an advocate.
Philos. I charge you by this kiss.—

Pla Your wages

Corrupts your agent to be false. O whither;

Into what Sands will the rash Pilot, Love?
Drive this weak vessel? did I call it Love?
Tis footy, hell the fire; unlawful flame:

Yet such as we may easier tax, then tame.

Plater What troubles you Placella? O you are Already entertain d to mediate For him you better love, Philargus, do:
He best deserves her; He wo for him too. Enter Doris.
H 2

The Love-sick Court.

Dor. Madam, my Lady calls for you? My Lord The Princess has tane notice of your visit. Exit Plac.

And wishes you draw nearer if you please. (seet. *Philoc.* I meet that wish with swift, but searful

My joyes are bitter, and my woes are sweet. Exit. Dor. I have heard men say when they on game-

sters look

II2

(Though equally affected to both parties,
Or both were strangers to'em yet) they'l yeeld
A secret inclination which should win.
I am for Philocles, now, against Philargus,
Who is as noble, and as free to me,
As ever Philocles was. But tarry Doris;
You have a bett upon the game I take it,
Your love unto Varillus. If his Lord
Rife to a Kingdom, you may hope to climbe
The ladder of a Ladyship by the man.
But not too sast: Here's one pursues the game
That is as like to win. Why if he does?

Enter Philargus.

His follower Terfulus loves me past Varillus, And may as much advance me. But I love not Him, And the love of honour above husbands Has been so common among Ladies, that The fashions stale and ougly.

Philar. So't must be.

And so by transposition of my love I shall be quiet, and *Philocles* double happy. *Doris*, go seek my mother, and perceive If I may see the Princess.

Dor. Yes my Lord.

Exit.

Philar. Love, thou art well compar'd to fire, which where

It doth obey and serve being commanded By higher powers of the soul, it sares Like to the stone or jewel of a ring, Which joyns the orb, and gives it price and luster:

So

It where it rules and is predominant, it transceth. Reason is imprison'd; the will confined; and the memory the treasury of notions) clean exhausted; and all the sences slavishly chain'd up that th'injunctions of insulting love, search'd on the beauty of a woman. Thou Maculine love, known by the name of friendship art peaceful and morigerous: But that I woman, is imperious and cruel.

Lut Eudina. Thymile Eudi, reading a letter
Why? Can I look on her and ask a Reason?
The divinity of woman! sure
There is no heaven without em. If the Gods

And clock me to be their thonderer

Ild not drink Nectar to forgo Eudina.

Thy. Fie, fie Philargus, y'are a flugish Lover.

I have been careful for you, yea and partial

Against your brother Philocles, to preser

A whole hour opportunity before you!

Philar. Has he been here?

Thy And is. Onely for you have beguil'd him of her prefence, that I'll you have made first presentation of love to her he shall have no access.

And to proceed in it were treachery.

I would retire—But that magnetique beauty

To which are chain'd thousands of hearts and eyes

Has captiv'd mine: nor must I seem to slight

A mothers care—She's not the tirtl (tis known)

That of two sons hath best affected one—(Princesse.

Thy Why move you not Philargus towards the

VOL. 11. H 3 Philar.

The Love-fick Court.

Philar. Madam, you see she's busy. End. throw End. Stratocles — away the La May thy ambition hoist thee into air; ter.
And thy loose wings, like thy licentious paper, There failing thee, let fall thy vicious body To earth, as here thy name lies to be trod on.

Philargus, you are welcome.

Philar. Princely Madam,
That language from you gracious lips is powerful
To fave him from the grave, that onely lives

By your free favours.

End. Nay, my dear Philargus,
I thought me nearer to you, then that you
Should rove at me with Courtflup. Stratocks
(The emblem of whose pride lies there in paper)
Shot from afar indeed; yet, like a Jove
(A felf-conceited one) prefum'd to strike
Love by command into me by his Letters.

Philar. I cannot flatter pride, nor undervalue Abilities. 'Tis true that Stratocles Has been a ufeful fervant to the State; But, doubtlefs he would make as ill a Mafter.

Eud. No more of him.

Philar. Nor more be thought of him.
And therefore Madam, by your fair command,
To avoid all Court-circumlocutions,

I tender thus my fervice, and crave hearing.

End. You have it freely. Thy. To avoid all lets,

I will withdraw my felf.

Philar The King has graciously been pleas'd
in lieu

Of my flain fathers fervices; and for love
To us his fons, (by us much undeferv'd)
To recommend unto your noble choice
My brother and my felf. You flanding doubtful
Whether to chuse, we to avoid dispute

Of violating friendship, did implore
The Councel of the Oracle to direct
You in th'election. But the hidden sence
In the dark sentence hath perplext both you
And us with more anxiety.

Eud. It is too true.

(is free

Philar. Yet you are not prescrib'd; your choice To take your lot in Philocles or me. We both, by strong injunction must pursue Your sacred Love, yet keep our friendship true. Then thus illustrious Madam.

Eud. Not fo low.

Philar. As low as future duty must compel me, When you shall be my Queen, let me beseech The favour that I seek and would obtain, Equal with heavenly bliss, to shine on Philocles.

Eud. That he may be your King?

Philar. May he prove fo.

Eud. Be all example lost.

Philar. Friendship, with savour, may Hold between King and Subject: But one throne Cannot estate two Kings; Love's number's one.

Eud. O my Philargus, you have open'd now The meaning of the Oracle. I have the fence Most persectly. You have beyond example Preserv'd your friendship with your brother; and In wooing for him have won me to your self. I am your own.

She kisses him.

Philar. I am amidst the Gods.

The wealth o'th'world, the beauty of the Heavens, And powers of both shall not redeem my interest.

—Provided that I lose not *Philocles*.

Enter Philo. Thy. Pla.

Eud. In that your constancy you win me more. Thy. Your importunity hath prevail'd. See Philocles,

The Princess, and Philargus.

Philoc

The Love-fick Court.

Philoc. O, you are partial.

Pla. O help, my brother; speak, dear Philocles

Philar. Ye Gods, how comes this? Let me
raise him up,

Brother, and friend, fpeak, 'tis Philargus calls thee Philac. Philargus, let me go. 'Tis your advantage. (bance)

Eud. Let me request the cause of your distur-Good Philocles.

Philo. No other but my felf.

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Honour'd *Eudyna*: For, who feeds to danger Upon a dish he loves, ought not to blame The meat, but his unbridled appetite.

Pla. How do you now? What a cold moisture

Spreads ore his temples here.

Eud. Let me come to him. Thy. I can read his grief.

Eud. What's that to the redress? (knowes Thy. The Delphian God, medeines inventor That and not I.

End. His grief's a jealous passion Upon my suppos'd savour to Philargus. Shake it off Philocles, I am thine, as much As ere I was, or his.

Philoc. It is no jealoufy

Onely a sear *Philargus* had broke friendship: So my souls better part exited, lest

The other languishing.

Philar. Had you expir'd In that belief, and I had understood it. My shadow should have posted after yours Unto the Elisian fields to vindicate So causeless imputation.

Thy. And because

You charg'd my fon with partiallity
Let us remove, Philargus, come Placilla.

End You will not take him from me. Stay Philar
The

Thy. What would you do with both?

Philar I may not ftir,

When the, whose power above me countermands. The precepts of the Gods requires my stay.

Ih. What not to give your brother Philodes An opportunity for equal hearing?

Your grace will not deny't him.

End True, I may not. (above, Philar That spell convinces all. Friendships And must controul obedience, and love. Exit with Tis not to injure thee my dear Philargus, Thym. & That here I linger, to oppose thy love; Placil. But to prefer it.

End. What fayes Philocles?

Philoc To fay I love you, Madam, with a zeal That dares to meet the tryal of Martyrdom, And fuffer't for your fake, might get a name, A glonous one, and an immortal Crown: Yet fo I should forgo (in leaving you On earth, a heaven on it) the blifs, Which, grieving. I should in Elisium miss. No, I will love you better then to die, And be mine own chief mourner; yet must crave, Under your gracious favour, leave to suffer then a thousand deaths, that is, to live and part with my fair hopes in you for ever.

Philos. Princely Madam,

Confider the necessity, which now
By further fearch I gather from the hidden
Oraculous perduit; by which I am tied
Not to contend for you, that is, I must not
Wound friendship in Philargus: But pursue
My fortune, which is to gain love from you.
For whom it sayes not, but the meanings plain,
I for Philargus should your love obtain.
The Gods deal after as they please with me,

My fute is that you take Philargus.

Eud. O—

Philocles you have made a double conquest

For you have got the victory of me

Which was before affign'd unto Philargus.

she kisses him. Your fortune thus embraces you.

Philoc. This now,

And with Philargus friendship were to me

A fortune 'bove the envy of the Gods.

Eud. He cannot disallow't. He woo'd me for you, And won me to himself, as you have now Suing for him.

Philoc. I must not hold you then.

His title, as his friendship precedes mine.

Eud. Yet still the choice is mine. I may take you Without offence to him. But now he comes,

Ent. Philar. Thy. Pla.

And has again an equal interest,

Strange love! In others absence I took either And lov'd each best; Now both at once appear, Neither is mine. Fate, let me die to one

Rather than live in this confusion.

Thy. Now madam, whethers love do you approve.

Eud. Confound me not with question. They are each

Wedded to others friendship: Either is More studious for the other then himself.

Philar. And ever must.

Philoc. And will be.

Eud. So will I

For both of you then for my felf.

Thy. Alass.

Eud. Then let's continue thus with Maiden love, With modest freedom, unsuspected joyes,

As we had all been formed in one womb,

Till Heaven determine of us.

Ent. King and King. To determine Eupathus.

Of you Eudyna, is by heaven committed

In present unto me. On you depends
The suture glory and prosperity,
Both of my house and Kingdom. Tis besides,
Exacted of me by my near Allies,
And by my Subjects (whom I must secure)
To constitute a Successor: And no longer
Will I expect your answer, then sive dayes.
By then you must declare who is your husband;
Or else expect one from my self; the man
Whose name I am as loth to mention
As you to hear, even Stratocles.

Eud. Nay, death first.

King. Be you obedient; and by the way, Take my approvement of Lord Philocles, Not that I flight Philargus.

Eud. Here's a mystery too,

As dark as that from *Delphos*. He approves My choice of *Philocles*, flighting not *Philorgus*. (to King. Come both you equal brothers; leave her Her thoughts awhile.

Ambo. In all obedience. Ex. King, &c. Thy. What strange amazement hath surpriz'd you Madam?

No study, nor no strife can alter fate Or the decrees, the Gods determinate. A husband you shall have, be consident. Be, as you were; secure of the event, Till time produce it.

Pla. Madam, be your felf. (I have

Eud. Yet five dayes for love's war. Fove grant By then, to end the strife, a peaceful grave.

Explicit Actus secundus.

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Garrula. Geron.

Gar. Would you thus offer, by your own disease

To shorten your Mothers dayes? Or can you pine And I not grieve? or cannot grief kill me

Do you think?

Ger. A wise Philosopher Whilome did affirm, That women who have past the fire of love (move. Have hearts, which grief can neither pierce, ne

Gar. Son, your Philosophy sails you, as your love Blinds you: For Cupids fire I know may be

Quench'd by old age: But grief's unquenchable.

Sips her bottle.

My tongue still falters with me (there's my grief) And there are not so many fadoms 'twixt A womans tongue and heart, but grief may find

The bottom, but for care to keep it up

By sending down an Antidote before it. Sips again.

Ger. But Whilom did the love-sick Poet prove, No antidote against the power of Love. (saws,

Gar. Forbear your Whiloms, and your old said And since you are in love, and by that love

Grown fick with the concealment.

Ger. As Whilom

Th' Athenian boy who stole a fox did hide Under his coat his thest from being descried Until it tore his Gentals—his intrals I should have said.

Gar. No more I say

Of your disease, but to the cure, which is The love of *Doris*. How ha'you try'd her, son.

Ger. By oratory, Epistles, and by gists

Which Whilome Ovid said were best of shifts.

Gar. Yes, such a gift it might be, and so fastened. Ger. But she, as Whilom said Anominus

Retorteth all with scorn injurious. (seek

Gar. Yet will you leave your Whiloms? And go My Lady Governess? fay I would speak with her.

Ger. But Whilome said Diogenes (tis true)
To one that would, I will not speak with you.

Car

Gar. Will you fay as I fay; and do as y'are

It is not her great Lady-ships daughters hand-maid Shal, scorn my fon while I know what I know. If you love Dorrs, run and tell her so.

Will take wing. But fee I am prevented.

Thy O Garrula! well found, I was in quest of you.

Gar And I was eene a sending for you, Madam,

Thy What an imperious beldam's this. But I

Must humour her. Sending for me do you say?

For what, good Garrula.

And fai't again. What, what, I know what I know. You know I do; and that there is no fuch Diffraction 'twixt the honours of your birth And place; and m ne of age and knowledge, but You might vouchfafe the fummons when I fend.

Tap. What needs this Garrula? I am here you fee. Gar. You know I know, and have deferv'd fome to not boff for what. You know. (favors,

Thy. O me!

Who trust those secrets whereon honour rests
To castody in Mercenary breasts
Do slave nobility, and though they pay
A daily ransom, nere redem t away.
Pray let us be more private, though indeed
I love your son for his great care of mine
Gar. O, do you so? Go forth son Geron, till
call. All shall go well He warrant thee.
Gir. Whilom, so

And a Physician, meaning to restore,
And kul'd the l'atient was but sick before. Exit.

Yer. Why Garrula do you maintain a strife
till in my grieved mind 'twist hope and sear?

annot so many years of my known kindness

Win

Win yet a confidence of secresie.

You are as deeply bound by oath too as my self.

Gar. I do confess my oath, and would not break Yet. Madam, as you are a woman, you (it; May know a broken oath is no such burthen As a great secret is; besides the tickling A woman has to in and out with't. Oh The tongue itche is intollerable! And were I A woman of tongue, as most are of my calling (Though Midwives ha'been held the best at secret Councel keeping) it had been out I fear.

Thy. But still take heed dear Garrula.

Gar. Yes Madam.

Yet there are kindnesses requir'd on your part.

Thy. Have I not still been kind? (tongue Gar. My memory serves me; and but that my Now salters with me—I could recount Sips. All the rewards I have had from time to time, Since you translated me from a Country houswise, Into the Midwise Royal; what in Gowns, In Gold, in Jewels, Chains and Rings; and (which

I prize 'bove all) my syrrops and my sippings. Sips Thy. Your place of honour in the Court—

Gar. What, what?

I hope I had that before i'the Kings favour,

As his Queens Midwife. She is in *Elisium*. Sips. Thy. Then Garrula your learned sons preserment,

Tutor and Governour to my Sons.

Gar. Thereby

Hangs a tale, Madam. Now I come to th'point; My son affects your daughters hand-maid *Doris*, Who slights his love. I must now by your power Obtain her for my Son.

Thy. Be confident,

Though I confess I hold her worthless of him.

Gar. I tell him so: But love has blinded him. Ho Geron, I say Geron, come and hear. Ent. Geron.

Ger

Ger. So Whilome prisoners have been cal'd to

rom dungeon deep to hear a blacker doom.

The Geron, be comforted. By all my power,

Dores thall be your own.

Ger. Then Whilome, as

and by his Corynna fweet, faid o- Ent. Doris.

Thy. Now Doris, what portends your haft? Speak

it to Geron, or to me, your business?

Dor. His ill looks, had almost made me miscarry't.

dadam, the Princels instantly desires

our company.

Thy. But by her Graces favour, and your leave, Doris, I will trench so far to both your patiences, and for your good, as to be witness of an interchange of some sew words twixt Geron and your self.

Why look you from him so? he loves you, Doris.

Dor That's more then I ere knew, or read, by all
the speaks or writes to me. He cloaths his words
in surres and hoods, so, that I cannot find

The naked meaning of his business, Madam.

7hy. Speak plainly to her, Geron.

Gar. To her Son.

Ger My business is the same, that Whilome drew Demosthenes to Corinth, some repentance, So I pay not too dear.

Dor. Lo you there, Madam.

Gar. You must speak plainer, Son.

Thy. And be you kinder, Doris.

Dor. But not fo kind, good Madam, as to grant know not what.

Ger. O forfeit not the praise

That Whilome Aristotle gave your Sex,

To be inrich'd with piety and pitty.

Dor. I know not what to pitty, but your want Of utterance. It is some horrid thing

That you desire, and are asham'd to speak it.

Ger. No, gentle Doris, nothing but the thing, Whereby great Alexander Whilome said, He knew himself a mortal, and no God, Coition—

Dor. Be it what it will; I cannot Give what I understand not. Y'are too aloof.

Gar. There's comfort, Son. And I'le give theein-To come more close to her. (structions

Thy. I'le ease your care,

And be my self his Agent. Hee's too learned, Geron, you speak too learnedly, as if You woo'd a Muse: And Doris understands not, But by your posture, what you'ld have. I'le put Your meaning into womans words; and fuch As shall be sure to speed. But first I'le wait Upon the Princess. Garrula, will you go? (know.

Gar. And thank you for my Son: But still-I

Thy. Nay, I will do't Geron, be confident.

Ger. I thank your Ladyship as much as they Who Whilome Whilome

Dor. Knew not what to fay.

Gar. He's overjoy'd.

Thy. Go Geron, lead the way Exeunt. omnes.

ACT 3. SCENE 2. King. Stratocles. Disanius. Justinius.

King. Pray trouble me no further. I have faid, That if in five dayes space she make not choice Of one of those whom (I must tell you Stractocles) She loves, and I prefer before you, then I'le weigh your fuit and reasons; and till then I say't again, you are a trouble to me. (me,

Str. A trouble Sir? That were a time that knew

A trouble to your enemies, not you,

When this same lump of earth (which now's a trouble) Stood Stood a fole Bulwark of your Realm; repelling Arms of foes, throwding your fearful Subjects Under my shield, guarding your fields and Vinevards

From desolation; your Palaces from ruine;

And am I now a trouble?

Dif Stratocles,

You lose the glory of your deeds by blazing hour own renown. He that commends himself, Speaks upon trust, and is his hearers slave.

Str Peace, envy, and be thankful for thy life

Which thy tongue forfeits.

You are irreverent before the King,
Who has not been forgetful of your worth,
Nor flow in your reward. Then moderate
Your heat with counfel; and be first affistant
Unto the publick good: So shall you ment
The nest regard in honours and affairs
Of private nature.

Sar So.

Troubles me not a little. I had thought
Thereby to have declin'd this weighty care
From my declining shoulders, and have given
My countrey satisfaction, and my felf,
In chuting of a son and successor.
But I am prisoner in the Labyrinth
Of the God's verdict.

In matters of the future feldom floops
In humane apprehension, yet vouchfases
To answer our demands: but chides withall
Our too much incens with obscurity.
Your grace however may presume, where they
Shal deign to spend a word, and take an offering.
It is a certain augury of good.

King

The Love-sick Court.

King. Thou hast allay'd my fear. Justinus come, Lead me thy brains affistance. For in thee I find a temper that accords with me.

Exit King Just.

Dif. Souldier, I dare yet tell thee thou art rash; Foolish as valliant; and as easily may'st For all thy loftiness be undermin'd As the base bramble: Boasting weakness, thee And promising Ambition leads thee up An earthly exhalation into th'air; Where with a little borrow'd light, one moment, Thou shin'st the mark and wonder of all eyes; But foon confum'd and darted to the Center, Becom'st the scorn of men and sport of Children.

Str. You are oth fect of Cinicks, and have learn'd

To bark Philosophy.

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Dif. Then shall you hear Your now adorning multitude upbraid Your insolence and pride, and gain the name Of Prophets by your downfall, while one swears He had foretold it long; Another dreampt it; All joyntly cry we never could indure him; See what a look he has; what brawny lips; What poyfonous eyes; and what an impudent front!

Str. You will out-run your priviledge of prating

And fuffer for't.

Dif. I am too prodigal Of feed upon fo flinty foyl as thou. Be as thou art, and perish.

Str. Ignorant wretch, That out of all thy bookish Theory Knowes not the foul to be Aerial And of a foaring nature; not unlike The noble Falcon that will never ceafe To work 'bove all that tops her. The supream Estate on earth, and next unto the Gods Is majesty; and that's my present gain,

Though

Though I have all but that, yet wanting that
All is as none to me: And fince my way
Must be upon the Ruins (sowre Disanius)
Of thee, and of thy glories in thy Nephews
The Kings dear darlings, for whose pretious sakes
I must attend five dayes (yet be a trouble)
I'le travail through your bloods: Thy self has
The quicker motion by thy timely envy. (gi'n me
Thou hast set spurs to the pale horse of death,
That into dust shall trample all those lets
Which stand twixt me and the Thessalian Crown,
Upon whose back I'le set this Rider.

Enter
Mat. My soveraign Lord.

Matho.

Str. I like that compellation:

Thou stil'st me as thou wishest me, on whom Depends thy consequent advancement, Matho. But we but dream of soveraignty and sleep To the Atchievement: something must be done With waekful eyes and ready hands my Matho.

Mat. Now my King speaks himself. Let bu

your eye

Find out the way these ready hands shall act The strength of your designs. I can perceive That now the labour of your *fove*-like brain Is bringing forth the *Pallas*, shall inspire Me, to persorm the work of my advancement.

Str. Tis not yet ripe for the delivery, But thou shalt quickly have it. Follow me. Exit.

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

Eudina. Thymele. Placilla.

Eud. Good Madam, let me be excus'd. The mirth You offer'd to allay or quench my forrows Might have been well receiv'd at former times: But now it is unseasonable.

Thy. Yet think on't, Madam,

How

How gravely *Geron* goes, and with what fcorn The wanton Girl recoyles.

Eud. Good, speak no more on't. (Doris,

Thy. Then Beldame Garrula's reasons urging Shewing how either of his pupils grace In your electing Philocles or Philograps, Though to them doubtful, is a sure advancement To her by Geron.

Eud. Still you move like those
That do in merry tales mis-spend their breath
To those that are that day mark'd out for death.

Thy. You may not say so (Madam) tis in you By taking one, to give new life to two; Your self, and if you'l give me leave to name The other, be it *Philargus*: or if chance Shall savour better, *Philocles* or him, Let it be him that gives you the first visit.

Eud. That were to fancy in our selves an Oracle; Or to give fortune power, to execute The judgement of the Delphian God.

Thy. Who knowes

But that his Oracle would have it so.

Pla. Was it for that you now sent for Philargus.

A fide.

Thy. Say, shall it be so Madam; or suppose so? Eud. This pleases better yet then Gerons wooing. Praythee Placilla sing And may thy voice

Attract him that may prove the happier choice.

Pla. Ile try my best in notes, and what they want Ile strive to make effectual in my wishes. (weights Eud. Thanks kind Placilla.—But the leaden Of sleep oppress mine eye-lids, and I shall not hear thee. (better.

Thy. Yet sit, and let her sing: you'l sleep the Placilla Sings. After a strain or two, Eudina sleeps, and enters, as a vision at the several doors, Philargus and Philocles; They meet and embrace affectionately:

affectionately: then whifper are hile: Then fudenty flast if, and draw their flooreds: menace each ever, and feverally depart. The fong ended, Eadina affrightedty flarts up

End Stay Philocles, stay Philargus. Let not

fury

Lad you to end that difference with your fwords,

Tig. What means your Grace.

End Purfulem, with prevention,

Before they meet again, or one or both

Math parith, did you not observe their challenge,

And eithers daring other to the field?

Thy Who Madam, where? and when?

Eucl Now; here, your fons.

How can you ask?

Thy. Because we were awake

And faw nething.

Pla Collect your spirits Madam; you slept. Fiel. It was an omenous dream then.

Thy And of good,

I dare divine it Madam. And now see Enter Philar-Wh in fortune first hath sent to be your choice. gus. Philargus, you have won the glorious prize.

Pullar But dos the glory of the world, Eudina,

grant it.

End. My affrightment shakes me still—
O my Philargus, I am now inspir'd
Sure by a vision from the Gods, with knowledge,
That, in my choice of you, or Philocles,
I shall become the ruin of you both (friendship
Philar Tis not in fate to wound our common

Lud Tis better in my felf to kill the danger.

Philar The Gods avert fuch purposes. If you
Deprive the world of your fair felf, then we
Both fall by necessary consequence.

But what are we? This Tueffuly must faffer.

VOL. II.

The King must yield, to see a new and strange Succession appointed to his Crown; And by his subjects, not himself.

Eud. Tis that

Deters me: yet let me prevail Philargus
(To quit me of my fears) that ere I passe
My faith unto a husband, your and Philocles,
Before the Gods, your Mother, and my self,
Once more, do celebrate your vow of Friendship.
And let me be excus'd in this: for I
Must tell you, dear Philargus, that tho' now
My love be fixt on one of you (albeit
I name not which) I will not take him with
Least scruple of a fear of losing him
Again by th'others spight; nor leave that other
Lesse lov'd by me, then now he is, for ever;
And tho but one can be posses'd of me
One friendship, yet, must marry us all three.

Philar. The Gods have spoke it in you; it is their

Divine injunction; Madam, I obey it,

And dare engage as much for Philocles.

Thy. This is most fair: now, till you meet, tis sit You fall on lighter purposes for your health. Son, here was mirth to day; although the Princesse Relish'd it not.

Philar. I heard of Gerons love To his fair Doris. We are now become His Tutors, Madam, to be amorous.

Thy. Placilla, come you hither. I observe A change in you of late; and do suspect The Reason. What! Do you blush at my suspition? Nay then you mak't my knowledge. You are in Love.

I'le yet come nearer you. I guesse with whom: And at fit time I'le school you for't.

Eud. Come Madam;

Now if you please wee'l take some ayr. Philargus
Craves

Craves leave to feek his brother.

Philar. Yes Madam. (difpleas'd: Thy. I wait o'your Grace. Nay, do not look tell you Girl, there is danger in it. Exit End.

What ' has my Mother chid you. I'le not question Her Reason, nor your fault; but pray thee sister Is Philocles approach to see the Princesse Ere my return, tell him I stay at's lodging,

First, to confer with him.

Pla I will my brother.

Philar. Introth thou weepst. Therefore to comfort you,

Because I know by some infallible signes, You are more tender of his Love then mine. He stands in equal competition yet With me for fair Endina. And if Fortune Ahots her me, I'le be as kind a brother And stil the same to you as Philocles. I pray thee dry thine eyes.

Ent. Matho difguifed with a letter.

Mat. If a difguised face and a counterfeit hand

Ever prevailed, may these in this plot speed.

My Lord, I had this in charge to render to you.

Philarg. reads. Ex. Matho.

Pla. I am discover'd in my lawlesse love.

Remember, Cupid, whom thou makest thy Anvil;

A poor weak virgin. If thou art a God,

Be just and reasonable. It savours not

Of justice, to provoke incessuous slames,

Nor Reason to enforce an Ardency

Of things impossible. Let me not burn

With neighbouring fire, which, to enjoy, I must

Therefore dispair because it is so near.

Philar. Ha! where's this fellow? is he gone?

Pla. Yes, brother. (lenge!

Philar. Tis Philocles his hand! An eager chal(c) I 4

A challenge, and to me, his friend and Brother. Now Oracle, where's your Riddle? Answer me, Apollo's fiddle-flick. O ye Delphian Priests, You hang religion up, like painted cloaths Before unseemly walls, to cloak their filth And palliate their wicked misteries.

Pla. How do you brother? Philar. Sick in Philocles.

You'l hear more of his kindness to you shortly. Exit. Pla. He suspects too, with much displeasure, my

Unreasonable Love to *Philocles*. But why should we be Reasons to

But why should we be Reasons followers
With loss of liberty? which of the Creatures
Allayes his heat toward any of his kind,
'Cause the same belly gave them being? They
Observe no difference of Sire, or Dam,
Brother, or Sister, being mature for love.
Ah, whither am I going? Bestial thoughts
Forth of my bosom; Leave me not my Soul,
Or my soules better part, my reason. Oh
It was returning but a staming shaft Enter Philocles.
Of love has set it's Mansion afire

And frights it back again. Philoc. Placilla. Sifter.

Pla. That name of Sifter, like a violent cold Upon an extream heat, feavers my blood To death.

Philoc. Me thinks you are fad and troubled fifter. Why thus alone? Or have you entertain'd That troublesome companion, Love? Come tell me, I can advise you very learnedly: For Cupids Scholars are more exquisite In giving councel then in using it.

Pla. How shall I answer him? I dare not look on.

Philoc. Why are you fad. Pla. Out of conformity

Unto the present garb: I have assum'd

Onely

Onely a veil of fadness.

Phelex. Thou art onely happy,
Whose forrow is but outward, as a stranger
Call d to be present at a suneral
Clads himself like the rest, is serious,
And silent with a countenance dejected,
And Testudineous pace; but has not tears,
Nor groanings for a loss to him unknown;
The Obsequies performed uncloaths himself
Of griese and weeds together. But my sister,
You are not pleas'd to talk upon this subject.
Where is the Princes?

Pla. He'has given me now a Colour for my fad-The Princess is retir'd; She has been troubled With a most fearful dream of a Duello

Betwixt you and Philargus to be fought.

Philoc. With friendly Courtefies?

Pla. Nay, with fwords she faid.

Philoc. Ha, ha, ha.

Pla. Philargus hath been with her, and to him She told her fears, enjoyning him, that both Of you should come, and jointly before her Declare your constant friendship.

Philoc. That's foon done.

Pla. But trust me Sir, I scar Philargus took not All as she meant it, for at his departing, He look'd displeasedly; and, when I demanded His healths condition, he said he was sick In Philocles.

Philoc. In Philocles his absence,

As I am in his. That was his meaning fifter.

Pla. Pardon my fear; which is, that hee's not friends w'ye.

Philoc. Away, your fear has made you idle.

It is my love, in that black horror clad,
Which will, before it leaves me, makememad. Exit.
Philoc.

The Love-sick Court.

Philoc. Ile seek him out. Enter Matho disguis'd. Math. My Lord, I was commanded a Letter.

To convey these into your Lordships hands.

Philoc. By whom were you imploy'd?

Math. My Lord 'twas not

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The man that mov'd me. For I know him not; But the reward. I humbly take my leave. Exit.

Philoc. My brother write. Ha! Are we at such distance?

Thou art no Prophetess, *Placilla*, art thou?

He Reads.

Brother Philocles, we are the laughing stock of the Nation; and injurious both to the King, our Countrey, the divine Eudina, and our selves, by our childish love. The time is short, meet me, (I conjure you by our Friendship) within three hours, in the North vale of Tempe; where it shall be the Gods election to take one of us, and leave the other for Eudina. Exposulate not with your self, much less with me otherwise then by weapon, or never expect to see your Brother Philargus. O Gods and men! where shall we go to find Friendship and truth? Bee't so: For in th'event We may be happy both: But with this ods;

Explicit Actus Tertius.

One with Eudina, tother with the Gods.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

Varillus. Tersulus.

Var. We should love one another, brother Ter-More inwardly, and be in sriendship true (fulus, As our Lords are. Prithee let their example Piece up all difference betwixt us.

Ter. Piece up,

I know your meaning and your jear Varillus,

Exit.

In your piece up. (Taylor, Var. Fie on thy jealousie. 'Cause thou art a How ere a Gentleman by place, thou think'st I jear thy quality.

Ter. You should not. For

Look back unto the worlds beginning; there Youl' find a Taylor was before a Barber.

Var Nay if you go to rip up old Antiquity.

Ter Rippe! there he is again.

Var You may as well

Collect, that the first man (who you suggest Was his own Taylor) was his own Barber first.

Ter. As how?

Var Do you think he did not scratch his head In casting how to fashion out his breeches? And that's in part, you know, the Barbers office.

Ter. The scratching of the head.

Var And still

In use 'mongst Taylors on themselves. But note The soul corruptions brought in by Time; Of old they did but rub invention up, How to contrive their work: But now their heads Wrists, singers, all have got an itch by't, which Nothing but stealing can allay; though that Can never cure it.

Ter Lying and stealing went
Of old together: now they are shar'd it seems
Between the Barber and the Taylor.

Var. Sharp. (Barber,

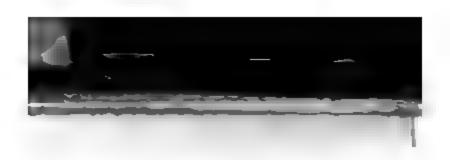
Ter. Your instruments are sharp as mine, Sir And you can pick more out of your Lords ears. Then I take from his Garments with my sheers.

Var. Agree good brother, or would we had Doris

To stickle twixt us,

Ter. There y'are afore me too. (in most things, Var. But come. Lords followers are their Apes. Why should not we be as friendly Rivals, now

nI



The Love-fick Court.

In Doris Love, as are our Lords in the Princes Eudinas. We will take up a fashion. Enter

Dor. Varillus, where's your Lord? Dor.

Var. I know not Doris.

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Dor. Terfulus, where's yours?

Var. I know not Doris.

Dor. You Eccho one another. Y'are commanded Both by the Princess and the Governess To seek'em out.

Both. Your love commands our stay.

Dor. Coupled together? Go yet one of you. You I can spare best.

Var. Why him?

Dor. You then.

Ter. Why him?

Dor. Do you conspire? I will return your care.

Ter. Nay gentle Doris stay. For, tis in vain To seek our Lords. They are both rod singly forth To take the Air. Mine an hour since.

Var. Mine even now. I came but fince to call

My brother Terfulus.

Dor. Your brother Terfulus?

_ (are.

Ter. As deeply vow'd in friendship as our Lords Var. It is with us as tis with them: we both

Are brothers, friends; yet Rivals in your love. Can you now, as the Princess is to them, Be equally affected to us both?

Dor. Do you flay me to abuse me.

Var. Nay, dear Doris.

We love our Lords? and as you love the Princess, Who loves them, love you us. You are Eudina, I Philocles, and he Philargus is.

Dor. Are the men mad.

Ter. Suppose so Gentle Doris.

(choice

Var. The King commands you to make present Of one of us, or else ambitious Stratocles (That's Geron) must enjoy you. Now sweet Princes:

Be

e speedy in your choice. The kingdoms good epends upon it. And in your Election, make Pinlargus blest: He best deserves you.

Ter Admired friend, and brother Pinlocles, your courtesse ore-comes me: I must sue, hough my heart akes the while as much for you.

Dor This is fine sooling

cood Barber Philocles, and Taylor Philargus, ou shall not need to trim up his Affection, for you to stich up his with your forc'd courtesies know, in this, each wooes but for himself, and my affection runs as even betwixt you, as nothing but your sizors, or your sheares lad parted.

Far See Stratocles alias Geron. Enter Geron.
Ger. So Whitome did contend two warlike Princes
for a fair Iland, till a powerful King
Subdu'd them both and it. Doris, take heed,
Be wary in your convertation

As Whilem Fully warn'd his tender fon)
With fuch Plebetans, least their vulgar breeding
Corrupt your education.

Var. Must the be

Ger. And my felf ter onely study, such as Whilome was Ulysses to Penelope.

Var' Take heed Doris

How you become his wife: For he will love you

so by the book, as he will never lie with you

Without an Authour for't.

Ger. Sir, the shall be

fore precious to me then Homers Iliads,

Yhik m. to Alexander, which he made

lis mighty bed-sellow: But why stand I

to render this account? The Princesse sent you,

oris, to call their Lords to walk with her,

(c) And

The Love-sick Court.

And take the air of Tempe.

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Ter. They are gone to take the air already, sir.

Ger. Come you with me then, Doris.

Dor. And why with you

Antiquity? I have heard you all this while, And though you boast you have an interest in me, We are not yet one volume, both bound up And clasp'd together.

Var. She speaks in his Element.

Dor. No, I am yet loose paper; and 'twere good To keep me so; for when I'm bound I must Obey, be search'd, examin'd and corrected. Yet this I'le do, and now be serious, If you will all obey my rule; and try Your fortunes who shall have me.

Var. Ter. We agree.

Ger. Their merits bear no æquability With mine.

Var. A very Stratocles.

(confidence

Dor. You boast your worth, and stand on In powerful advocates: But what are all Unto my Love, and (which is more) my will? If you will hear my proposition, hear it.

Var. Ter. We are agree'd. Pray hear't.

Gre. Lets hear it then.

The Gods, in Love, Whilome have stoop'd with men.

Dor. That you all love me, I believe; and am Content that every one of you do think Himself prime man in my Affection: And one of you I'le take. But yet my choice Must wait upon Eudina's. Therefore mark If your Lord wins the Princesse, and becomes The Kings immediate Heir, I will be yours; If your Lord, yours.

Ger. Therein the oddes is mine,

For they are both my Lords. (else. Dor. Then if both have her, I'le be yours: not Ger.

Ger. As Whilome said, None of the wisest Clerks, When the Sky salls we shall have store.

Dor. Of Whilomes: Ha, ha, ha.

Var. Ter. Ha, ha, ha.

(Mother

Ger. Your Mistresse, Lady, Princesse, and my Shall know your—

Dor. Away, old Whilome.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Your Lords too I'le acquaint.

Dor. Away, old child,

Go tell it Mother, do.

If you had spent, in the Phylosophers school
Your time no better, then in Cupids Lectures,
What a strange dunce you had been. Tell her, Love
shows

In you, as Whilome—she knows what she knows.

Ger. Your Love I will forget; your scorn remember In black revenge, and so—

Dor. Farewel December.

Var. Hee'l to his Mother now. But tell me, Doris, What means that Beldame in *she knows*, *she knows*: She's often up with't to the Governesse.

Dor. It has relation to some uncouth passage Betwixt them, in my Ladies youth I guesse.

Var. Tis some smock-secret I believe. But Gentlemen.

You know how I have laid my felf out to you.

Ter. That, as the Princesse shall bestow her self On eithers Lord; you will embrace his man.

Dor. Right.

Var. And to that you'l hold?

Dor. Yes and hold you

This for a Creed, That heaven must make its choice Of one of them, before she takes the other.

You understand me, and now cease your strife:

When th'ones Lord's dead, I'le be the others wife. So farewel Gentlemen. I have staid too long.

Var.

The Love-sick Court.

Var. She has given us both a hint now, would we take it.

Dor. You did not hear me say, Kill you his Lord, Nor you kill his. Exit.

Var. But she has laid a ground To end a strife, that I should nere ha'sound.

Ter. Varillus, come, our Lords may be return'd: And we be shent for loytering.

Var. I must think on't.

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Exit.

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

Matho in his disguise.

Mat. Now for my Combitants. Th'appointed ground

Is here; the time draws on; and the event Foreseen in my imaginary light Of every passe projected in their sight.

In the first passage, each shall wound the other; Then shall they give, lend, pay, change wound for

wound,

Till both of them lie fainting on the ground. Holding between their teeth their doubtful lives: When I, to end the question, friendly come in, And with an equal hand dispatcht'em both.

Ent. Philarg.

And so into my ambush. One approaches. Exit. Philar. This is the place. What is't that urges me

So promptly to deed, which being acted, Will be th'astonishment of Heaven and earth? Applauded no where but in Hell. Fair Tempe, Let it not be deriv'd to aster Ages, By any uncouth mark upon thy sace, Let not thy grassy locks, that shall receive The drops of blood, wither and die, condemning The place that bore them to continual baldness;

Let

Let not the impress of our labouring seet Hold it's proportion; nor that part of earth, Whereon the stain shall measure out his length, Reserve the stamp, and make it monumental, By a perpetual spring of more process. And bigger bladed grass: And, when my soul Hath tound an Last (which my purpose is bly Brethers sword shall open) let the valley (When hee's departed) sink and undermine The bordering hills that they may cover me.

Ent. Philoc.

Philoc. He hath prevented me in haft: In death I thalf prevent his happily expected Labour and toy'l, who for no other end Am here arriv'd but to be facrific'd

For expiation of his discontent.

Prilar. Let all the eyes of heaven be hooded,
One that to guid his point unto my heart,
Which instantly shall fall, and be extinct
In my district blood; that so the Gods
May not behold him. May some magick spell
Instruct his arm and weapon how to slay
My name and memory, that of me, there be not
Any define, on him no Imputation. (swallow

Phalee. My cure is onely how my breast may

His point, without revealing mine intent.

Pinlar. I fo t shall be: a violent assay

For provocation; and then spit my felf

Upon his steel

They effect one another draw, and pass at each other, instantly both spread their arms to receive the wound,

Philoe Philargus. What! fo quick,

Mular What's meant by this?

Plate That thould be my demand.

Philar Are you to changeable?

Philos, Not I Philargus.

ĸ

Philo

Philar. This was my resolution;

Will you stain

The reputation rais'd of your high valour.

Philoc. I came to make experiment of none

But what confifts in fuffring.

Philar. That's my part.

Philoc. My self

If you deny me that last friendly office.

Philar. Brother you dally with me. Therefore

I conjure you

By faire Eudina let your anger loofe;

Break up this cask of blood, and give the earth

A draught unto her health.

Philoc. By the same Beauty

(Then which no greater subject of an oath)

I swear to be your nuptialls sacrifice,

Be you the Priest. I'le suffer without noise

In my displayed bowels you shall read

An augury of blifs upon you both.

Philar. This is hard measure, Philocles, to mock

Ere you destroy.

Philoc. I'le mock no more. Adieu.

Philar. Hold, hold, and be not prodigal kill himself,

(of that blood, Philargus clos

More precious then Pactolus golden es with him. (streams. They strugte

Philoc. Was then your challenge but down, still stri

(to try me onely? ving to hold

Philar. Yours was, it feems; but none each others fword. &c.

(went out from me.

Philoc. Then are we both enfnar'd Enter Matho (by treachery. (lordings.

Matho. This I forefaw'twould come to. 'Save ye

And whither travail ye? Do you not want a guide

To help ye on your way? Philar. This is the villane Matho draws they start up

That fummon'd me.

and disarm him

Philoc

Philoc. And me. Villane, what art thou?

Math Unhappily gues'd. I pray inquire no further.

Philor. What monster art thou?

Philoc. Unworthy on thy face to bear mans enfign. Who has fubborn'd thee? See tis Stratocles man.

He unbeards him.

Philar. Die villane, die. And were thy master in thee.

The thirst of whose ambition sought our bloods; H.s slesh with thine should here become a prey Unto the Ravens.

Math. O, be pitiful

And spare my life, my Lords, and I'le reveal Matters of weight and wonder; which, conceal'd, Will yet cost both your lives, and make the Princess, If the not answer my Lords sierce desires, Subject to rape and murder.

Philoc How can the So fall into his power

Philar. We shall abuse

The truft the Gods have put into our hands If we neglect to execute justice on thee.

Math. Let me but warn ye of Eudina's danger, Whereby her virgin Innocence may not suffer, And then inflict your suries on me.

Philoc. That charms our ready hands and steel.

Speak quickly.

Math. This very hour she's to be surpriz'd By my Lord Stratocles, here, on Tempe plains, Where she is come to walk, slenderly guarded To take the air. He with a strength will seise her And hurry her hence unto his Mansion house, To yield to his desire, or death, if suddenly Prevention be not made,

Philar. Tis worth our care.

Math. Preserve me from his vengeance, and I'le ato his enterprize. (bring you

K 2

Philoc.

Philoc. We must not trust him, He may have laid an Ambuscado for us.

Enter 6 Rust. with Weapons.

Philar. See brother, stand upon our guard. Math. Help, help, aid me good people, help. Philoc. What means the villan now.

I. Rus. What's the complaint?

2. Rus. What is your grievance, speak? Math. I am a servant to Lord Stratocles

Who has preserv'd your Countrey and your lives.

1. Rus. We are the more beholding to him; on.

2. Ruf. 'Twas more his gentlenes then our deserving, on.

Math. These two are his malignant enemies;
And finding that my Lord is in these parts
Together with the Princess, fair Eudina
(Who has made him her choice) they lie in wait
To murder him, as they had me, had not
The Gods sent you to rescue me. (deserving, on.

1. Ruf. 'Twas more their Gentleness, then your Math. I have no more to say, but that you take'em On your allegiance to safe custody,

And let me pass.

1. Rus. Un'ch, That would be more Our gentleness then your deserving too; on, on.

Philar. Dear friends— (order. I. Rus. Good, interrupt us not we'll hear ye in

On you, Sir, ere you go; and come not back For any thing unspoke you lest behind.

Math. I thank you, Sir, I had like to ha'left my

fword
Rehind which they diform's

Behind, which they disarm'd me of. (deserving

1. Rus. That was their Gentleness more then your (They having three swords, and you none to guard you)

They kill'd you not in deed, yet on again. What further do you charge'em with.

Math.

Math. No more, nor you, lefs you detain me longer.

1 Ruf Now you grow bold, and faucy I must tell you. (Traytor,

2 Ruf Now y'are a knave, a villane and a Left you no more behind you but a fword?

I faw a feabberd on your face of late,

A false one: Seek it out.

3 Ruf. O here it is. Takes up the false beard.

Relift and we will hang thee. Now my Lords,
My Princes I may fay: For one of you
Must be our King. We know you though you know
Not us; you may perhaps hereafter know us
More by your Gentleness then our deserving.

Plal. Plalar. O worthy Countrey men.

Ruf. We are the heads of Tempe; and the chief Swain heads of The ffaly (the King has known us) And here we came to lay our heads together for good of common wealth. Here at the verge Of this adjoyning Thicket is our Bower Of confultation; and from thence (regardful liver with eye and ear for common good) We faw a beard pull'd off; and heard that mouth, Which now is dumb) open a plot, unlike The pittiful complaint he made to us.

Philar. But faw you not fome paffages before?

(If his attempt upon our lives?

1. Ruf. Good Gods. (enough

2. Ruf. No we came in but then. Those are To hang the man, and turn his Lord out of Our Countrey favour: If we find he has That plot upon the body of the Princess Of Rape and Murder. He can be no King For us: for, firrah, we have wives and daughters.

En. Stra. End. Soul.

1 Ruf. Stand close. See who comes here.

" VOL. II. (c) K3 Stra.

Stra. So, now go back my friends. There's some reward. gives a purs

Sol. Thanks to the noble bounteous Stratocles.

Exit

Stra. Lady your tears are bootlefs. Souldiers

Eud. Help ye Gods.

Str. Your cries as unavailable. The Gods (To whom your friendly foolish lovers Have facrific'd each other) have given you up

To me the onely worthy of you.

Eud. No they are both sublim'd into one star, Yet of a double influence, that shall Strike death into thy purposes, and give Me light by which t'ascend with them to live She offers After my present death.

Str. Your hast to death shall not prevent to kill her

(my lust. felf with

Philoc. She must outlive thy Lust and a knife, he (thee false Traytor. holds her.

Ruf. Hold, hold, disarm, but kill him not.

2. Rus. Wee'll keep him tame.

Str. You have ods o'me.

Eud. I am in heaven already.

(earth

Philar. Live wonder of the heavens, a star on Out shining theirs.

Eud. What a short journey 'tis

For heavenly minds to reach unto the Gods!

Str. Betray'd! (my Lord,

1. Rus. No not betray'd. Y'are but well met But that's our Gentleness more then your deserving.

Str. Am I become the shame and scorn of

pesants.

1. Rus. Or if you'lha't betray'd, then blame your Overmuch policy and want of Beafts (own To carry it to Market. We nere lay More burthen on a Asse, then he can bear Here in the countrey: what is done at court

We

We know not. Here perhaps is one can tell,
Know you this bearded Satyre? Pull off MaStr. Coward, flave, thos beard.

Thy faintness hath betray'd me.

Math. No, 'twas ods,

Such as men meet that fight against the Gods.

3. Ruf. The fellow has fome Grace; he weeps: But come

Princes and Princes, what is now your pleasure We do unto these men?

End. For me, I have learn'd

By my own fufferings in my afflictions

To be compassionate. I wish their pardon.

Str. That mercy wounds me deeper with remorfe Then all my loft defigns, and their derafion Have done with indignation.

1. Ruf There is some hope these yet may prove Eud Lord Stratocles, (new men.

Those wounds that pierce the heart with true

Do bring the precious balm in'em that cures it.

Philar. We wish yours may be such.

Philoc. And that this shame

May guard you innocent of future blame.

2. Ruf Here's sweetness upon sweetness.

Brethren of Tempe, that fince these delinquents
Are sallen into our hands, that we discharge
Our Countrey loyalty with discretion,
And not release him from our power, but by
The power above us. (that's the kings) wee'l wait
On you to court. On you for your new loves,
And you for old acquaintance.

End The acquaint my father with your care, He thall be witness of our bringing in

The ambitious Politick trapt in his own gin

Act

ACT 4. SCENE 3.

King. Disanius. Justinius.

King. Bereft of all my joyes and hopes at once! Is there no comfort, nor no counsel left me? Why stand you gazing thus with sealed lips? Where is your counsell now, which you are wont In trifling matters to pour out in plenty? Now, in the peril of my life and state I cannot get a word. Give me my daughter, Or take my Kingdom too. Where is she? Tell me.

Dif. All we can fay or hear is, she was taken Out of her private walks by violent hands, Onely we guesse the master of the plot Was Stratocles, who now is missing in the Court.

King. He ask'd my leave to leave the Court, and

had it.

Dif. Twas a fit glosse for his fowl treachery. King. But what ha'you said for her recovery.

Just. We have dispatch't a hundred several posts To every coast and angle of your Kingdom: No way of finding her is left unfought.

Dif. Could we finde Stratocles, she might be found. King. Stil upon him? Where's Philocles? where's They are missing too. (Philargus?

Dif. Hell has not in't a thought That can detract their honours.

Just. Yet a Rumor

Is spread about the Court; they are gone to fight.

Dif. 'Gainst whom?
Fus. Against themselves. Nay more, that they Have fought, and both are flain.

Dif. You may as foon.

Believe the Artick and Antartick poles Can meet in opposition, amidst The firmament, and jointly in a fall

Ex-

Extinguish both their lights in Neptunes bosom King. Whence springs this Rumor.

Dif Stratocles is the head

We may be confident, and his men the pipes That have dispers't it.

King. Stil you judge Stratocles.

What purpose can he have in't. Ent. Thym. weeps.

Def. O my fifter. Has heard the news too. Weep not tender fifter, Your fons are fafe.

Thy. Yes they are with the Gods.

King. And, had they tane Endina with them too, My doubts and fears were over, well as yours.

Ent. Gar weeping.

Dif. Here's one that makes a face, an ugly one, And would weep too, had she but monture in her. How now! Whose Mare's dead, Garrulla? Take thy bottle

And turn that into tears. Or dost thou wring Thy face because that's dry? Gi'mee't, I'le fall it.

Gar My fon, oh, oh my fon is at deaths door.

Dif And is death fo unkind to keep it flut

Against him? Out upon him churle. Gar My liege

And Madam (it shall out) you might have fav'd

My fons life in your fervants love, whose fcorn

Will be his death, except the King divert it,

And I shall tell him what you know I know—

Thy () me undone.

Gar And open such a secret

Unto his majesty - King. Yet forbear me now,

Gar Do you flight me in the care of my fons

life?

Do you form my fecret too, that may be worth More then your kingdom to you?

Dif. Away old fool. (good will Gar. Now you thall never know't. Dif For thy The king would thank thee, in offering at some mirth To cool his grief, but that it is too hot

Yet

Yet to be touch'd. Just Indeed you do not well To move the King, or to perplex the Lady

Now in their forrows fulness.

Gar. What's their forrow (dead, To mine? My fons a dying. Just. Her sons are And the Kings daughter loft. Gar. But I pray, say, Is my Lord Philocles and Philargus dead?

Fus. 'Tis said so.

Gar. Then I say my son shall live. (bottle Dif. And so wilt thou while thou canst lift thy To that old Mazer. Gar. Hem! A hem! a ha!

Dif. Do you rejoyce, and shew the rotten half tooth

You have left that they are dead. Gar. No I rejoyce That the advancement that the giglet gap'd for In one of their fine followers is loft,

In hope of which she scorn'd my son. But now He shall fcorn her and live. Dif. Out envious trot Gar. Ile comfort him with the newes.

Dif. Away you Hag, Exit Gar. Here comes one merry look. Enter Eupa.

Eup. Joy to the king.

Dif. Well said, speak up and home good Eupathus. Enp. Your daughter's safe return'd so is your son, Madam,

For which you are to thank the Gods: This is He gives the King a paper. Their true relation. He reads to Thym. afide.

Dif. Where is Stratocles?

Eup. Caught in the snares of his foul treachery. Dif. Bravely and honestly spoken Eupathus.

Eup. And by their hands whose voices he had

For his election. Dif. What his country heads? Eup. They all turn head upon him now.

Dif. Brave heads

Observe my judgement now, my king: Those heads

I will fo foufe in our best Greekssh Wines,
That they shall be such heads! O heads, heads,
heads!

King. I doapproveyour judgment good Difanius, itat with you not infult ore mans dejection. We find that Stratocles is much Penetent (him And troubled at his trespass. Dif. A halter still For an ambitious hypocritical Trayter. (near,

King The time for my Endina's match draws and I no longer will attend on fortune, I have decreed it past recal, regardless

Whether against the oracle, or with it.

Tay Yet am I confident in your affertion You prichts of Delphos. Dif. Hee'l bestow her yet On Stratocles, if the stand longer doubtful In a fair choise.

Eup. Fear not my Lord. That doubt Your Countrey heads will clear. He has loft them For ever Dif O brave heads! I will fo ring Their ears with jewels of praises and preferment That they shall glare like direful comets at him.

A turd upon her Thy. With your pardon, Sir, Why are you (for I find it is so) stronger For Phaiocles? King, No reason urges me; And yet I find an inclination in me
That pleads for him. I can perceive you too, Are partial towards Philargus—Can you yield A reason for't? Thy. Yes, Sir, he is my eldest.

King Alas, But not an hour. Well, He remit My power of propounding, and accept

Her choice of either, made within the time.

Thy I, there my hopes do anchor; elfe they were Certain of Ship-wrack, yet the perillous waves.

My veffel rides on feems fo many graves.

Explicit Actus Quartus.

The Love-sick Court.

ACT 5. SCENE

Philocles. Philargus.

Philoc. Brother, and friend, I'm deaf to all defwasion.

I charge you by Eudina's love, our friendship, And (if there be) ought that you hold more facred,

Move not to alter my fix'd resolution.

(you Philar. That resolution's mine: And I conjure By the felf-same respects, and all that are Or may be hallowed, to let me depart. I will remove but for fome few daies journey Whence you shall duly hear from me: But rather I'le travail to th' Antipodes, then here Linger the vain impediment of your joyes In your Eudina. Philoc. Travel's my design. Eudina must be yours. She is a bliss Which heaven created for you. Philar. Can a blifs Be purchas'd with your absence? No: 'Twil torture Equally in fruition as in want.

Were it a Kingdom onely, we could part it Without the quarrel of the Thebean brothers; Or, were it heaven it self, Castor and Pollux Should have our imitation. But Eudina

Is onely indivisible.

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Philoc. Add to it this, Their sentence is erroneous, that deny Partition to the foul: For ours do witness, Friendship can give her a division, And make reciprocal community Of all her faculties. But still Eudyna Is indivisible. Why name I her, Whom to forget must be my onely tasque? Brother adieu.

Philar. 'Tis I that must take leave. Dif. Is it even so? Philoc. I fear we are prevented. Enter Disan. Dif. Dif. Nephews, why left you so the presence? I blay justly sear you were ill advis'd in it. The King expects your quick return, and will not Let pass this peremptory day, set down by matching of his daughter; to preserve i.fe, State, or Kingdom. Have you a purpose, First having beg'd that villain Stratecles pardon, To give him up your interest in the Princess? The Kingdom too, to boot? Will you compel The King to give him all?

Philar. Not so good Uncle.

Dif What do you less in flying from the presence,

When that affair is now in agitation?

Philox. Uncle, you faw withal the great destraction We lest the Princess in. How when she look'd Upon Philargus, she inclin'd to him; And when on me to me; when on us both How extasted she fell! Philar. A strong necessity There is that one of us absent. Dif. Therefore You both she off to travel several wayes! Come, let me tell you, your courtesse is soolish, And you unworthy to have such a fortune Hang like a pregnant cloud over your heads Ready to be dissolved in showes upon you, While your own madness conjures up a wind To blow't away.

Phalar Uncle, you are unjust,

I would remove to let that golden showre

Light upon Philocles. Philoc, I upon Philargus

Dif I could even swadle'em both for a brace of

Babyes.
Your folly makes me mad: will you return
Yet to the prefence, both of you?

Philoe Uncle, you know

To be both there, is neither to be there, But to breed more perplexity in Eudyna. Pray take Philargus Dif. Nephew, come, be wife:

The Love-fick Court.

It is a crown that Courts you; and the name Of friend, or Brother ought to stand aloof, And know a distance, where such dignity Is tendred. Take your opportunity, I find you coming, come.

Philarg. I pray take Philocles.

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Dif. I'le take him for the wisermanthen. Nephew. Come, and embrace your fortune, and forget not To thank the Gods your Brother has no more wit. A Kingdom and a beauteous bed-fellow (There Nephew, there!) Do not those bare a sound 'Bove friend and Brother, ha?

Philoc. not in mine ears. (which neither Dif. What frost has ceiz'd their blood, & brains, Beauty nor dignity can thaw? Go travel. What stay you for? young Gentlemen sometimes Wait for a gale of gold to blow'em out O'th'harbour; Stratocles will surnish you,

And thank you more then for his forfeit life.

Philoc. Stratocles can gain nothing by my abscence. (mine, While here Philogous staves Philogon No nor by

While here *Philargus* stayes. *Philarg*. No, nor by While *Philocles* remains.

Dif. Shall I make a motion,

Will one of you remain? Both. One must and shall. Dif. Then yield to take your lots for't (I will make'em)

As you respect my love; your mothers life;
The kingdoms good; Eudynas love and lise,
Let it be so. Pause not upon't, but do't.
See, here's ink and paper. I am inspir'd,
Apollo, with thy wisdom. Love.—and friendship.
He writes two lots.

See, here's a pass for one, and a plantation
For tother. Love and friendship Gentlemen.
Love shall abide at home, and friendship walk,
According to the custom of the world.
Let it be so. Come study not, but draw,

I'le

Philar. Friendship for me then.

Philar. See here I have it brother. And yours is love.

My love be prosperous to you. My horse, Enter Var. All's ready, Sir. (my horse. Varillus.

Philes. In the first place then bring A parting cup, that by the grapes Elisar As Fore by Acheron, I may protest

My constancy and zeal unto my purpose.

Var. And now's my time to act thy purpose,

Doris.

Exit.

Dif. Kick not your heels against the Gods, Philargus.

It is most evidently their decree

That you abide and Philocles remove,

Philoc. I do obey my Lot. And noblest brother,

Be you as free in love, as I from envy.

Philar. But how can you forgo that equal interest You have with me in Thessaly, and Eudina?

Dif. Why should that trouble you? you see he does

Forgo't; and is a going Would he were gone once.

Philar. Can love allow't? Philoc. Variety of objects

Like Nails abandon one another. So

May I, by novelties of Travail, lofe

The thought of Love; and chearfully return Both hers and yours in a more just relation.

Enter Varillus with a bowl of wine.

Give me the bowl. Now brother to that love
You owe the fair Eudina, unto which
I give th'addition of mine own, and all
The joyes that ere I wish'd my felf and her,
And to that friendship, which nor Time, nor absence
Shall ever end or alter.

He drinks and gives Varillus the bowl.

The Love-sick Court.

Var. Now the service that may redeem my faults Is to be done.

Philar. Give it me full, Varillus.

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Var. I'le give you more then you expect by this.

He puts in a pouder.

Philar. You have the victory in friendship, brother, Who, by your resolute absence will inforce And drive me to a happiness; wherein I must not cease, in all the strength of prayers Of sacrifice, and vowes; in all my goods Of fortune, mind and body to be yours: Which that you may return to reposses With the more speed, this health to auspicate And expedite your travails. Var. They are done Already if my Pothecaries skill fail not.

Philoc. With this embrace my brother, and my last

Of prefent ceremony, I now wish you

In th'arms of your Eudina—

And may my better part of foul, which now I leave in trust with you, by you be breath'd Into her breast; that she may lively find She has my love in yours; and that in you She has us both.

Dif. So, so, enough. Ha'ye done yet? Philoc. How is it with you brother? Philarg. As it is

With fouls that leave the world in peace.

Dif. For shame

Leave womanish ceremony. Will you part Before it be too late? *Philoc*. Too soon I fear. *Philargus*! Brother! Friend! Ye Gods, how comes this?

Dif. What is he dead? I fee then how it comes. You or your man, or both ha'poyson'd him.

Philar. No, 'twas my self.

Dif. Thou wilt not go out o'th'world With a lie i'thy mouth? Speak yet again.

Var.

Fir He has faid well for me already.

Fhaloc. Gone, past recovery, but he shall not pass

With ut my company.

He offers to

(sme, Sir, let go your whiblin. He Dif fnatch-

(has yet ethhisfword

Some breath. Run for Physitians -- away.

(No, Sir, stay.

I will not quit you fo. I can read guilty lines

lalpably on this villans vilnomy

Net here no more i'th'house? some help here! ho!

Net hew forbear. Asyou will have methink Philotles

Yough the sof your brothers blood, sorbear, offers a
How am I tortur'd! Ho! Philorgus; rubhim, gain to
Rubhim, he may live yet.

kill him-

Philos O that the world felf.

Might be so happy! Dif So, well faid: A box

Or two in kindness will not do amis.

Enter Terfulus.

Stir not you firrah. O, Sir, you lay hold

On that same traytor, Var I'le not stir my Lord.

Dif The hold you to your word, Sir, run, Sir, you And fetch Physitians Ter. O my Lord, fallen dead!

Dif. Stay but to look upon him, and I'le fwear Theu art his murderer. Fetch the Kings Physitians, Exit Terfulus.

If not to cure him; yet to rip the cause
Out of his sodain death. I guess they'l finde (say
Your handy-work in's maw. Var. You heard him
It was himself that did it. I am clear'd.

Enter Eupathus

Eng. My Lord, the King, impatient of your stay,

Dif What has he fent. Has he fent means To call this man from death, or that from falling After him into th'grave?

Eur O heavy spectacle!

The Love-sick Court.

Dif. But, come I will not cry tho'. Pray affift me, In with this body, Charity commands When griev'd necessity intreats your hands.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 2. Geron. The four Rusticks.

Ger. My Rustici amici, your Councel and Your vertue have restor'd me. And tis true As Whilom said the good Antisthenes Vertue is armour 'gainst the very fates. (Geron,

1. Rus. We told you for your good, good Mr.

Fond love became you not.

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2. Rus. It sat upon your coat like burs or bryars Stuck in the hindlocks of our fleecy sheep; Who shake their heads; figgle, and writh their tayls, And bleat for woe; sprinkle the ground behind'em Sometimes I wisse: Twould make one laugh and All at once, but all remedilefs. (pitty'em Till we with helping wit and hands release'em.

Gar. A wise man then in love is like a sheep

I'th'bryars. As Whilome said—

3. Ruf. But (by the way)

What was that Whilome, Sir, you speak much of him, But what was he pray.

Ger. An ancient Britain, whom I have affected

As idly as my love. But I'le forget it

And use that word no more. The clowns have found me.

- 4. Rus. But will you now proceed upon your plot For th'honour of Tempe plains, and Tempe swains. Ger. You can all dance.

 - Ruf. After our countrey guise.
 Rus. Like so many light horses.
 - 1. Rus. So can our wives

Who have follow'd us up to Court we thank'em Pray Juno we get them honestly home again.

Ger. There is no doubt. However fear nothing As Is why -Tis hard to leave off an old cuftom.

2 Ruf The why was out, but lome fluck in your teeth.

Ger. Tis well it did fo. You can dance you fay.

Who ever marries her it shall ferve. As why-

1. Ruf. Again 'twas eene a comming. Ger You are as quick as why—

2 Rul. And there again.

Ru/ Nay we are heads, I tell you Master Geron, And should have wit; and shew't we cani'th' countrey.

In the head vein, though hear at Court, like courtiers Well thew it in our heels. Pray therefore on.

Ger On, let us then to practife. King and court shall fee, to crown their joyes, some countrey sport.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 5. SCENE 3.

King. Justinus. Eudina. Thymele. Attendants.

Yet have my undeferved favours flighted? (folly Imp Yet, Sir, your Kingly patience. King. Stupid Twere longer to attend. My vow is past And register'd in heaven, the minute is At hand, that calls down thonder on me, which No tear, or prayers can mollifie or aver't, If I upon so long deliberation Shall falsifie. So, call in Stratocles. Exit Attendants.

Fud O my dread father, Yet one hours patience Till Eupathus or Difamus return.

One thort, thort hour: I may not live to long.

His wife you nam'd; though you may force me King I le leave that to the Gods. (take him. End They will forgive. Give them your imitation in mercy, as in power on earth. I know Difantus Went not in vain to call em to your presence.

2 And

And him that he brings first into this room Of *Philocles* or *Philargus* I will take, Though he precede the other but one foot, I have it by inspiration from the Gods.

King. You are full of dreams.

Thym. This cannot, Sir, be long In tryal. King. Yet I am not bound to wait On those ingrateful men. O Stratocles,

Enter Strato.

You have from your late Errors, which your then Head-strong ambition hurried and cast you in With that humility purg'd your self, that I Conceive you now a temperate Man; and am Instructed by the clemency of the Gods To cherish and reward your vertue. Therefore From their divine appointment, at my hands—

Eud. (O mighty, Sir— King. Dare not to dif-Receive Eudina. (obey me)

Str. Royal King and Master,
Mistake not so the pleasure of the Gods.
My sorfeit life you have forgiven me:
Your Kingly power and grace might do it. You Have given it freely: but I took't with caution,
By suture service to make good your gist:
But for my forseit love to fair Eudina,
And my lost honour to the twin-born brothers,
There can be no redemption, if I add
By acceptation of your bounteous offer

King. Do you resuse her then.

A fecond trespass, greater then the former.

Str. In hope shee'l plead (wrought My pardon to your grace. Eud. The Gods have Effectually for me. King. Strangely, unexpected Are you become a suppliant Placilla?

Ent. Pla. with a petition, kneels. Pla. In the behalf, Sir, of your loyal subjects, The Swains of Tempe. King. I expected, rather,

News

News from your unkind brothers. See Juflintus, The Commons, rather then I shall bestow My date, her upon Stratocks, do beseech me I take a surther time. Just. Y'are happy, Sir, In his results and in their request. They are fair predictions of ensuing joyes to you, your daughter, and the Kingdom, If may be worthy to divine so much.

King How ere thy divination proves, thy wish

Is worth our thanks. And we may have

Enter Enfathus.

Glad tidings prefently. Now Eupathus Where is Disaurus, Philodes, and Philargus? Why come they not?

Lun They are all at hand my liege.

This paper may excuse their stay. King. O do

The King reads the paper.

They plead excuse then? Them I am full of sears Las And I of sudain joy. Plac. Pray all be well. The King has struck his breast, and seems perplext.

King Judinius, Stractocles, read here this Paper

G) kup tours, and let them enter. Stay.

Vet go, bring them in their prescribed manner.

We fend the woman off, whose solain grief

May be a bar to our proceedings. Madam - The I fear that Garrula has detected me.

King I must intreat a while your absence, Lady.
Thy. May I presume to ask your reason, Sir.

King My will has been above your quest on Pray, Let me request you go. The I know obedience.

King And go Placilla, fend old Garrula to me.
Thy Now tis most evident O in ghty, Sir,

Conceive not worse of me then Garrida.

Let us appear together. King. What means this?

Thy. You may be pleas'd to hear me first.

King. Pray pull not

More weight upon your breast then you can bear.

"VOI. II L 3 By

By your impertinent stay. Go I command you Thy. I must obey. However tis too late To change the resolution of my fate.

Exit Thym. Pla.

King. I have not known her thus. I fear destraction

Fore-runs the voice of grief, as to prevent it. Heaven knowes I call'd for Garrula, but to send her With best directions to prepare and arm Her tender foul against the sting of sorrow Before it should approach her. But Eudina You must be valiant; and not let the sight Of death in others shake your confidence.

Eud. How means your majesty? King. Suppose that both

Your fatal lovers, Philocles and Philargus Slept in the caves of death.

Eud. I should not live then;

King. Suppose his desteny had cut off one, And, in him, all the impediments, that crost You in th'enjoying of the other, say Which could you wish surviver? But you have Declar'd your constant purpose to possess The first Difanius brings into this presence. Come; one is dead. There is a strict necessity You know it. Now collect your Reason: For 'tis not

Your passion for the dead; nor your dislike Of Stratocles; no though my subjects yeeld you A longer time, shall make me tempt the Gods By breaking of my vow. Be stedfast then, As you respect a father; and take courage.

Recorders. Ent. Disanius before a herse, Philocles after. Varillus manacled, and led by Tersulus. Eupathus Supports Philocles, as ready to sink

with grief.

See Philocles lives. Eud. Philargus then

The Love-sick Court.

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brought in dead before him by Difanius; and unto him the first to be brought in My faith was vow'd; and he is now my choice. King. What being dead? Could you affect em fo equally, both alive, that you forbore so chufe, because you could not have em both; and now feek onely him cannot be had?

What Love, what madness call you this? good Gods, throw not your wrath upon me in destruction

The herfe fet down, Eudina kneels to it. Philo. kneels on the other fide.

Jult. Nor let your passion Master you great, sir, s fodam grief does her. But give a little cope to her forrow. Shee will foon return and meet her Reason in obedience

to your defires. King, I thank thee good Justinius.

A Song. During which Disanius &c. discourse with the King. Dilanius feems to acquaint the King with the manner of Philargus death, fointing at Varillus. The King feems much troubled, but at the end of the long, (as by the Kings appointment Disanius raifeth Philocles, and Julinius raifeth Eudina, and bring them to the King white Yupathus with the Attendants go forth with the herfe, the Recorders playing, which done,

King Your virgin tears and vowes ore your loft I did attend with pardon, my Eutina, in hope you are now compliant to my will, Dif Grieve not your father Madam.

Eud. I ha'done; and as the Gods direct him to command me, must and will obey Dif So that's well faid. King. The Gods have pleas'd Fudina to determine four doubtful choice, referring Pratectes There-

Vato your love without competitor:

Therefore it now remains that he be taken Into your liking; whom I have decreed My successor. End. His merits are above Me and this land; In which what interest My birth hath given me I resign to him. Onely let me beseech a surther respite.

King. For what? the celebration? I consent; But for the contract, this imediate hour Shall see it knit beyond all dissolution.

Dif. I that I thirst to see.

Eudina gives

King. Give me your hands. her hand. Yours Philocles. Dif. Why give you not your hand, Dare you not trust the King with't? should he now Shew a jades trick and slie back. Philoc. I beseech Under your highness Pardon, yet, a respite.

Dif. More respits yet? Was ever hopeful match. Driven so round about? King. Why this delay?

Philoc. My brothers blood cries in me for your Which must be executed on his murderer (justice Before I safely can, or dare possess. His interest in the saith of sair Eudina.

Dif. O, is that all? that may be foon dispatch'd. Come forwards Poysoner. Good your Majesty, For expedition, make me his judge, And hangman too (I care not) rather then Suffer this match hang o'the tenters thus. (to me.

King. Has he confes'd the fact? Dif. Yes, yes,

I beat it out of him. Quickly good King.

King. Your patience good Difanius. Sirrah speak.

Var. It was my act. But may your mercy look

Thom my love in it unto my Lord.

Upon my love in it unto my Lord.

King. Your Lord shall be your judge then.

Philoc. I adjudge him

To sharp but lingring tortures (for his death Alone can yeeld no satisfaction)
Tortures that may draw in, by his consession, As accessaries with him, all the homicides

That

That are I'th' Kingdom Dif. A hard matter that.

Pale. Nor can I think his onely brain and hands
Composed the poyfon. Dif Hanghim, hee's a Barber
And utes Agna fortis, oyl of Vitrol.

Mercury, and fuch like, to cleanfe his Rafors.

And, if you had confederates in the fact, (science Give up their names Ter. Varillus, I suspect Deres joyn'd hand with you in my Lords death.

Dif. What s that you mutter? Ter. It shall out my The handmaid Doris put him on't, I know't (Lord; By what she said to us both we being her lovers.

Dif The Taylor proves an honest man because He cannot have the weach limited, he'll hang her.

Var Of her I had the poylon tis confest

Dif O that whore.

King. Find her and drag her hither.

Ent. Thy

Thy Where's my Pulargus? Give me yet his

Thy Where's my Padargus? Give me yet his That with a mothers tears I may imbalm it. (body,

Dif You have heard the woful newesthen; but my Could grief recal Platargus, we would weep (fifter A fecond deluge for his reparation;

Renew his breath by fighing, and awake him, With grones out of his Sepulchre. Thy. Already Have you inter'd him then? you made strange hast. Was it your subtlety to fend me hence, Fearing my cries might have reviv'd him, king?

Fearing my cries might have revived him, king?

And fo again delayed your daughters marriage?

I have enough to crofs it yet Philargus.

Dif What's that? Sir. Destraction sure.

King My tear forefaw't

Thy You are deceived, for from my depth of for-Through this thick film of tears, I can perceive (row, You are about to joyn the hands and faiths Of Philocles and Ludina, King Is not that Enough to dry your tears, and shew you that The Gods were rather merciful in leaving This fon, then rigorous in taking tother?

Dif. Dif. Or would you now, cause you have lost Philocles too by crossing of this contract? (largus,

Thy. It is the pleasure of the Gods I cross it. Ent. Gar.

Dif. Of devils it is. What can she mean? Go sleep.

Gar. King by your leave.

Dif. What fayes old fuckbottle now?

Thy. Nay I am here before you Garrula, And now will tell the long hid secret for you. And if I erre in it, disprove me. Gar. Tell't then. My faltring tongue will fail me. I can hear tho'. Drinks.

Thy. This contract must not be.

King. You then must yeeld

More reason then I find you have. Thy. Your self Can never make it. You will sooner joyn

The Wolfe and Lamb, Falcon and Dove together.

King. No trifling I command you Thymele.

Philoc. If you be ferious, Mother, hold us not
In this fuspence. Thy. Let not the royal blood
Of Thessaly be stain'd with an incestuous match.

King. How! (children

Gar. She fayes right. They are both your lawful By your own vertuous Queen now in--Elisium (heads.

King. What dreams are these of your distemperd Thy. This is no dream or sable. But unsain'd Sip.

As truth it felf: Which with your gracious leave I shall demonstrate, humbly craving pardon For my so long concealment, as I'le yeeld

Due reason for it. King. Freely speak, you have it.

Thy. You may remember in your civil wars, (Those cruel warres, as I may justly stile'em)

In which my husband fell— Dif. Omy brave brother!

Thy. When open Rebels and domestick Traytors Pursu'd your Crown and life; your gracious Queen To have been brought to bed; and was beleev'd To have miscarried by an abortive birth.

King. True. In her flight she was constrain'd totake

A neighbouring cottage; and use the help

Of the Swains wife. Gar. That swain-els was my Though my deserts have glorified me since: (self. And by my help (and somewhat of the Gods) She then made you the Father of that Prince.

The Take up thy bottle - Sifter, speak you on The Th'affrighted queen (yet wise in that extre-Suspecting that the innocence of her babe (mity) Born to a Kingdom, could not be secur'd In those combustions from apparent danger, Sent him to me in private, then in travel Of my Philargus—Charging me to sain A second labour, with the Midwises aid, For Philacles: I did, and was reputed Mother of both. King. I cannot think our Queen Would keep us ignorant of so good a Fortune.

Thy. I mov'd her oft to tell you. But the answer'd, All is not found. There's danger, yet; And when After Eudyna's birth the felt her felf At point of death, the strictly did enjoyn Me and this woman, onely conscious with her, By oath of which the had prepar'd this copy A paper. In her own hand, to keep it filent, till Plutostes thould be able to fecure Himself from treachery; or that your terme Of life expiring, or some accident Of no lede consequence requir'd detection.

For further proof—

Give me my flesh and blood into my bosome.
Thrice happy Fathers if your Children were
Borne to you thus of persect Age. But where
Is now a Match for my Eudina. I

Have here a successor. A shout within and crying Philargus, Philargus, &c

King. Hah! Voyces i'th Ayre that cry Philargus? Eud. Voyces that do tell me, I must follow him. Up to the heavens, and there be married to him.

Dif.



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Dif. Here's the She-Devil now. Ent. Turf. with Dor.

Dor. You need not pull me

For that mans love, I laid thy Lord to fleep:

Had I lov'd thee best, then his Lord had slept. (how?

Dif. How does he sleep? speak impudent baggage, Dor. How? With a powder, Sir, which my own A skilful pothecary prepar'd; who, if (father

Philargus dye, shall hang with us for Company.

Dif. Your father?

Dor. Yes, But now the perils paft.

See, if he sleep, tis walking. Enter Philargus
Philoc. Ha! Philargus. Eupathus.

Or but the shade; the spirit of my friend.

Philar. Be not amaz'd, as at an apparition.

Thy. Doth my fon live? O then I have enough.

Dif. Come hither, come hither you three. I will
Thescene of you. Thy love unto thy Lord (discharge
(Though somewhat unadvisedly imploy'd)
Deserves reward; He see it given thee,
Thy Lord and King shall thank thee: take thy wench,
She has love in her wit, and wit in her anger.

I like the luck of things; that ill intents

Should bring forth good events. The faithfulne

Should bring forth good events. Thy faithfulness Tothy Lordtoo washappy. Go, I'leseeyou Ext. Var. All royally rewarded. How now Geron? Ter. Dor.

Ent. Ger.

Ger. My Lord I fee here's joy towards, as why— Dif. 'Slife, ftand not Whiloming now man: but be Ger. Cry mercy. I had left it. But my Lord (brief.

To celebrate the flowing joyes in Court,

I and my Countrey heads have fram'd a Masque, Rather an Antick dance, rather a countrey toy, Rather a Rustick round: rather a—

Dif. Hoy day!

Thy Rather's worfe then thy Whilom. Dost know What time o'day 'tis?

Ger. Tis a rural thing

To be presented at the Princess Wedding And

And, if you think it meet, I will induce The practife of it presently. As why—

Dif to fetch the heads and heels, I'le ftay the King,

To fee and laugh at'em. That's grace enough.

Exit Geron.

King Philargus you have much to know; the We will Fudina tell you, now shee's yours. (which Receive her and our blessing.

Flatar Were I dead

(As I was thought to be) your name pronounc'd Over my grave, beyond all Necromancy, Would call fresh blood into my veins again; Strenghten my nerves, to break the Iron gates Of death, and force my joyful spirit from Th Elijian Paradise to live with you.

King You shall not be a loser Thymele: Philoch's shall be yours, and in exchange

Placella mine,

Pinter To me my beauteous spouse Thou art as Juno to her Jupiter, Sister and wife.

Thy Your highness may be pleas'd Now at so happy leasure to perpend The Oracle; which truly hath effected Each word of the prediction.

King. Who can repeat the answer, I ha'lost it.

Dif. I have it.

Contend not for the jewel, which Ere long shall both of you enrich.

Philos. Eudina does fo: me in a dear fifter.

Plular. Me in a Peerless wife.

Dif. Pursue your fortune: for tis she Shall make ye what you seem to be.

Philoc. She has done that too: For now indeed w'are brothers.

King Apollo thou haft fill'd us all with joy,

But

The Love-sick Court.

But has our joy already fill'd our Court Loud Mu-With Musick?

fick is here.

Dif. Will your Majesty yet sit And see the practise of a presentation,

Against the Marriages by your Swains of *Tempe* With thanks; and give it all the grace we may?

Ger. From Tempe plains, the Tempe Swains Enter With mirth and Melody, Geron and

With Dance and Song do hither throng To greet your Majestie.

the Swains and Nymphs for the dance.

Gar. O there, look there, Madam, my Son, and all My old Temperian Neighbours.

Ger. We cannot hope in all our scope,

To gain much praise for skill,

But it shall be enough, if ye Accept of our good will.

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The Dance.

King. My thanks to all.

All. Heaven bless your Majesty. Exeunt.

King. Thanks to Apollo. Let his temple be The place of our folemnity. His Altars Let them be laden with Arabian spices; Let his Priests lead, in a devout procession, The horned Sacrifice, mantled with Ghirlonds And we (our Temples crown'd with Laurel) sollow With Musick, sounding Hymen and Apollo.

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.

Is not the Poets art, nor all that we By life of Attion can present unt'ye Can justly make us to presume a Play Is good till you approv't: which that you may It cannot mis-become us, since our gains Come by your favour more then all our pains. Thus to submit us unto your commands And humbly ask that favour at your hands.





THE

WEEDING

OF THE

COVENT-GARDEN.

Or the

Middlesex-J USTICE

Peace.

A Facetious COMEDY.

APOSTHUME of RICHARD BROME, An Ingenious Servant, and Imitator of his Mader, that famoufly Renowned Poet Ben. Folinfon.

Aut frod Je solent, aut delecture Poetæ, Dramatis Personæ.

LONDON,

Price for Andrew Crook, and are to be fold at the force Dragon in St. Pauls Church-yard: And Houry Broom at the Gun in Iny-lane. 1658





Jpon AGLAURA printed in Folio.

BY this large Margent did the Poet mean To have a Comment writ upon his Scene? Or is it that the Ladies, who ne're look On any but a Poeme or Play-book, May, in each page, have space to scribble down When fuch a Lord, or Fashion comes to Town. Is Swaines in Almanacks accounts do keep, When their Cow calv'd, and when they bought mkis the life of Paper; tis meet then, (their sheep? That this which feap'd the I'refs should feel the A Room with one fide furnish'd, or a face (Pen. Paintet half way, is but a faire difgrace. This great voluminous l'amphlet may be faid To be like one that hath more haire then head; More excrement then body. Trees, which sprout With broadest leaves, have still the smallest When I faw fo much white, I did begin To think Aglaura either did lie in, Ver else took Pennance. Never did I see (Unliffe in Bills dasht in the Chancerie) to little in fo much; as if the feet Of Poetry, like Law, were fold by the sheet. This new fishion should but last one yearc, Poets, as Clerks, would make our paper dear. oth not Artist erre, and blast his same.

That

That sets out pictures lesser then the frame? Was ever Chamberlaine so mad, to dare

To lodge a childe in the great Bed at Ware?

Aglaura would please better, did she lie

I'th' narrow bounds of an Epitomie.

Pieces that are weav'd of the finest twist, (then list.

(As Silk and Plush) have still more stuffe. She, that in Persian habit made great brags,

Degenerates in this excesse of rags;

Who, by her Giant-bulk this only gaines,

Perchance in Libraries to hang in chaines.

'Tis not in Book, as Cloth; we never fay

Make London-measure, when we buy a Play:

But rather have them pair'd: Those leaves be To the judicious, which more spotted are. (faire

Give me the sociable Pocket-books.

These empty Folio's only please the Cooks.

R. B.

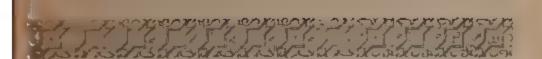
A SONG.

Way with all grief and give us more fack. Tis that which we love, let love have no lack.

Nor forrow, nor care can crosse our delights. Nor witches nor goblins, nor Buttery sprights, Tho' the candles burne dimme while we can do thus,

We'll fcorn to flie them: but we'll make them flie us.

Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old crew Will fright away Sprights, when the ground looks blew.



A

PROLOGUE.

E that could never boast nor seek the way.

To prepare friends to magnifie his Play. Nor raile at's Auditory for unjult. If they not lik't it, nor was so mistrust-Ful ever in himself, that he befought Preapprobation though they lik't it not. Nor ever had the luck to have his name Clap't up above this merit. Nor the shame To be crued down below it. He this night Your faire and free Attention does invite. Only he prays no prejudice be brought By any that before-hand with it nought. And that ye all be pleaf'd to heare and fee, With Candor furting his Integritie. That for the Writer. Something we must fay, Now in defence of us, and of the Play. We thall present no Scandal or abuse, To vertue or to honour. Nor traduce Person of worth. Nor point at the disgrace Of any one residing in the Place. On which our Scene is laid, nor any Action shew. Of thing has there been done, for ought we know. Though MANOL II.

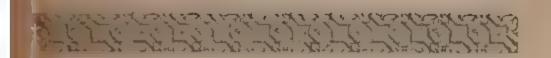
Though it be probable that such have been.
But if some vicious persons be brought in,
As no new Buildings, nor the strongest hold
Can keep out Rats and Vermine bad and bold,
Let not the sight of such be ill endur'd;
All soresare seen and search't before th' arecur'd.
As Russian, Bawd, and the licentious crew,
Too apt to pester Scituations new.

Another Prologue.

Tis not amisse ere we begin our Play,
T' intreat you, that you take the same surveigh
Into your fancie, as our Poet took,
Of Covent-Garden, when he wrote his book,
Some ten years since, when it was grown with
weeds,
Not set, as now it is, with Noble Seeds.
Which make the Garden glorious. And much
Our Poet craves and hopes you will not grutch
It him, that since so happily his Pen
Forctold its saire emprovement, and that men

Of worth and honour should renown the place.

The Play may still retain its former grace.



To my LORD of Newcastle, on his PLAY called THE VARIETY. He having commanded to give him my true opinion of it.

My Lord,

I Could not think these seven yeares, but that I In part a poet was, and so might lie, By the Poetick Licence. But I finde Now I am none, and strictly am consin'd To truth, if therefore I subpana'd were Before the Court of Chancerie to swear. Or if from thence I should be higher sent, And on my life unto a Parliament Of wit and sudgement, there to certise What I could say of your VARIETY: I would depose each Scene appear'd to me An All of wit, each All a Comedy, And all was such, to all that understood, As knowing Johnson, swore By God'twas good.

The Actors Names.

Rooksbill, a great Builder in Covent-Garden.

Crossewill, a Countrey Gentleman, Lodger in his Buildings.

Cockbrain, a Justice of Peace, the Weeder of

the Garden.

Nicholas.
Gabriel.
Young GenCroffewills elder fon.
Mihil.
Anthony.

Rooksbills fon
Croff. younger fon.
Cockbraines fon.

Mun Clotpoll, a foolish Gull.

Driblow, Captain of the Philoblathici.

Belt, Crossewills Servant.

Ralph, Dorcas Servant.

A Citizen.

A Parson.

A Taylor.

A Shoomaker.

A Vintner.

A Drawer.

Pig, Damaris Servant.

Women Actors.

Lucie, Rooksbills daughter.

Katharine, Crossewills daughter.

Dorcas, alias Damaris, Croswills Neece.

Margerie Howlet, a Bawd.

Bettie. Two Punks.

Francisca.

A Laundresse.



THE

COVENT-GARDEN

Weeded.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cockbrayne, Rookes-bill.

Cock.



Marry Sir! This is fomething like!
Thefe appear like Buildings!
Here's Architecture express indeed!
It is a most sightly scituation, and

fit for Centry and Nobility.

Rook When it is all finished, doubtlesse it will

be handfome.

Cock. It will be glorious; and youd magnificent Peece, the Puzzze, will excel that at Venuce, by hearfay. (I ne're travell'd. A hearty bleffing on their braines, honours, and wealths, that are Projectors, Furtherers, and Performers of fuch great works. And now I come to you Mr. Rookesbill. I like your Rowe of houses most incomparably. Your money never B.

thone to on your Counting-boards, as in those Structures.

Rook. I have pil'd up a Leash of thousand round

in walls and windows there.

Cock. It will all come again with large in crease.

And better is your money thus let out on red and white, then upon black and white, I fay. You can not think how I am taken with that Rowe! How ever and straight they are! And so are all indeed. The Surveyor (what e're he was) has manifested himself the Master of his great Art. How he has wedded strength to beauty; state to uniformity; commodiousnesse with perspicuity! All, all as't should be!

Rook. If all were as well tenanted and inhabited

by worthy perfons.

Cock Phew; that will follow. What new Plants tion was ever peopled with the better fort at first; nay, commonly the lewdest blades, and naughty packs are either necessitated to 'hem, or else do prove the most forward venturers. Is not lime and hair the first in all your soundations? do we not soile or dung our lands, before we fowe or plant any thing that's good in 'hem? And do not weeds creep up first in all Gardens? and why not then in this? which never was a Garden until now, and which will be the Garden of Gardens, I forefee't. And for the weeds is it, let me alone for the weeding of them out. fo as my Reverend Ancestor Justice Adam Overdoe was wont to fay, In Heavens name and the Kings, and for the good of the Common-wealth I will go about it.

Rook. I would a few more of the Worshipful here abouts, (whether they be in Commission or not) were as well minded that way as you are Sir; we should then have all sweet and clean, and that quickly too.

Cock

Cock. I have thought upon a way for't, Mr. Rooks-III. and I will purfue it, ris to finde out all the normities, yet be my felfe unspied: whereby I will read out the spark of impiety, whilest it is yet a park and not a slame; and break the egge of a mishies, whilest it is yet an egge and not a Cockatrice then doubt not of worthy tenants for your houses. Ir. Rooksbill.

Rook I hope, Sir, your best furtherance.

Cock. I had a letter but last night from a worthy hend, a West-countrey Gentleman, that is, now soming up with his family to live in Town here; and lastre is to inhabit in these buildings. He was to be a Hammersmith last night, and requested an early leeting of me this morning here, to assist him in the taking of a house. It is my businesse hither, or he could never do't himselse. He has the oddest buchy, wrangling humour—— But in a harmlesse buchy, wrangling humour—— But in a harmlesse by; for he hurts no body, and pleases himsels in it. His children have all the trouble of it, that do anger im in obeying him sometimes. You will know am anon. I mean, he shall be your Tenant and luckily he comes.

Enter Croswill, Gabriel, Katherine, Belt.

Crof. It is not enough you tell me of obedience. Or that you are obedient. But I will be obeyed in my own way. Do you fee —— (to Gab. and Ka)

Ceck. My noble friend Mr. Crofwill, right happi-

w met.

Crof. Your troublesome friend Mr. Cockbrayne.
Cock. No trouble at all, Sir, though I have preented yours in finding a fit house for you.

Cref. You ha' not ha' you, ha?

B 2

Cock

Cock. Actum est Mr. Croswill. But Civility pardon me, Is not this your daughter? Kisse.

Cros. All the Shee-things I have: and would I

were well rid of her too.

Cock. Sweet Mrs. Katherine, Welcome — Mr. Gabriel, I take it.

Gab. Gabriel Croswill is my name.

Cock. But where's your younger sonne Mihill? There's a spark!

Cros. A Spark! A dunce I fear by this time like

his brother Sheepshead there.

Gab. Gabriel is my proper name.

Cros. I have not seen him this Twelve-moneth, since I chamber'd him a Student here in Town.

Cock. In town, and I not know it?

Cros. He knows not yet of my coming neither, nor shall not, till I steal upon him; and if I finde him mopish like his brother, I know what I will doe.

Cock. Have you not heard from him lately?

Crof. Yes, often by his letters, lesse I could reade more comfort in 'hem. I fear he's turn'd Precisian, for all his Epistles end with Amen; and the matter of 'hem is such as if he could teach me to ask him blessing.

Rook. A comfortable hearing of a young man.

Cros. Is it so Sir? but I'le new mould him if it be so.— I'le tell you Mr. Cockbrayne; never was such a father so crost in his children. They will not obey me in my way. I grant, they do things that other sathers would rejoyce at. But I will be obeyed in my own way, dee see. Here's my eldest sonne. Mark how he stands, as if he had learn't a posture at Knights-bridge spittle as we came along while-eare. He was not only borne without wit, but with an obstinate resolution, never to have any. I mean, such wit as might become a Gentleman.

Cock.

Cock. Was that resolution borne in him think

Crof It could never grow up in him still as it does else. When I would have him take his horse, and sollow the dogs, and associate Gentlemen, in hawking hunting, or such like exercises, he'll run you a soot five mile another way, to meet the brethren of the separation, at such exercises as I never sent him to (I am sure) on worky dayes. And whereas most Gentlemen run into other mens books, in hands that they care not who reades, he has a book of his own Short-writing in his pocket, of such stuffe as is sit for no mans reading indeed but his own.

Gab. Surely Sir.-

Crof Sure you are an Asse. Hold your tongue.

Gab You are my father.

Rook What comfort should I have, were my fon

Cref And he has nothing but hang'd the head, as you fee now, ever fince Holiday sports were cried up in the Countrey. And but for that, and to talk with some of the silene'd Pastors here in town about it, I should not have drawn him up.

Rock. I would I could change a fonne w' you

Sir.

Cref. What kinde of thing is thy fonne? ha! doft thou look like one that could have a fonne fit for me to tather, ha? And yet the best take both, and t' please you at all adventures, ha?

Rook. I am fure there cannot be a worfe, or

more debauch'd reprobate then mine is living.

Cref And is the devil too good a Mafter for him, think'it thou, ha? Wherein can I deferve fo ill at thy hands, fellow, whate're thou art, that thou should'it with me comber'd with a worse burden, when thou hearest me complain of this, ha? What is this sellow that you dare know him, Friend Cock-

 \mathbf{B}_{3}

brayn?

brayn? I will not dwell within three parishes of him.

Rook. My tenant! Blesse me from him. I had rather all my Rents were Bawdy houses.

Cock. Think nothing of his words, he'll forget

all instantly. The best natur'd man living.

Cros. Dost thou stand like a son now that hears his sather abus'd, ha?

Gab. I am praying for the conversion of the young man he speaks of.

Cock. Well faid, Mr. Gabriel.

Crof. But by the way, where's your sonne Anthony? have you not heard of him yet?

Cock. Never fince he forfook me, on the discontent he took, in that he might not marry your daughter there. And where he lives, or whether he lives or not, I know not. I hope your daughter is a comfort to you.

Cros. Yes, in keeping her chamber whole weeks together, sullenning upon her Samplery breach-work, when I was in hope she would have made me a grand-stather ere now. But she has a humour, sorsooth, since we put your son by her, to mak me a match-broker, her marriage-Maker; when I tell you friend, there has been so many untoward matches of Parents making, that I have sworn she shall make her own choice, though it be of one I hate. Make me her match-maker! Must I obey her, or she me, ha?

Cock. I wish with teares, my sonne had had her

now.

Kat. Wherein Sir, (under correction) do I disobey you?

Cros. In that very word, under correction, thou disobey'st me. Are you to be under correction at these yeares? ha! If I ha' not already taught you manners beyond the help of correction, go seek a wifer father to mend 'hem.

Kat Yet give me leave, dear Sir, in my ex-

(re/. Leave out correction then.

For with a husband, must I not be sought?

To with a husband, must I not be sought?

There was a Gadger: and my mother,

Before the dy'd, adjur'd me to be none.

I to be you'd give me leave to keep your house.

Crif La there again! How fubtly the feeks minion over me! No, hulwife, No, you keep no house of mine. I'll neftle you no longer under my ung. Are you not fledge; I'll have you fly out I, as other mens daughters do; and keep a house of your own if you can find it.

Gab We had a kinswoman flew out too late-

ly. I take it.

Cref What tell'st thou me of her; wise-acres? Can they not she out a little, but they must turne arrant whores, ha? Tell me of your kinswoman? Tis true, she was my Neece; she went to't a little afore her time? some two years since, and so sled from Religion; and is turn'd Turk, we fear. And what of that in your precisionical wisdom? I have such children as no man has. But (as I was saying,) would ye top me huswise, ha! Look you, now I chide her, she sayes nothing. Is this obedience, ha?

Kat Perhaps, I might unfortunately caft my

affection on a man that would refuse me.

Crof That man I would defire to know; thew me that man; fee if I fwinge him not dares flight my daughter.

Cock Still the old humour, felf-will'd, croffe, and touchie, but fuddainly reconcil'd Come Mr.

Crofwel, to the bulinesse.

Cress. Oh, you told me of a house you had found for me.

Cock. Yes Sir. And here's the Landlord.

Cris

Cros. Does he look, or go like one could let a

house worthy of me.

Cock. Sir, we have able Builders here, that will not carry least shew of their buildings on their backs. This is a rich sufficient man, I assure you, and my friend.

Cros. I cry him heartily mercy, and embrace him. And now I note you better, you look like

Thrift it felf.

Enter Dorcas above upon a Bellconie. Gabriel gazes at her. Dorcas is habited like a Curtizan of Venice.

I cannot think you will throw away your houses at a cast. You have a sonne, perhaps, that may, by the commendations you gave of him. Lets see your house.

Cock. Come away Mr. Gabrie!.

Crof. Come Sir, what do you gape and shake the head at there? I'll lay my life he has spied the little Crosse upon the new Church yond, and is at desiance with it. Sirrah, I will make you honour the first syllable of my name. My name is Will. Croswill, and I will have my humour. Let those that talk of me for it, speak their pleasure, I will do mine.

Gab. I shall obey you, Sir.

Cros. Now you are in the right. You shall indeed. I'll make your heart ake else, dee see.

Gab. But truly I was looking at that Image; that painted idolatrous image yonder, as I take it.

Cock. O heresie! It is some Lady or Gentlewoman standing upon her Bellconey.

Bellconey? Where is it? I can spy

from

from her foot to her face, yet I can fee no Bellconey he has.

Co k What a Knave's this: That's the Bellconey the stands on, that which jets out so on the sorepart of the house, every house here has one of hem.

Belt 'Tis very good; I like the jetting out of the forepart very well; it is a gallant fallion indeed.

Cock I guels what the is, what ere I have faid. O

juffice look to thine Office.

Cref Come now to this house, and then to my son Mileu, the Spark you spoke of. And if I find him cross too, I le cross him: Let him look to't. Dee see.

Cock I'le see you hould; and then about my project, which is for weeding of this hopeful Garden.

Gabriel flayes last looking up at her.

Dam Why should not we in England use that freedome

The famous Courtezans have in *Italy*: We have the art, and know the Theory

To allure and catch the wandring eyes of Lovers; Yea, and their hearts too; but our ftricter Lawes

Forbids the publique practice, our defires

Are high as theirs: our wills as apt and forward;

Our wits as tipe, our beauties more attractive;

Or travellers are throwd lyars. Where's the let?

Only in bafliful coward cuftome, that

Stoops i'the shoulders, and submits the neck

To bondage of Authority; to these Lawes,

That men of teeble age and weaker eye-light

Have fram'd to bar their fons from youthful plea-

Possets and Cawdels on their quease stomacks Whilst I fly out in brave rebellion;

And offer at the least, to break these shackles. That holds our legs together: And begin

A fathion, which purfu'd by Cyprian Dames,

May

May perswade Justice to allow our Games. Who knows? I'le try. Francisca bring my Lute.

Enter Fran. with Lute.

While she is tuning her Lute: Enter Nich. Rookesbill, Anthony in a false beard, Clotpoll.

Clot. Troth I have a great mind to be one of the Philoblathici, a Brother of the Blade and Battoon, as you translate it; now ye have beat it into my head: But I fear I shall never come on and off hand-somely. I have mettal enough methinks, but I know not how methinks to put it out.

Nich. We'l help you out with it, and fet it flying

for you never doubt it.

Clot. Obotts, you mean my money mettal, I mean my valour mettal I.

Ant. Peace, heark.

Clot. T'other flyes fast enough already.

Nic. Pox on ye peace.

Song.

Nic. O most melodious.

Clot. Most odious, Did you say? It is methinks most odoriserous.

Ant. What new devise can this be? Look!

Nic. She is vanisht. Is't not the Mountebanks Wise that was here; and now come again to play some new merry tricks by her self.

Clot. A botts on't, I never faw that Mountebank; they fay, he brought the first resort into this new plantation, and sow'd so much seed of Knavery and Cozenage here, that 'tis fear'd 'twill never out.

Nic. Nay but this creature: What can she be?

Clot. And then again, he drew such flocks of idle people

to him, that the Players, they fay, curft

Thou ever talk'ft of the wrong matter.

Cry mercy Brothers of the Blade and Bat-Do you think if I give my endeavour to it, ever learn to roar and carry it as you do, ave it naturally, as you fay.

Yes, as we'll beat it into you. But this this mufical woman, that let herfelf out to

, I would be fatisfied in her.

And the be as able as the feems, the has in fatisfic you, and you were a Brother of ten and ten Battounes.

I vow—Peace. I'le battoune thy teeth into ague elfe, the bears a stately presence. Thou

faw'ft her before; Didit thou Toney?

No, but I heard an inkling at the Paris last night of a She-Gallant that had tra-France and Italy; and that she would—

Battoun thy teeth into thy tongue.) write

Plant some of her forraign collections, the of her travels, in this Garden here, to try how bould grow or thrive on English earth.

Young Pig was speaking of such a one to

d that the was a Mumper.

What's that a Sister of the Scabberd,

of the Blade?

Come, come; we'l in, we'l in; 'tis one of thers buildings; I'le see the inhabitants. money Clot. surnish I say, and quickly.—I

You shall, you shall.

What shall I?

Vow twice before you have it.

I vow, and I vow again, I'le coynthy brains,— Hold, hold, take your powl money, I thought I would have my will; and the word I look for, The coyn thy brains.—— write.

I do not love to give my money for nothing, I have a volume of words here, the worst of hem is as good as a blow; and then I save my Crown whole half a dozen times a day, by half a crown a time, there's half in half sav'd by that.

Nic. Come let's appear civil, till we have our entrance, and then as occasion ferves——Knock.

Enter Fran.

Who would you fpeak withal?

Nic. Your Mistress, little one.

Fran. Do you know her Sir?

Nic. No; but I would know her, that's the business: I mean the musical Gentlewoman that was fidling, and so many in the What-doe-call't een now.

Fran. What-doe-call her Sir, I pray?

Nic. What-doe-call her; 'tis not come to that yet, prethee let me see and speak with her first.

Fran. You are dispos'd I think.

Nic. What should we do here else?

Fra. You wont thrust in upon a body whether one will or no.

Ant. Nic. Away you Monkey.

Fra. O me, What do you mean?

Clot. O my brave Philoblathici.—— Ex. omnes.

Enter Dorcas, alias Damaris, Madge.

Dam. What's the matter the Girl cryes out so?

Ma. I know not: I fear some rude company. some of the wild crew are broke into the house.

Fran. Within. Whether would you go, you wont rob the house will ye?

Nic. Will ye be quiet Whiskin?

Ma. O me 'tis fo: Hell's broke loose; this comes of your new fingle-fangle fashion, your prepostrous Italian way forsooth: would I could have kept my old ways of pots and pipes, and my Strong-water course

die guts has broke all, and conjur'd a legion of vils among us.

Enter Nic. Ant. Clot.

Nic. Nay, there's but a Leath of us. How now? Tho have we here? Are these the far travel'd adies? O thou party perpale, or rather parboild and.

Mud. What shall I do? Dam. Out alass; sure

Nic. Art thou travel'd crofs the Seas from the lankfide hither, old Countefs of Codpiece-row?

Clot. Party perpale and parboild Bawd.—Write.

Ant And is this the Damfel that has been in France and Italy? Clot Codpiece-row

M.d. Peace ye roaring Scabs: He betworn the apt at Paris Tavern last night, and lay not long to at the Venice by Whitefriers Dock.

Nic. Prethee what is the Madge?

Mad. A civil Gentlewoman you fee she is.

Arc She has none of the best faces: but is she tarrantable, I have not had a civil night these tree moneths.

Madge. Nor none are like to have here, I affure

Nic () Madge how I do long thy thing to ding sidle ding.

Mad. O Nick, I am not in the humour, no more the to be o'the merry pin now; I am fure her cafe too lamentable. But if you will all fit down, I'le ive you a bottle of wine, and we'l relate her ftory you, so you will be civil. Nic. Well for once I are not if we be.

A Table bottle, light, and Tobacco flales

Let us fet to't then; fit down brother Toney, fit

down



Tie Covent-Garden Weeded. 11

down Gentlewoman, we shall know your name anon, I hope it will fall in your story; fit down Clot-

Mr. You will call me brother Clotpoll too when I have taken my eath, and paid my entrance into the intermy of the Blade and the Battoun.

No. 11's ke we thall. New Lady of the Stygian are troublack informal Mudge, begin the difmal of the segment the cettle.

s l'ent en iman n'hote name is Damyris. Fier n. ik-name then is Danimy,

and the state I gray Sir?

- in it my Sirname and what

- - cut of T bacco. inv.

Nic. But my Father; Pox rot ye, why do ye at me in mind of him again, he sticks i'my throat, w I'le wash him a little further.—Here Brother coner

Aut. Gramercy Brother Nick.

Clot And to all the brothers that are, and are to

Nic There faid you well Clotpoll: Here 'tis-

Mad. fets away the Bottle.

Mad. I would but have asked you whether your father were that Rookesbill that is call'd the great builder.

Nuc. Yes marry is it he foorfooth; he has built know not how many houses hereabout, though he bes Dammy as if he were not worth a groat; and if his cloaths I vow are not worth this hilt, except bose he wears, and prayes for fair weather in, on my Lord Mayors Day; and you are his Tenant, hough perhaps you know it not, and may be mine; terefore use me well: for this house and the rest I sope will be mine, as well as I can hope he is mortal, which I must confess I have been in some doubt, hough now I hope again, he will be the first shall up his bones i'the new Church, though the Churchard be too good for him before 'tis confecrated. So give me the tother cup, for now he offends my comack. Here's to thee now Clotpoll.

Llot. And to all the Sifters of the Scabberd Broher in Election. Dec hear, Pray talk of his father to more, for the next brings him to the belly-work, and then he'll drink him quite through him.

Mad. And so we shall have a soul house.

Ant. No he thall flick there. Now to the story Gentlewoman, 'twas that we fate for.

Nic. I to the story, I vow I had almost forgot it, and I am the worst at Sack in a morning: Dear Dammy to the story.

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Dam. Good Sir my heart's too full to utter't.

Nic. Troth and my head's too full to hear it: But I'le go out and quarrel with some body to settle my brains, then go down to Mich. Crossewill to put him in mind of our meeting to day; then if you will meet me at the Goat at Dinner, wee'll have it all at large.

Dam. Will you be there indeed Sir, I would speak

with you feriously.

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Nic. Dammy if I be not, may my sather out live me.

Ant. We both here promise you he shall be there by noon.

Clot. 'Lady, 'tis fworn by Blade and by Battoun. Nic. This will be the bravest discovery for Milill,

the new Italian Bona Roba Catfoe.

Mad. Why fo fad on the fuddain Niece.

Dam. But do you think hee'll come as he has

promis'd.

Mad. He never breaks a promise with any of us, though he sail all the honest part o'the world: But I trust you are not taken with the Russian, you'll nere get penny by him. Exeunt Nic. Anth. and Clodp.

Dam. I prethee peace, I care not.

Enter Rase.

Ra. But Mystris, there is a Gallant now below, a Gingle boy indeed, that has his pockets sull of crowns that chide for vent. Shall I call him up to you.

Dam. I will fee no man.

Mad. How's that? I hope you jest.

Dam. Indeed, I hope you jest.

Mad. You will not hinder the house, I hope. Marry heigh. This were a humour and 'twould last. Go setch him up.

Dam. I'le flie then out at window. Nay, by this

steel 'tis true.

Mad. What's the matter? have I got a mad woman into the house. What do you go about to break me the first day of your coming, before you have hansell'd a Couch or a Bedside in't. Were you but now all o'th heigh to set your self out for a signe with your siddle cum twang, and promise such wonders, sorsooth, and will not now be seen. Pray what's the Riddle.

Dam. I'll tell thee all anon. Prithie excuse me. I know thy share of his sins bounty would not come to thus much, take it, I give it thee. And prithee let me be honest till I have a minde to be otherwise, and I'le hinder thee nothing.

Ma. Well, I'le dismisse the Gallant, and send you, Sirrah, for another wench. I'le have Besse Bussele head again. This kicksy wincy Giddibrain will spoil all. I'le no more Italian tricks.——Ex. with Rafe.

Thus some have by the phrensie of despair Fumously run into the sea to throw Their wretched bodies, but when come near They saw the billows rise, heard *Boreas* blow, And horrid death appearing on the Maine, A sudden sear hath sent them back again.

Act. 11. Scæn. 1.

Enter Mihill. Taylor. Shoomaker.

Mi. Nay, but honest Shoomaker; thy honest price.

Sho. I tell you intruth, Sir, 'tis as good a boot as

ever you pull'd on in your life.

Mi. A little too streight, I doubt. What do you think o' my boots honest Tailor.

Tay.

Tay. They do exceeding handsomely, never trust me Sir.

Mi. Never fear it Tailor, you shall trust me, and please you.

Tay. You are pleasant Sir.

Mi. And what do you think of my suite Shoomaker? can you say as much for the Tailor as he for you.

Sho. A very neat suite, Sir, and becomes you excellent.

Mi. Honest men both, and hold together; one would little think you were so near neighbours. Well you have sitted me both, I must confesse. But how I shall sit you, now there's the point.

Tay. There's but one way for that and please

you.

Sho. With paying us our money Sir.

Mi. Still both in a tale, I cannot but commend your neighbourhood. I muse my Laundresse stayes, I sent her three or soure wayes for moneys. But do not you stay for that. I have wayes enough to pay you. I have ploughes a going that you dream not of.

Tay. No indeed, Sir, we dream of nothing but ready money, fleeping or waking.

Mi. I shall be rich enough, ne're fear't. I have

a venter in the new foap-businesse man.

Tay. We are but fervants, Sir. And our Masters themselves have no faith, in slippery projects.

Sho. Besides, the women begin to grumble against that slippery project shrewdly, and, 'tis feard, will mutinie shortly.

Mi. Burlakin, and they may prove more trouble-

fome then a commotion of Sailors.

Enter Laundresse.

O welcome, Laundresse, where's the money.

Laun. Not a penny of money, Sir, can I get. But here's one come to town has brought you enough, and you can have grace to finger it.

Mr. Who's that I prithee.

Laun Your father, your father, Sir. I met his man by great chance, who told me his Master meanes to steal upon you presently, and take you

as he findes you,

he was to come. And that he meanes to live here altogether. He has had an aime these dozen years to live in town here, but never was sully bent on't until the Proclamation of restraint spurs'd him up. Tis such a Crossevill. Well, he is my father, and I am utterly undone if thou help'st me not now at a pinch, at a pinch, dear Laundresse. Go borrow me a Gown, and some source or sive Law-books, for, I protest, mine are in Duck-lane. Nay, trudge, sweet Laundresse, trudge.—Ex. Laun. Honest Tailor and Shoemaker convey your selves away quietly, and I'll pay you to morrow, as I am a Gentleman:

Shor. As I am a Shoemaker, and that's a kinde of a Gentleman, you know, I'll not stirre till I have my money, I am not an Asse Sir.

Mr. No body fayes thou art.

Shoe I have had too many fuch tricks put upon me i' my dayes.

Mr. A trick! as I hope for money it is no

trick.

Shoe. Well Sir, trick or no trick, I must have my

money or my boots, and that's plain dealing

Mi A pox o'th' boots, fo my legs were out of hem. Would they were i'thy throat, spurres and all, you will not out.

Shee.

Shoe. No marry will we not.

Tay. Well-said Shoomaker, I commend thee, thou hast a better heart then I, though my stomack's good.

Enter Laundresse.

Mi. O well-said, my good Laundresse. How am I bound to thee; yet all this wo'not do't Laundresse. Thou must bestir thy stumps a little surther, and borrow me a couple of Gownes more for these Rascals here that will not away.

Laun. How! wo'not away? And they were well ferv'd, they would be thrust out of doors for saucie companions. Your Masters would not put a Gen-

tleman to his trumps thus.

Mi. Nay, sweet Laundresse, restrain thy tongue, and stretch thy seet. A couple of Gowns, good Laundresse, and forget not caps. Ex. If I do now surnish you like Civil Lawyers, and you do not keep your countenances; if ever you do but peep in at the Hall-door at Christmas to see the revels, I'le have you set i'th' stocks for this beleeve it.

Sho. If you do, Sir, I may hap be even with you before the year comes about, and fet you in our

stocks for't.

Tay. But will you make Lawyers of us.

Mi. Have you a minde to have your money you unbelieving Rascals.

Shoe. I see your drift, and hope you'll prove an honest Gentleman.

Mi. Thou hast some hope, though no faith nor trust in any man.

Shoe. Alas, Sir, our Masters sit at great rents,

and keep great families.

Mi. I cry you mercy, they are remov'd into the new plantation here, where, they fay, are a tribe of Infidel tradesmen, that have made a Law within your

our selves to put no trust in Gentlemen. But beare our selves handsomely here you were best. I am equainted with a crew that haunts about your abitation, with whom I will joyne, and so batter our windows one of these nights else.—O welcom,

Laundresse, how doest thou toile for me.

Laun Your fathers talking, as I am a woman, beow. Mi. As thou art a woman below, well-faid. ome on with these Gownes, and lets see how ou'll look. If we had time, the Shoomaker should tash his face; but seeing there is no remedy; pull he cap in your eyes, and goodenough. Now Launresse, set us stooles, and leave us.

Laun. I hear him coming up. Ex.

Mr Now let him come, we are ready for him. hoomaker, keep your hand underneath the ook, that the pitch do not discover you.

Sho. I warrant you, Sir.

Mr. And Taylor, be fure you have no Needle on our fleeve, nor thread about your neck.

Tay. I warrant you too for me, Sir.

Mi. He's entred.

Enter Croswill, Belt, and stand aside.

Mi. Remitter, I fay, is where a man hath two tles, that is to fay, one of an elder, the other of a ster. And he cometh to the and by the later title; et the Law adjudgeth him to be in by the force of the elder title. If the tenant in the taile differentiate, and after he difeafeth his difconnue, and so dieth seised, whereby the tenants escend to their issue, as to his Cousin inheritable by bree of the taile. In this case the tenants descend, the have right by sorce of the taile, a Remitter a the taile taken for that in the Law, shall put and djudge him to be in by sorce of descent. Pox on e, speak something good or bad, somewhat.

Sho

Sho. The Remitter, you say, is seised i'th'tail.

Mi. Excellent Shoomaker, I say so, and again, I say, that if the tenant in the taile in seosse his son, or his Cousin, inheritable by force of the taile, the which sonne or cousin at the time of the seossent is within age, and after the tenant in the taile dieth, this is a Remitter to the heire in the taile, to whom the seossent is made, now Taylor.

Tay. Think you so, Sir.

Mi. Look either Fitzherbert, Perkins, or Dier, and you shall finde it in the second part of Richard Cordelyon. So much for Remitter. Now I'll put a plain home-spun case, as a man may say, which we call a moot-case.

Sho. I pray do Sir.

Croff. Some father might take joy of such a some now. This takes not me. No, this is not my way.

Mi. The case is this (aside) pull up your grounds closer and behang'd, you are a Tailor, and you a

Shoomaker.

Sho. And you owe us money.

Mi. I put the case, I do, to you for a suit of clothes.

Tay. Well.

Mi. And to you for a paire of boots.

Sho. True.

Mi. I have broke my day with you both. Suppose so.

Both. Very well, we do.

Mi. You clap a Sergeant o' my back. I put in bail, remove it, and carry it up into the upper Court, with habeas Corpus; bring it down again into the lower Court with procedendo; then take it from thence, and bring it into the Chancery with a Certiorari; I, and if you look not to't, bring it out of the Chancery again, and thus will I keep you from

com your money till your fuite and your boots be come out before you recover penny of me.

Sho. S'ly'd but you shall not, your father shall

now all first.

Mr. S'foot Shoomaker wilt thou be an Asse. I but put a case, Have you not feen it tried.

Tay. Yes, very often.

Croff. Away with books. Away with Law. Away with madnesse. I, God blesse thee, and make thee is servant, and defend thee from Law, I say. Take these books, sarrah, and carry them presently ato Pauls Church-yard dee see, and change them is for Histories, as pleasant as profitable; Arthur Britain, Primation of Greece, Amadis of Gaul, and sach like de see.

Mr I hope he do's but jest.

Cross. And do you heare, Sirrah.

Belt. I Sir.

Croff. Get Bells work, and you can, into the bar-

Belt. Which Bell, Sir? Adam Bell, with Clim

Croff. Adam Bell you Affe? Valiant Bell that

all'd the Dragon.

Belt. You mean St, George.

Croff. Sir Folthead, do I not. I'le teach you to

Mi. Sfoot, how shall I answer my borrow'd books?

Stay Belt, Pray Sir, do not change my books.

Crof. Sir, Sir, I will change them and you too: Did leave thee here to learn fathions and manners, that you mightift carry thy felf like a Gentleman, and oft thou wall thy brains in learning a language that understand not a word of? ha! I had been as good eve brought thee up among the wild Irift.

Mi. Why alass Sir, Had I not better keep my self of thin my Chamber, at my Studie, then be rioting C. A. abroad

abroad, wasting both money and time, which is more precious then money? if you did know the inconvenience of company, you would rather incourage and commend my retir'd life, then any wayes dehort me from it.

Cros. Why Sir did not I keep companie think

you when I was young? Ha!

Mi. Yes Sir; but the times are much alter'd, and youth more corrupted now, they did not drink and wench in those dayes, but nay, o'tis abominable in these.

Cros. Why this is that I fear'd, the boyes turning meacock too, after his elder brother, 'twas time to look to him.

Nick. Rookesbill. Ant. Clotp.

Nich. Why Croswill Mich. What, not up yet and behang'd. Or ha ye a Wench a bed wye. Is this keeping your home. Mihil runs to the door and holds it.

Mi. Sfoot the Rogue Rooksbil and his crew, I fear'd as much.

Nic. Break open the door, let me come to't.

Mi. Forbear, or behang'd, you will undo me, my father's here. I'll meet you anon as I am honest.

Nic. Your father's a Clowterdepouch. Nay, I will come then, what Madamoiselle do you call father.

They Enter.

Mi. You would not believe me. Pray be civil.

Ant. 'Tis so, we will Cry mercy, you are busie, we will not moote to day then?

Mi. I hope you may excuse me, I'le be w'ye anon.

Nic. Come to the Goat Capricorne. We have the bravest new discovery.

——Ex.

Cros. How now! what are these?

Mr. They are Gentlemen of my standing, Sir, that have a little over-studied themselves, and are somewhat -

Cre/. Mad; are they not? And so will you be hortly, if you sollow these courses. Mooting do they call it? you shall moote nor mute here no longer. Therefore on with your cloak and sword, sollow me to the Tavern, and leave me such long-tail'd company as these are, for I do not like them.

Mr. No more do I, Sir, if I knew how to be rid

of 'hem.

Cros. I think thou hast ne're a sword, hast thou,

Mi. Yes Sir.

Cref Where is it, Sir, let me fe't Sir.

Mi. 'Its here, under my bed, Sir. - Reach it.

Crof. Why there's a Lawyers trick right, make his weapon companion with his Piffe-pot. Fie, fie, here's a tool indeed. There's money, Sir, buy you a good one, one with the Mathematical hilt as they terme it.

Mi It would do better in Mathematical books, Sir, offer me no money, pray Sir, but for books.

Cref Go to, you are a peevish Jack, do not provoke me: do not you owe me obedience? ha!

Mr Yes Sir, Lacknowledge it.

Crof. Tis good you do Well, take that money, and put your felfe into cloathesbefitting your rank, Do fo And let me fee you, fquitting about without a weapon, like an Attorneys Clerk in Tearm-time, and I'l weapon you. What, shall I have a Noddie of you. This frets him to the liver. Go to, never hang the head for the matter. For I tell thee I will have it so, and herein be knowen what I am

Mi You are known fufficiently for your croffe humour already; in which I'll try you if I can

make you double this money, for this will not ferve my turne.

Cros. What have you told it after me, you had

best weigh it too.

Mi. No Sir, but I have computed that for my present use, here is too much by halfe, pray Sir, take halfe back.

Cross. Bodie o'me, what a perverse knave is this, to crosse me thus! Is there too much, say you? ha!

Mi. Yes truly, sir.

Cros. Let me see't. Go thy wayes, take thy musty books, and thy rustie whittle here again. And take your soolish plodding dunci-coxcomely course, till I look after you again. Come away sirrah.

——Ex. with Belt.

Mi. Sfoot, who's the Gull now? Taylor, Shoomaker, you may go pawn your Gownes for any

money I am like to have.

Shoo. We have all played the Lawyers to pretty purpose, in pleading all this while for nothing. Well sir, to avoid further trouble, I am content to withdraw my action, that is, pull off your boots again, and be jogging.

Tayl. And for my part, sir, I can do no lesse

then take you by default and non-fuit you.

Enter Belt.

Mi. Very good Lawyers both, Is my father quite gone Belt?

Belt. Gone in a tempest of high displeasure sir: And has sent you here all the money he had about him; and bids you resuse it if you dare, 'tis above twice the summe he offered you before; but good sir, do not resuse it. He swears he will try whether you or he shall have his will. Take heed you crosse him not too much.

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Mi. Well at thy request, because thou shalt not have anger for carrying it back again, I will accept.

Belt. I thank you Sir. Consider, he's your fa-

ther, fir.

Mi. I do most Reverend Belt, and would be loth to crosse him, although I may as much in taking his money as resusing it, for ought I know, for thou know'st 'tis his custome to crosse me, and the rest of his children in all we do, to try and urge his obedience; 'tis an odde way: therefore to help my self I seem to covet the things that I hate, and he pulls them from me; and makes shew of loathing the things I covet, and he hurles them doubly at me as now in this money.

Belt. Are you fo crafty?

Mi. Yes, but do thou put it in his head, and I'le

pick out thy braines.

Belt. You neverknew an old Serving-man treacherous to his young Master: what? to the hopes o'th' house; you will be heire, that's questionlesse; for to your comfort, your elder brother growes every day more sool then the other. But now the rest of the message is, that you make haste, and come to my Master to the Goat in Covent-Garden, where he dines with his new Landlord to day.

Mi. He has taken a house then.

Belt. O, a most delicate one, with a curious Belconee and all belonging to't most stately.

Mi. At the Goat does he dine, fayest thou.

Belt. Yes sir.

Mi. My crew are gone thither too. Pray Mars we fall not foule of one another. Well, go thy way, present my duty to him, I'le follow presentlie. Tell him I took his money with much unwillingnesse.

Belt. As Lawyers do their fees. Let me alone fir. -Ex.

Mi.

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Mi. Well Tailor and Shoomaker; you have put me to't, but here's your money.

Shoo. 'Twas for that we did put you to't Sir.

Mi. Let's see your bill Tailor.

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Tai. Here 'tis, fir, as ready as a Watchmans.

Mi. Then good words will passe it, 7 li. 4. sh. tell your money; yours is 14 sh. boots and Galloshes. There 'tis, and 12. d. to drink.

Shoo. I thank your worship.

Mi. Are you right Tailor.

Tai. Yes and please you Sir.

Mi. There's a shilling for you too, to spend in bread.

Shoo. He knows both our diets. We'll make bold to take leave of your worship.

Mi. Not so bold as I'm glad I'm so well rid of you, most courteous Gentlemen. Ex. Ta. Sh.

To fee what money can do; that can change mens manners, alter their conditions: how tempestuous the slaves were without it. O thou powerful metal! what authority is in thee! Thou art the Key to all mens mouthes. With thee a man may lock up the jawes of an informer, and without thee he cannot the lips of a Lawyer.

Ex.

Scan. II.

Enter Crossewill, Rookesbill, Gabriel, Katherine, Lucy.

Cros. Down boy, and bid the Cook hasten dinner.

Dra. What will you please to drink in the mean time, sir.

Cros. I will not drink in the mean time, sir, Get you gone. Dra. A sine old humorous Gentleman.

Cros. Hold up your head, Sirrah, and leave your precise folly. I'll leave you to the wilde world else,

dee

dee see Is the name of a Tavern so odious to you? Ha Your brother has vext me sufficiently alreadie, and perhaps he'll resuse to come too! If he dares let him Welcome Mr. Rooksbil, welcom Landlord, and your saire daughter, welcome pretty one. Trust me a pretty one indeed, pray be acquainted with my daughter there. In your Maiden-company, I hope she will not think the Tavern such a bugs neatl as she did. I had much ado to draw my rebellious children to the Tavern after me.

Rook. And truly, fir, 'tis the first to my know-

ledge that e're my daughter came into.

Crof All in good time, the may encrease in vertue But if it be a fault, (as i' my conscience in his thought it is a great transgression) my unsetlednesse, and unprovidednesse else, where or how to entertain a friend, or feed my selfe, may well excuse us all, dee see.

Rook. O Sir, I cannot enough admire that vertue

in your fonne.

Crof It is a vice, as much a vice or more, as is your tonnes, your cast-aways as you call him, that sucks no other aire, then that of Tavernes, Taphouses, Brothels, and such like. I would their extream qualities could meet each other at half-way, and so mingle their superfluities of humour unto a mean betwixt 'hem. It might render them both allowable subjects, where now the one's a firedrake in the aire, and t'other a mandrake in the earth, both mischievous, see how he stands like a molecatcher. What dirty dogged humour was I in when I got him troe?

Rookef Howe're his carriage feems distasteful unto you, I could afford (with your allowance, to make conditions of estate agreeable) to give all that is mine to him with my daughter.

[Aside.

Crof. What a mechanick flave is this, to think a "VOL II. (c) fonne

fonne of mine, howe're I under-rate him, a fit mate to mingle blood with his moore-ditch breed. True, his estate is great, I understand it, but of all soule I love not Moor-hens. Such another motion would stir me to roare him down the tavern-stairs.

Rooks. What do you think on't sirs.

Cros. Heaven grant me patience.

Rooks. Will you consider of it Master Crosse-will.

Cros. I was never so put to't. I wish we had a stickler. I muse that Master Cockbrayne stayes thus.

Rooks. You do not mind my motion fir.

Cros. Uds precious I minde nothing, I am so crost in mind that I can minde nothing, nor will I minde nothing, dee see. Why comes not Mr. Cockbrayne, Ha!

Rooks. Yet you minde him it feems. But he, sir, cannot come, and desires you to hold him excus d. He's gone about some special undertaking, for the good of the Common-wealth, he sayes.

Cros. Fart for his undertaking; all the world is bent to crosse me. What is my young Master

come? ha!

Enter Belt.

Belt. My young Master Mr. Mihil will be here presently, he said he would follow me at heeles, sir.

Cros. And why not come before you, sir. Does he not think that I have waited long enough, sir? sure I'll crosse some body under that knaves pate of yours, d'y'see.

Belt. Thus when any body angers him, I am sure

to hear on't.

Cros. So now my spleen is a little palliated, let me speak with you Mr. Rooksbill. Get you down, Sirrah,

Sirrah, and bring me word, dinner is not ready, and I'll give you as much more, d'ye'fee.

Belt. That's his way to his stomach.

Kat. And is your brother that your father fayes is fo ungracious, fo well acquainted with my brother Mikil, fay you.

Luc. Oh all in all, he's not so familiar with any man, if Mihil Croswill be your brother, as 'tis

manifest.

Kat. I would not that my father knew it, for all lean expect from him but his bleffing, but does

your father know it?

Luc. No. I would not he should mistrust it for all he has, bicsing and all; and now that I have sound you love your brother so well, I will make over my reason and my counsel in trust with you, hoping you will not wrong that trust.

Kat. If I do, may the due price of treachery be

my reward.

Luc. I love your brother, Lady, and he loves me. The only good act that ever my brother did, was to bring us acquainted, and is indeed all that he has to live on. For I do fuccour him with many a stolne peece for the selicitie he brought me in your brothers love. Now, my father, whose irreconcileable hate has for ever discarded my brother, should he but dream of their acquaintance, would posson all my hopes.

Kat. But let me ask you, is there an hope betwixt you and my brother ever to come together?

Luc. Yes, and a way he has for't, which I understand not yet.

Kat. Trust me, I pity you both, your case is very

dangerous.

Luc. Love's above all adventures, the more hard the atchievement is, the fweeter the reward.

Kat. I like her spirit well.

Crof. You Sir, come hither, what is hammering

in your head now?

Is't not some Synodical question to put unto the brethren, concerning Whitsonales and Maygames? ha!

Gab. Surely fir, I was premeditating a fit thankfgiving to be rendered before meat in Tavernes, according to the present occasion which the time and place administreth, and that as the spirit shall enable me, shall be delivered before you in due season.

Crof. I am glad I know your minde; for that trick, my zealous sonne, you shall come in at half-dinner, like a Chasing-dish of coales, when the sawce is cold, to make use of the heat of your spirit; d'ye' see. I love not meat twice drest.

Rook. Good fir, put the proposition to him, that I made my affection to him, urges it more and more,

I never was fo taken with a man.

Crof. But what's that to your daughter? ha!

Rook. The same affection governes her, she is not mine else.

Crof. Well, hold your peace, and was that your spiritual meditation?

Gab. Yes, verily.

Cros. Come Sir, at this Gentlemans request I will now put a question to you concerning the sless. What think you of yond Virgin there, his daughter? can you affect her so well as to wish her to be your wedded wife?

Gab. You mean, espoused in holy Matrimony.

Cros. Yes, I mean fo.

Gab. hum hum hum Pfalm tune. How happy.

Cros. But do thou say, yes verily to that, and as I hope to have peace in my grave. I'll break the Kings peace on thy pate presently.

Gab. It is a weighty question, and requires due

premeditation.

premeditation in a religious answer, pray give me

Rook. What faves he, Sir?

Crof. He sayes he will talk with a cunning man

Rook. Sure you mistake him, sir.

Vint. You are welcome, Gentlemen. Wilt. Harry, Zachary. Goat

Gab. Zachary is a good name. names

Vint Where are you? (he rings the bell) shew up into the Phanix. Is the Checaue empty?

Crof. Hoyday, here's a din.

Draw. A pottle of Canarie to the Dolphin, score. Vint Y' are welcome, Gentlemen, take up the lillie-pot. [Knock.

Draw. Half a dozen of clean pipes and a candle for the Elephant. They take their own Pots flie Tobaccho.

Vint Whose room do they soul Sirrah, Harry, Harry? (Bell)

Gab. Do Elephants take Tobaccho?

I'mt Carry up a Fordan for the Maidenhead, and a quart of white muskadine for Run down the blew Bore.

Crof. Now me thinks, the muskadine for the Maidenhead, and the Jordan for the Fiddlers be-Bore were better.

Knock aboue, and a pot thrown. Why boyes, drawer, rogues, take up, (below) By and by, by and by, (above) Wine, Tobaccho.

cellent ill founds. (Above) Call up the Fidlers, Sirrah.

Gab. Such cries as these went forth before the desolation of the great City. [Fidling rude tunes.

O prophane tinkling the cymbals of Satan, that tickle the eare with vanity, to lift up the mind to

lewdnesse. Mine eares shall be that of the Adder against the Song of the Serpent.

Rook. O rare, in a young man!

Gab. I will roar out aloud to drown your Incantations. Yea, I will fet out a throat even as the beast that belloweth.

Rook. Most happy youth!

Cros. Hold your peace, Sirrah, or I'le make you bellow for something.

Enter Mihil, Nick.

Mi. Sfoot-back, Nick to your own room. Thy father's here too, as I breath.

Nick. I vow?

Ex.

Mi. My Lucie too, as I live. How the devil got they acquainted? Sure he's his landlord. 'Tis so.

Cros. Dare you come, fir, you should have stayed now till you had been sent for.

Mi. Verily, sir.

Cros. Are you at your Verilies too? ha!

Mi. But for displeasing you, I had rather have graz'd on Littletons Commons, or ha' fasted this fourtnight, then come for my repast into this Wildernesse; but you will ha' it so.

Cros. You are in the right Sir, I'le have it so indeed, I'le know why I shall not else. What do

you know no bodie here?

Mi. I crie them mercie, my good brother,—and

my loving fifter.

Rook. But what vertuous men has this man to his fons, and how they thrive in grace against his will, it seems.

Mi. What Gentlewoman is this of your acquaintance, Sister?

Luc. 'Tis well dissembled brother, but I know your cunning.

Mi.

Mi. Have you betray'd me? Luc. Mum Mr. Mihil, mum. Vint. Harry, Harry.

Enter Drawer hastily.

Draw. By and by.

Cros. What devil art thou that roarest in mine eare so. [Beats the Drawer.

Draw. Hold, I befeech you, I come to wait upon

you.

Crof. What, with a By and by, that strikes into

my head as sharp as a Stellatto.

Draw. I come to tell you, fir, that your table's covered in a fairer Room, and more private, your meat is ready to go up, and all in a readinesse.

Crof. Now thou art an honest fellow, there's a couple of shillings for thee. Have us out of thy windmil here, I prithee, and thy By and by's.

Exeunt omnes.

Act III. Scoen I.

Enter Captain Driblow, Clotpoll, Nick, Anthony, Drawer, A Table, Pot and Glasses.

O Sirrah, make your reckoning for our dinner. Leave us this wine, and come when we call you. We have bufineffe.

Draw. I shall, fir, by and by.

D 2

Capt.

Capt. Well, fir, you will be of both you fay, the Blade and the Battoon?

Clot. Of both, fir, by all meanes, both Philoblathicus and Philobatticus, I. I'le now have all that belongs to your order, or all my money again, that's for a certain.

Capt. Your money again? loe you there. You bring me a fit man, Gentlemen to be sworn, do you not? that talks of money again, when 'tis a main Article in the Oath never to look for money again, once dissinger'd.

Nick. You will not fpoil all now 'tis come fo far?

will you?

Clot. Well fir, when I have my Oath, and that I am fworn one of you. I'le do as you do, and care as little for money as he that has least.

Capt. Well, to the Oath then, for both the Blade

and the Battoon you fay?

Clot. I by all meanes, Captain, for both. S'lid the Battoon may stick to me, when the Blade may flie out o'th' Hilts.

Ant. Yes, to the Brokers.

Capt. Lay your hands on these Hilts, sir. The Articles that you depose unto are these, To be true and faithful unto the whole Fraternity of the Blade and the Battoon, and to every member thereof.

Clot. As ever faithful member was.

Capt. That at no time, wittingly or ignorantly, drunk or fober, you reveal or make discovery of the Brother, or a member of the Brotherhood. of his lodging, haunts, or by-walks, to any Creditor, Officer, Sutler, or such like dangerous or suspitious person.

Clot. I defie them all.

Capt. That if any of the Brotherhood be in restraint or distresse by imprisonment, sicknesse, or whatsoever engagement, you make his case your own, and your purse and your travel his; and that if a brother die or finish his dayes, by end timely or untimelie, by Surfet, Sword, or Law, you wear the sable order of the Riband in remembrance of him.

Clot. A convenient cheap way of mourning.

Capt. That your purse and weapon to the utmost of your strength, be on all occasions drawn to the assistance or defence of a Brother or Brothers friend, be it he, be it she.

Clot I understand you, and shall be as forward to fight for a She-friend, as ever the best man in the mirrour of knighthood was for an honest woman.

Capt That you be ever at deadly defiance with all fuch people, as Protections are directed to in Parliament, and that you watch all occasions to prevent or rescue Gentlemen from the gripes of the Law brissons. That you may thereby endear your selfe into noble society, and drink the juice of the Varlets labours for your officious intrusions.

Clot And that will go down bravely.

Capt. You must rank your self so much the better man, by how much the more drink you are able to purchase at others costs.

Clot. Excellent.

Capt. You are to let no man take wall of you, but such as you suppose will either beat you or lend you money.

Clot. Better and better still.

Capt. The rest of your duties for brevity sake you shall finde specified in that copy of your Order. Kiss the book.

Clot. I'le swear to them whatsoever they be.

So, now I am a Blade, and of a better Rowe then those of Tytere tu, or Oatmeal hoe, and so an health to our Fraternity, and in chief to our Noble Captain Driblow.

[Drinks.]

Nick. Ant. Agreed, Agreed.

Capt.

Capt. Now are you to practife or exercise your quality on the next you meet that is not of the Brotherhood.

Enter Mihil.

Clot. Are you one of the Brotherhood sir, of the Philoblathici.

Mi. I had else lost much sir, I have paid all dues

belonging to it.

Clot. So have I as I hope to gain honour by't 40 li. thick at least; yet I have this lest, please you command the half sir.

Mi. Another time, your reckoning is not yet paid perhaps. [Clot. puts his money in his pocket.

Clot. 'Tis the first money of mine that was refus 'd since my coming to town. I shall save infinitely.

I see now that I am sworn. How would I swear

to get by it.

Capt. Take heed of that. Come hither fon.

Mi. How have you screwed this youth up into this humour, that was such a dry miserable Clown but two dayes since?

Nick. The old way, by watching of him, and keeping him high-flown a matter of fourty eight houres together.

Ant. Men are apt to believe strange fancies in

their liquor, and to entertain new opinions.

Mi. I have fastened three or soure cups upon my precise brother. I would 'twere as many pottles, so it would convert him into the right way of good fellowship.

Nick. I would we could see him, to try what good

we could do upon him.

Ant. Perhaps we might convert him.

Mi. He's above still with the old men. I stole om him, but to see if your Italick Mystresse were one yet. Your Madam.

Nuck. No, the comes anon; but is my affliction

bove still.

Mi. Thy father? yes.

Nick. Prithee do not call him my father less he

ook better courfes.

Mi And so is thy Sister; the little rogue looks of squeamishly on me, and I on her, as we had ever seen before; but the soolish Ape out of a present affection she has taken to my Sister, has disovered to her the whole discourse of our love, and my samiliarity with thee, which were enough to spoile II, if it were discovered to the old solkes, before my tards were play'd.

Nick. Well, remember Mr. Mihil, you have promifed me half, if the old dogged fellow give her

ill, and you marry her.

Mi. Thou canft not doubt me.

Næk. You know I can spoile all when I list, but to

new my countenance in your cause.

Wr. Such is your vertue, Sir. Well, I'le up to rem again before I be mist; and when they part, I am for you again.

Capt. I have given you all the rudiments, and

my most fatherly advices withal.

Clot And the last is that I should not swear, how make you that good? I thought now I was sworne into this Brotherhood, I might have sworne what, and as much as I would.

Capt. That's most unnecessary, for look you son, he best, and even the leudest of my sons do forbear, not out of conscience, but for very good ends; and in stead of an Oath furnish the mouth with some sected Protestation. As I am honest, it is so. I am no honest man if it be not. Ud take me, if I

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lie to you. Nev'rgo, nev'rstirre, I vow, and such like.

Clot. Or never credit me, or let me never be trusted.

Capt. O take heed of that, that may be spoken in so ill an houre, that you may run out of reputation, and never be trusted indeed; the other will gaine you credit, and bring you into good and civil estimation with your Hostesses; and make 'em terme you a faire conditioned Gentleman if he had it; and truly I never heard worse word come out of his mouth.

Clot. Nev'r-go, nev'r-stir, I vow. I'le have, I vow then.

Ant. I vow, but you shall not, that's mine.

Clot. Cann't you lend it me now and then brother? I'le have, I swear then, and come as nigh swearing as I can.

Nick. I swear but you must not, that's mine you know.

Clot. I protest then, I'le have I protest, that's a

City-word, and best to cozen with.

Clot. Come boyes, fall to some practice. Let me see about at the new French balls, sprung out of the old English vapours.

Clot. I protest come on. I'le make a third man.

Ant. Whose man are you?

Nick. Whose man is not to be asked, nor scarce whose subject, now he is of our Brotherhood.

Clot. Yes, by your favour he may ask.

Ant. I ask no savour, sir.

Nick. That may be granted.

Clot. You can grant nothing in this kinde.

Ant. I vow he may grant any thing of any kinde. Nick. I swear, I neither can, nor will grant that.

Clot. That, I protest, may bear exception indeed.

Ant. Exceptions amongst us? nay, then I vow.— Nick. I swear. Clot. And I protest——[Up with their Battoons. Capt. Part faire my boyes; 'tis very well perform'd; now drink a round to qualifie this bout.

Enter Cockbrain.

All. Agreed on all parts.

Cock. Look upon me ye Common-wealths men now, like a State-Surgeon, while I fearch and try The ulcerous coare of foule enormitie.

These are a parcel of those venomous weeds, That ranklie pester this saire Garden-plot.

Whose boosterous growth is such, that I must use More policie then strength to reach their root,

And hoift them up at once.

This is my way to get within 'em.

Ast. So, 'tis gone round.

Nick. I muse these Mumpers come not.

Clot. Best send a boy.

Nick. Drawer, ha! where be those Rascalls? (Within) By and by.

Nick. Are you one of 'em, fir?

Cock. I am one that has the favour of the house

Nick. To intrude into Gentlemens privacies?

Cock. To feek a poor living and 't please you, by picking up the crums of your liberalitie, for the use of my rare qualities.

Nuck. And what's your qualitie?

Cock. It is to speak or sing ex tempore upon any Theame that your sancie or the present occasion hall administer.

Nuck. Can you drinke before you lay your lips to't?

[Glaffe m's face.

Cock. O my weak eye-fight.

(6)

Clot.

Clot. Or can you eate a crust without chawing, made of the Flower of Battoon.

Cock. O good Gentlemen, forbear, I beseech

you.

Clot. The flower of Battoon. I protest a good jest, and 'twas mine own before I was aware, for he had the Maidenhead or first-blow of my Battoon. Nay, it shall down.

Cock. I will not yet desist, but suffer private affliction with a Romane resolution for the publike welfare, with sull assurance that my sortitude shall at

last get within 'em.

Nick. You are not fatisfied, it seems, you Rascal, get you gone. [Kicks him.

Ant. Phew! beat not the poor fellow fo.

Clot. Let me come to him again, and flesh my self upon him. I will not only flesh my self, but tire upon him.

Cock. Enough, enough, good Gentlemen, you have beaten me enough of conscience. Was ever good Patriot so rudely handled? but the end crowns all.

Capt. Forbear him fons. What canst thou be, that canst not be satisfied with beating? speak, art a man or a Ghost?

Cock. I have been, Sir, a man, and of my hands, howe're misfortune humbles me under your manhoods. But, I have feen the face of warre, and ferv'd in the Low-countreys, though I fay't, on both sides.

Clot. Then 'tis impossible this fellow can be beat out of countenance.

Nick. We'll leave him in his quality for that constant vertue.

Capt. Sure, 'tis Fenner or his Ghost. He was a riming souldier. Look, do his eyes stand right? Cock. They had a dish e'ne now, sir.

Nick.

Nick. Of fack, 'tis true here, take another, and wash the inside of your Throat. And let us hear your pipes in their right tune.

Cock Give me a Theam Gentlemen.

Nuk. The praise of fack. Sing the praise of fack.

Ant Let it be of the Blade.

Clot. And the Battoon, I befeech you.

Draw. Do you call, Gentlemen? Nick. I vow, I will have fack.

Draw. T'other quart of Canarie? you shall.

Takes pot.

Nick. Are your cares fo quick? I vow, I'le dull

Draw. Anon, anon.

Nick. I fay, a fong of Sack.

Capt. I, let it be of Sack.

Nick. Now you pump, do you? Cock. No, fir, but think of a tune.

Clot. If he can pump us up a spring of Sack, we'll keep him, and break half the Vintners in Town.

(Song. Now B. and Clot. askes Gabriel, Are you a brother. They fall in the burthen.)

Nick. I vow, well-faid.

Aut. I fwear, 'twas well.

Clot. I protest the best that I have heard in this kind. I wonder at his ability. I prithee, art not acquainted with my two Poetical Drury-lane Writers? the Cobler and the Tapster.

Cock. No fir, not I, I work not their way. What

I do is ex tempore after the Theme given.

Cock. But they run quite before you. Their Works are in print fometimes, and ready to be fung about streets, of men that are hang'd before they come to the Gallowes.

Ant. But did not Mihil fay he would come again. Nick.

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Nick. I marvel at his stay.

Clot. I, and the Mumpers, when come they? I long to fee the Sisters, now I am a brother swom and entred.

Enter Pig.

Nick. O here comes news. How now pig?

Pig. You must all presentlie to the Paris Tavern.

Nick. Must? at whose suit!

Pig. Mr. Miliil bade me tell you fo.

Ant. Is he gone from hence?

Pig. He is, and all his gone and dispersed. Nick. Then the old Jew my father's gone.

Pig. Only there's one delicate demure Gentleman with Mr. Miliil. travell'd along with him towards Paris. I believe he meanes to make a mouth of him.

Nick. O, 'tis his precise brother. But where's thy Mystresse, and Madama Damaris? that they come not.

Pig. They desire to meet you there too, 'tis more private.

Ant. Away we'll follow thee.

Clot. Pig, how does thy father Hog, the Turkie Merchant?

Pig. I am in haste, Sir.

Ex.

Ant. Why Turkie Merchant?

Pig. Because he trades in nothing but Turkie commodities; Egges and Concubines; 'twere well to geld him, and send him to the Grand Seignior, to wait in his Seraglio.

Enter Drawer.

Nick. Thou hast such a wit in this Clotpoll of thine. The Reckoning Drawer.

Draw.

Draw Here, here, Sir, here's your bill.

Capt. Let see the summe. What is't Drawer? On the and 3 d. Sir, your dinner, and what you had not, in all, fir.

Capt. 'Tis very reasonable, Commend me to thy

laster. Son Clospoll pay't. It is your duty.

Clot. Yes, for my Brothership. Capt Boyes, I must leave you.

Cock. 40 fh. for foure mens dinners, note that,

et he fayes 'tis reasonable.

Draw Good Captain. He was ever the fairest Reckoner, though he has never the luck to pay any hing.

Ant Fare you well, father.

Nick When we have further occasion, we'll re-

Clot. At Bloomesbury. Father, I know.

Cock. Bloomsbury? good, I note it.

Capt Sirrah, look to the second Article of your Oath.

Clot. Against discovery of lodgings, haunts, or

Capt Look that you be fo. Ex. Capt.

Nick. 40. sh. and 3. d. you'l bate the 3.d. will you

Draw. We'll not much stand for that Sir, though our master sits at deare rent.

Nick. Give me your two peeces.

Ant. Pray let me see the bill before you pay it.

Nuk. Well, I can hold it then.

Ant Bread and beer, I sh 4-d. I do not think four could eat 3.d. of bread, and for my part, I trank but two glasses of beer.

Nick. And I but one, I vow.

Clot And my father and I but one betwixt us, I rotest.

" VOL. II.

Draw

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Draw. Ha' you no men below?

Nick Below the earth doest mean? I am fur

we have none above-ground.

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Draw. I know not, Gentlemen, there's fo much reckon'd at the bar, and you please you may see it.

Ant. Nay, an't be at the bar, it stands for Law Well, wine 5th 9 d. I think we had no lesse. A shoulder of Mutton stuff't with Oysters, 8 sh, that cost your Master very near ten groats, a brace of Partridge 5.sh, a couple of Cocks, 4sh, 6d., a doze of Larks 20.d. Anchovis 6.sh. I swear but a sauce full.

Draw. I'le be fworne they are fo much reckon'd in the Kitchin.

Ant. All's law, I tell you, all's law in Tavernes But I hope there will be a law for you one o'there dayes. Then is their Fruit and Cheefe, Tobacche Fire, and I know not what, is't right caft

Cock. There is more hope of that young man then of all the rest, indeed it is a fore abuse, another

verie weed in the city. I do note that also.

Nick. Sirrah, before you have your money, fetch me a glaffe of Beere. But canft thou fing this upon any subject.

Rook. Any fir, any, an't be till midnight. [Ex-Nuck But you have strange helps to your invention. I did note the rolling o' th' eye, and rubbin

your brows fometimes.

Rook So did I, I protest, and therefore, I tell you what. If he can sing such another Song, and look stedfastly the while upon anything, and hold his hands behind him. I'le give him half a crown; in not, he shall ha' nothing for tother

Cock. Agreed Gentlemen, give me your Theme

Ant. You shall give it him

Nick

Nick. And withal, watch him if he stir hand or eye, especially the eye.

Clot. I will I protest, and set mine eye against his, that he shall not twink, but I'le perceive it, and lay him o're the pate.

Cock. Well Sir, your Theme.

Clot. In praise of the Battoon, and if you misse it you shall be sure on't.

Cock. You'll help me with the burthen, Gentle-

men.

Nick. Yes, yes, for the more grace of the Song. Clot. Take you care for that. Set your eyes and begin.

SONG.

To prove the Battoon the most noble to be, Of all other weapons observe his degree, In Field to be Leader of all other Armes, To conquest and honour, through hazard and harms The Gallant and Peasant, the Lord and the Lowne, Must move by the motion of the Leaders Battoon. O give me the Battoon.

The Pike and the Halbert are subject to it, The Enfigne, the Partizan, all must submit, To advance, or retire, fall back, or come on. As they are directted by the Leaders Battoon. Then it is to the Souldier the greatest Renown, To purchase by fervice to bear the Battoon.

O give me the Battoon.

Clot. Marry, and take it Sir, why do you stare about? though you have broke Covenant, I have not.

Cock. Where be the Gentlemen?

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Clot. Ha! they are not gone, I hope, where be my brothers Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gone sir, and have sent me to you for the

reckoning.

Clot. I protest you jest, do you not? I gave 'em the sull summe, and all the money I had, I protest, I swear, I vow, now they are not here, I may make bold with their words. They have my money I am sure.

Draw. If you have no money, pray leave a pawne, fir.

Clot. Take him there, put him in a cage, and let

him fing it out.

Draw. We know him not, fir.

Clot. No? he said he had the favour of the house

to sing to Gentlemen.

Cock. I feare I shall be discovered, sir, I can give your worship credit for a peece till you come to

your lodging.

Clot. Protest, thou art generous; nay, I know where to finde 'em; and thou shalt go with me to 'em, we will not part now, wee'll shoune 'em. I vow, (the words out) here, I'le leave my sword sor tother peece.

Draw. Your sword will not serve, sir, I doubt.

Clot. Take my coat too, a friend and a Battoon is better then a coat and a fword at all times.

Cock. I am glad my feare is over. And after all my fufferings, if at last.

Cockbraine, crow not these roaring Lions down, Let him be balladed about the Town. [Ex. omnes. Scan.

Scan. 2. Enter Lucie, Katharine, Belt.

Luc. Let me now bid you welcome to my fathers house, where till your own be fitted, though my father keep too private a samily to expresse large entertainment, yet I hope at worst you shall ha' con-

venient lodging.

Kat. Indeed, I am glad that my father yielded to your fathers friendly request in it; and the more, in regard he is so hard to be entreated to anything; but especially for your societies sake, sweet Sister. Indeed I'le call you Sister alwayes, and I hope you thall be thortly in my brother Militis right.

Luc I have laid open my heart to you, which indeed is his, but your father, I feare, will never be

wonne.

Kat. Why you would not have him too, Sifter,

would you?

Luc. His confent I would, and my fathers, I hope, would easily be wrought. You saw he was willing your other brother should have me at the first sight, meetly for his reservednesse, and Mihil methought carried himself as civil to day as he; I mean, as civilly for a Gentleman, that should not look like one o'th' fathers of the Dutch Church at five and twenty.

Kat. He was put to't to day. The noise of the Tavern had almost wrought his zeale into sury, it is

scarce out of my head yet.

Luc. But you were about to tell me how he first

fell into this veine, this vanity indeed.

Kat. I'le tell you now, and in that fomething worth your observation.

Luc. I will observe you.

Kat. My father has an humour, not to like any thing at first, nor accept best courtesies of friends,

(c) E though

though prefently he findes'em most commodious to him; things that he knows not how to be without, and oftentimes desires with the same breath the things he vilified, and scorn'd them the last syllable he spake before. You saw when your father offered him the use of his house here, till his own be surnished, he cried, hah! are all the houses in the Town yours, sir; and yet presently entreated for't, and thanked him.

Luc. That shews the best nature, they say.

Kat. But that is seldome attended by the best fortune. Nay, in us, I mean, his children, he will like nothing, no, not those actions which he himself cannot deny they are vertuous; he will crosse us in all we do, as if there were no other way to shew his power over our obedience.

Luc. 'Tis a strange fatherly care.

Kat. Now, note the punishment that followes it. There's not a childe he has, though we all know what we do, that makes any conscience of crossing him, we have so much of his good nature in us.

Luc. And that's as odde a duty in children.

Kat. I must consess it is a stubbornnesse.

Yet for the most part we do nothing, but that which most Parents would allow in their children; and now for my brother *Gabriel*, with whom I must bring in the story of another Kinswoman of ours, my father had at home with us.

Luc. So.

Kat. Nay, mark, I pray you, as I would entreat an Auditorie, if I now were a Poet to mark the Plot, and several points of my play, that they might not say when 'tis done, they understood not this or that, or how such a part came in or went out, because they did not observe the passages.

Luc. Well on, I pray.

Kat. My brother Gabriel, when he was a boy, may, till within these two years, was the wildest untamed thing that the countrey could possibly hold.

Luc. So he is still for ought I know, for I think

no man of his Religion in his wits.

Kat. I mean in outward conversation, he was the Ring-leader of all the youthful Frie, to Faires, to Wakes, to May-games, sootbal-matches, anything that had but noise and tumust in it; then he was Captain of the young train-band, and exercised the youth of twenty parishes in martial discipline. O he did love to imitate a souldier the best,—and so in everything, that there was not an handsom maid in an whole County could be quiet for him.

Luc. He may be good at that sport still, sor there is almost none of his sect holds any other game lawful.

Kat Yet did he bear the civillest and the best

ordered affection to our Kinswoman I spake of.

Luc. Yes, I remember.

Kat. So loving to her person, so tender of her honour that nothing but too near affinity of blood could have kept them asunder

Luc. And the did love him as well!

Kat. O dearly, vertuously well; but my father fearing what youth in heat of blood might do, removes my brother Gabriel from home into the service of a Reverend Bishop to follow good examples.

Luc. But he learned not to be a Puritane there

I hope.

Kat. You shall hear, Sister, soon after came a Gallant into the countrey from London here, and as we after found, a Citizens sonne, though he shewed like a Lord there. Briefly, he grew acquainted with my brother Milul. Then woo'd E 2

and wonne my Cousin so secretly, my father never suspected, not he nor I e're knew whose son he was, nor of what occupation my old lord his father was; but he promit'd her marriage, clap't her, you may guesse where, and so like the slippery Trojan lest her.

Lnc. O divellish Rascal!

Kat. And foolish creature she who soon repented it, and with her shame is fled to what part of the world we know not.

Luc. In truth 'tis pitiful, that villain would be

hang'd.

Kat. Now upon this. my poor brother that lov'd her so, sell into discontent, for sook his lord, and would have lest the Land, but that he was prevented and brought home.

Luc. And ever since he has been thus religious.

Kat. Thus obstinate, for I think verily he does it but to crosse my father, for sending him out of the way when the mischief was done.

Luc. I will not then believe 'tis Religion in any of the gang of 'em, but mere wilful affectation. But why, or wherein do you or Mihil crosse your father.

Kat. I tell you Sister we must. He is so crosse himself, that we shall never get anything of him that we desire, but by desiring the contrary.

Luc. Why then do you defire him to get you an

husband?

Kat. Because he should get me none. O Sister, both he and Mr. Cockbrayne, can wish now that I had had his son.

Luc. There's another youth now gone on love's pilgrimage, e're since your sather crost him in your love not to be heard of.

Kat. Hush! the old men.

Enter

Enter Rooksbill, Croswill.

Rook. In good truth fir, I am taken with your onversation. I like it now exceeding well.

Crof I am glad it pleafes you.

Rook 'Tis very faire and friendly, I finde we

Cruf. I am glad I have it for you Sir, I pray,

Rook. Then pray fir, let me urge my motion a ttle further to you.

Crof What is't? you cannot utter it fo eafily as

shall grant it, out with it man,

Rook. That you will be pleased to accept my aughter for either of your sons, your youngest if ou please, now I have seen him, I'le give him with her presently, either in hand a thousand bound, and five hundred pound a childe as fast he can get'em, And all I shall die seiz'd of.

Crof What a Dogbolt is this to think that I

hould get a childe for him.

Rook. I hope you do think well on't.
Luc Pray love he does. I hope fo too

Kat. I mark his Answer.

Luc. I could find in my heart to ask his good will my selfe.

Kat. And that were a fure way to go without it,

Rook. How fay you, fir, is't a match.

Crof. I will not stay a minute in thy house, though I lie in the street for't.

Huswife, I'le fort you with fitter companions.

Come, follow me quickly.

Rook. Heaven blette me and my childe too from matching with fuch a disposition

Kat Truly, fir, I long'd to be out o'th' house before.

E 3

Cros.

Cros. Before you came in it did you not? ha!

Kat. These new walls do so stink of the lime methinks.

Crof. Marry fough. Gooddie Foyst.

Kat. There can be no healthie dwelling in 'em this twelve-moneth yet.

Cros. Are you so tender-bodied?

Rook. Even please yourselves then where you can like better, and you shall please me.

Crof. Why you will not thrust me out of your

house, will you? ha!

Rook. There's no such haste, sir.

Cros. Indeed there is not, nor will I out for all your haste neither. I'le have look to my bargain.

Rook. With all my heart, fir.

Cros. But no more of your idle motions, if you love your ease in your house, your Inn here.

Enter Belt.

Here's a letter, fir, from Mr. Cockbrayne.

Cros. Is the bearer paid, or give him that an't please you.

Belt. Some body has anger'd him, and I must

fuffer.

Cros. I sent you to seek my sons, good sir, have

you found 'em? ha!

Belt. I cannot finde 'em sir. They went out of the Tavern together, they say, and I have been at Mr. Mihil's chamber, and there they are not. I went to the Tavern again, and there they were not. Then I beat all the rest o'th' bushes, in this forrest of sooles and mad men, and cannot finde em I, where e're they be.

Crof. Sirrah, go finde 'em where e're they be, any where, or no where, finde 'em, and finde 'em quickly;

quickly; I'le finde 'em in your Cockscome else, d'ye see! and bring my sons Sanctity home before it be dark, lest he take up his lodging in a Churchporch; and charge Mr. Mihil that he come not to me till I send for him. Here's danger i'th' house. There was a match-motion indeed.

Rook. Good sir, either like my house well, or be

pleas'd to please yoursels with some better.

Cross. Pray Sir, be quiet in your house, lest I send you out of it to seek another. Let me see my chamber.

Rook. He must have his way, I see. [Ex. omnes.

Act. IV. Scen. 1.

Enter Bettie, Frank, with swords drawn make fast the door.

Bett. Nay, you perpetual Pusse, I'le setch him out of the very bowels of thee.

Fran. He never came so deep himsels yet with all that he could do, and I scorne the threat'ning of a She Marmaset.

Nick. (Within) why Bettie, Frank, you mankinde Carions you. I vow, open the door, will you both kill one another, and cozen the Hangman of his fees?

Bett. Thou hadst been better have bit off the dugs of thy Damme, thoupin-buttock Jade thou, than have snapt a bit of mine from me.

Fran. Here's that shall slay your stomack better then the bit you snarle for. Thou greedy Brach thou.

E 4

Nick.

The Covent-Garden Weedea.

Nick. (Within) why wenches, are ye wild? break open the doores.

Bett. That I could split that divellish tongue of

thine!

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Fran. I have as good a spight at as ill a member about thee.

Enter Nick, Anthony.

Nick. Hold, what's the devil in ye.

Ant. Are ye so sharp-set ye Amazonian Trulls?

Bett. Let me but make one passe at her.

Fran. Pray let me go, and let her come.

Nick. Can no blunter tooles than these serve to take down your suries?

Bett. Let me come but within nailes reach of her.

Fran. Let me but try the strength of my teeth

upon her.

Nick. As Hector'twixt the hofts of Greece and Troy, When Paris and the Spartane King should end Their nine yeares warres, held up his brazen lance. In fignal, that both Armies should surcease, And hear him fpeak. Solet me crave your audience. Dear Bettie be advised, and Frank, sorbear Thy thirst of Sisters' blood, whilest I rip up The folly of your strife. Your cases both Have been laid open to me. You contend For love of a lewd Citizen, that fleights, Nay more, disdaines, nay more, defies you both. Tony can tell, Mun Clotpoll also knows The words he spake, that you were both poor whores, Not poor alone, but foule infectious harlots. And that he wears your mark with pain and forrow, Hopelesse to claw them off. With constant purpose Never to see you more, unlesse to greet

Your

our bumping buttocks with revengeful feet.

Bet Did he fay fo?

Fran And must we two fall out for such a anderous Villain?

Ant. No, agree, agree.

Nick. Busse and be friends. Busse, or I'le baste both, I vow.

Bett. Come Sifter we'll be in for ever now.

Fran. For my part, Sifter, fure I was not out with you.

Bet But did he say he would kick us?

Ant. Lo here, the man that dares it not deny.

Enter Citizen, Drawer.

Cit. But do ye hear, Gentlemen. I hope you will use me kindlier then so.

Nuck Than how, Sir?

Cit Then to win all my money, and leave me at stake for the reckoning. Pray do you pay the Drawer for me, though I pay you again.

Ant. What is it Drawer?

Draw The Gentlewomen and he had 14. sh.

Nick. 'Tis a plain case, your cloak must answer

at the bar, Sir, Drawer, away with it.

Lixit Drawer with Cloke

Cit. Nay, but Gentlemen.

Nick I vow, do but look after it, till we be gone, and these shall claw thine eyes out.

Cit. Well fir, I hope this quarter will not be

siwayes lawleffe.

Ant. Do you grumble ! Mr. Caffelesse.

Nic. I vow you shall have cuffes.

Bet. Yes, that you shall.

Fran. Cuts and slashes too before we part, Sir

Cit.

Cit. You will not murder me, will you?

Nick. Damosels sorbear; and you, sorbear your noise. I vow, I'le slit your wistle else. You shall give him due correction civilly, and we will make him take it civilly. Sit you down Sir.

Cit. What will you do with me?

Nick. I vow, mum.

Enter Clotpoll, Cockbraine.

Clot. O, are ye here! was it a brotherly trick do ye think, to leave me to pay one reckoning twice? or did I think never to be made a mouth more, after I had paid my swearing dinner, and am I now a greater mouth then e're I was?

Nick. Mum, hold your tongue still in your

mouth, lest I halifax it with your teeth.

Clot. Halifax my tongue. And listen to a businesse

Nick. Do you know this man?

Clot. Yes, the City mouth we had tother night.

Nick. These are the Sisters that his lavish tongue fo lewdly did deprave.

Clot. I cry them heartily mercy. Are you o the sweet Sisterhood? I hope to know you all, al the pretty Mumpers in the berrie here, before have done. 'Tis true, I protest, he spake words o you, that fuch flesh and blood could not bear. He could not have spoke worse of mutton of a groat quarter.

Bet. And we're so fond to fight for him?

Fran. But now we'll both be revenged on the flesh of him.

Cit. Pray let me speak with you.

Nick. No, they shall beat you first. And mark me well. Do thou but stir an hand or soot, o raise a voice that may be heard to the next room we'll cut thy weafand. Now wenches take you course. Be Bet. Nay, you flave, we'll mark you for a Sheep-

Fran. We'll teach you how to scandalize.

Bet. Have I given you that you cannot claw off,

Clot. Rare, I protest.

Cit. oh -oh -oh.

Nick. There, there.

Fran. We'll claw thine eares off rather,

Cit. -- oh -- oh --- oh.

Clot O brave.

Cock. O out-rage, most insufferable, all this goes

Nuk. To him Bettie, at him Frank; there

phores, there.

Ant. Fie, fie, forbear, enough, too much in concience.

Cock. That young man has some pity yet.

Ant I fwear you shall no more.

Cock. Alas, good Gentlemen, it is enough,

Nick. I vow, do you prate? you shall have as much. Come, take the Chaire, Sir, the breaches thall bait him too.

Cock O good Gentlemen.

Nuk. I vow, they shall. To him and claw him, I'le chapperclaw your sides else.

Cock O me! what mean you?

Pett Heyday! his beard comes off.

Ant. And his head too What rotten feab is this?

Clot 1 protest, they have pulled my pieced brother to pieces here.

Nuck. I vow, some disguiz'd villain, and but for doing the State so good service, we would hang him

presently without examination.

Ant I know him. And you shall not touch him Best is, he knows nor me. Good Heaven, what Braintrick has possess him.

Nick.

Nick. I vow, what canst thou be?

Ant. Come, 'tis an honest fellow, that is only assumed to run so base a course for his living in his own sace. Poor man, I warrant his feare threatens his breeches shrewdly. But let's away, and quickly, our stay is dangerous. Come, we forgot Mick. Croswil and the wenches.

Nick. Come all away then, Sirrah, thank this Gentleman, and pray for him at the end of your

Songs hereaster.

Clot. Farewell, friend peece. I'le know you better now, before you have't again. [Ex. omnes but Cock. and Cit.

Cock. What monsters in mankinde? what hell-hounds are they? only as Ovid seign'd among the Getes.

A friend at need, I with a friend was bleft, Whom I may gratifie, and plague the rest. How is it with you, Sir?

Nic. O, I am very fore.

Cock. Indeed you are forely handled. This may warne you out of fuch caterwaling company. You look like one more civil. And in hope you will be fo. I'le bring you to a Barber.

Cit. Alas, my Cloke.

Cock. I'le help you to that too, so you with me. Will in an honest plot Assistant be.

Cit. O Sir, in any thing, and thank you too, Sir. [Exeunt Ambo.

Scæn. 2. Enter Mihil, Gabriel, Boy, Wine, &c.

Mih. A Paris ill ya ben veni. Here's no bush at this door, but good wine rides post upon't, I mean, the sign-post. Boy, get you down, and if Nick Rooksbill, or any of his company ask for me, bring 'em up, d'ye hear.

Bey.

Boy. I will, I will, Sir.

Ex

Mi You are welcome to Paris brother Gabriel.

Gab. It is neverthelesse a Tavern, brother Mihui, and you promised and covenanted with me at the last house of noise and noisomnesse, that you would not lead me to any more Tavernes.

Alth. Lead you brother? men use to be led from Tavernes sometimes. You saw I did not lead you for bring you to any that was more a Tavern then he last, nor so much neither; for here is no Bush

you faw.

Gab. 'Twas that betrayed and entrapped me:

Mik. Pray let us drink first brother. By your

cave here's to you.

Gab. One glaffe-full more is the most that I can bear. My head is very full, and laboureth with

hat I have had already.

Mr There Sir, I'le undertake one good fellow, hat has but just as much Religion as will serve an onest mans turne, will bear more wine then ten of these giddy-brain'd Puritaines, their heads are so full of whimseys.

Gab. 'Tis mighty headie, mighty headie, and truly I cannot but think that the over-much abuse of these out-landssh liquors, have bred so many

errors in the Romish Church.

Mik. Indeed brother, there is too much abuse made of such good creatures. Wine in it self is good, you will grant, though the excesse be nought, and Tavernes are not contemptible, so the commany be good.

Gab. It is most true, we finde that holy men we gone to Tavernes, and made good use of 'em

pon their Peregrinations.

Mi. And cannot men be content to take now and then

then a cup, and discourse of good things by the way. As thus. Brother, here's a remembrance (if the be living, and have not loft her honour) to our Coula Dorcas.

Gab. O that kinfwoman of ours. She was the dearest losse that e're fell from our house.

Mi. Pledge her, good brother.

Gab. I do—

Mi. I hope 'twill maudlenize him.

Gab. But have you never feen that miscreant that wrong'd her, fince he did that fame, they fay you knew him.

Mi. Alas, suppose I had, what could be done? the's lost we fee. What good could she receive by any courfe against him.

Gab. It had been good to have humbled him. though into the knowledge of his Transgression. And of himself for his soules good, either by course of Law, or else in case of necessity, where the Law promifeth no releefe, by your own right hand you might have smote him, smote him with great force, yea, fmote him unto the earth, until he had prayed that the evil might be taken from him.

Mih. This is their way of loving enemies, to beat 'em into goodnesse. Well, brother, I may meet with him again, and then I know what to do. If he knew him as I do now, what a religious combate

were here like to be at Nicks coming.

Enter Boy.

Sir, here's a Gentlewoman asks for Mr. Rooksvill.

Mil. The travell'd Gallant, is't not.

Boy. Yes fir, and the old black party, her Landlady with her. But they ask for nobody but him, sir.

Mih.

Mih. Say he is here by all meanes, and bring 'em up. Ex. Boy.

Gab. Women! pray brother lets avoid the place, let us flie it. What should we do with women in a Tavern?

Mil. No harme assure your selfe, cannot we govern ourselves?

Enter Dorcas and Madge, and start back.

Nay, Lady, stay, he will be here presently, that you look for.

Gab. I will not glance an eye toward temptation.

Mih. I am amaz'd fure, I have feen this face, howe're your habit and the course of time may give't another feeming.

Dorc. Good Angels, help my thoughts and memory. It is my Kinfman Mihil. What's the other that hides his face, so?

Mih. Do you turn away?

Dorc. It is my cousin Gabriel, strangely altered.

Mih. Come hither you. I'le make a little bold with you. Thou that hast been a concealer of more sins in women's actions, then thou hast grizled hairs.

Dorc. Sure I will speak to him, he alwayes lov'd me.

Mil. Reveale a truth to me on my demand, now instantly, without premeditation. I'le cut thy tongue out else.

Mad. What's here to do? do you think I am a devil? that you make such conjurations over me.

Mil. I think thou art as true a servant of his as any Bawd can be. But lie now if thou darest. How long have you known that Gentlewoman? and what do you know by her?

Dorc.

Dorc. Sir.

Mad. Here's a stirre about nothing. I know nothing by her, not I. Nor whether she has anything or nothing, that a woman should have by the report of knowledge of man, woman or beast, not I. She came to me but this morning, with a purpose to set me up in my new house as I hoped. But she has taken a course to make it honestly spoken of already, to my utter undoing, but she never comes within my doors again, as I hope to thrive by my Trade hereaster.

Dore. Pray look upon me, fir.

Mih. Was the fo resolutely bent, and so soon altered?

Mad. Upon the very first sight of the very first man that came into my house, the very first house of my setting up in it.

Mih. What man was that?

Mad. A shame take him, your roaring friend. Nick. I think she is enamoured of him or of something she guesses he has; and would faine play the honest woman with him, that never played honest man with woman in his life.

Mih. 'Tis she, and 'tis most wonderful.

Dorc. If you knew who I were, you would not

be so strange to me.

Mad. And here she comes me a hunting after him, like a fondling, whilest halfe a dozen peeces might ha' been gotten at home by this time, and she have had the halfes of it in her purse by this time; if she would have done, as I thought, the would have done by this time.

Mih. Alas, poor Howlet.

Mad. I fent whooping after the best guests that haunt my house, to have taken the first fruits of her conversation, and she would not see a man of em to my undoing.

Mike

Mih. Well leave thy hooting, Madge, and hold by peace, thou shalt get by it.

Mad. Yes, I shall get a good name shortly, and

his geare hold, and turn begger, I shall.

Dor. Pray fir, but one word.

Mih. Speak to her, brother, 'tis our Coufin Dorcas.

Gab. Will you abuse me too? is she not lost? Mil. And will you not give her leave to be found gain? his wine and her fudden apprehension orks on him at once. Coufin I'le speak to you,

mough I confesse the miracle of our meeting thus

mazes me,

Dorc. O Coufins both. As ye are Gentlemen, ind of that noble flock, whose meer remembrance, then he was given up, and at the brink of desperte folly, stroke that reverend fear into my foul, that hath preferv'd my honour from further falling. Lend me now your aide, to vindicate that honour by that man, that threw me in the way of loffe and mine.

Mil. All shall be well, good Cousin, you shall, ave both hands and hearts to re-estate you in him So that in fact you have not wrong'd that honour

Ince he forfook you.

Dorc. On my foule I have not.

Mih. Infants then shall be pardoned. Brother peak.

Dorc. You were wont still to be my loving'st

ើលប្រហ.

Gab What a strange dream has wine wrought m my head.

Mih. I hope it will work out his superfluous

reale. And render him civil Christian again.

Dorc. It is no dream, good Cousin, you are wake,

and I, that Dorcas for whom you have wish't

Affinity

Affinity of blood might be dispens'd with.

And you to be my choice. So well you lov'd me

Gab. And will above my life affect you still. But you must leave these gauds and prophase dressings.

Mad. Bawds did he fay? how comes he to know me troe?

Dorc. How came my Cousin Gabriel thus tranflated.

Out of gay cloathes, long haire, and lofty spirit. Stout and brave action, manly carriage;

Into so strict a Reformation?

Where is the martial humour hewas wont so to affect.

Mih. His purity and your disgrace sell on you both about a time, I saith.

Gab. Do you swear by your FAITH?

Mi. He's falling back again.

Some more wine. You will drink with our Cousin. brother, will you not?

Boy. What wine is't, Gentlemen?

Gab. Yes, in a cup of fincere love.

Boy. What other wine you please, Gentlemen, we have none such i'th' house.

Mih. Of the same we had, sir.

. Dorc. Call not for wine for us, Coufin.

Mad. Assuredly, we are not prophane wine bibbers, not we.

Gab. Modest, and well-spoken verily, she should be a Sister or a Matron.

Mil. Yes, yes, we'll all drink for the good o'th' house.

'Tis upon putting down, they say, and more o'th neighbours. But Cousin, he knew you not to day.

Dorc. No, nor dreams of me.

Mih. And the old one knowes nothing, does she. Dorc. No, by no meanes.

Mih.

Mile. She can bewray nothing then. My brother knows not him. I only do for his faire Sifters fake, of which you may hear more hereafter; in the mean, bear your felfe faire and free, as if you knew him not, and I'le work him to your end, never fear it.

Dorc. You are a noble Spokefman.

[Bawd and Gabriel confer devoutly the while. Mad. Truly, you speak most edifyingly.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Mil. Well-said, give it to my brother. Drink to

our Cousin, Brother.

Gab. I will, and to that vertuous Matron, whose care of her, I hope, tends unto good edification.

— Truly the wine is good, and I was something thirsty

Mad. Best drink again then, Sir.

Gab. I will follow your motherly advice. [Drinks

Mil. Twill work, anon, I hope.

Gab. And you have travelled, Coufin. I may suppose you brought this well-disposed Gentle-woman from Amsterdam with you. And this unto your welcome, hoping I shall be informed by you how the two zealous brethren thrive there? that broke in St. Hellens,

Mad. Of that or anything fir, pray drink again,

fir.

Mih. You Jade you, hold your tongue.

Enter Nick, Anthony, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank.

Nick. O, are ye here Gallants! I made all the hafte I could, but was stayed, I vow, by the bravest sport, baiting of a fellow or two with our Pusse-cats here. I could e'ne find in my heart to marry 'em both for their valours.

F 2

Dorc.

Dorc. Those words are daggers.

Mih. I pray dissemble your passion.

Nick. What? are you acquainted already?

Mich. Did I not tell thee she was a brave Madona?

Mil. How long have you had acquaintance with her, Nick?

Nick. Never saw her before this morning, I, standing upon her Belconee.

Gab. Truly Cousin, I think 'twas you that I aw

today too, standing upon a Bellconee.

Nick. You spell very modestly, sir. Your brother, I take it. But did you call her Cousin, sir.

Gab. Yes fir, she is my Cousin.

Mill. 'Twill out too foon. Why Nick, thou knowest these kinde of creatures call and are called Cousins commonly.

Nick. Yes, in their tribe. But I thought he had been too holy for them. But Dammy———

Gab. O fearfully prophane!

Nick. You said you had a storie to relate, of dire missortune, and of unquoth hearing. I come to hear your story, what stop you your eares at? sir.

Gab. I dare not speak it but in thy reproof. Thou swearest Gee o Dee, Dee a m thee, as I take it.

Nick. I vow thou lieft, I called her Dammy, because her name is Damyris.

Gab. I say thou liest, her name is Dorcas, which was the name of an holy woman. [Draw.

Nick. Shall we have things and things? I vow.

Clot. And I protest. [Draw

Mih. This will spoil all. Brother, I pray forbear.

Gab. I may not forbear, I am moved for to smite him; yea, with often stripes to smite him; my zealous wrath is kindled, and he shall flie before me.

Dorc.

Dorc. Let me entreat you, sir. [Gabriel. Bet. Frank. What surie's this? [Mihil holds up. Nick. Great Damboys shrink, and give a little

ground.

Gab. I will pursue him in mine indignation.

Dorc. O me!

Gab. And beat him into Potsheards.

Mad. Now he has bang'd the Pitcher, he may do anything.

Mih. Pray brother, be perswaded.

Clot. A brother to be so controuled?

Mih. You sir, put up your Steel-stick.

Clot. I desire but to know first, if he be a brother.

Mih. Yes, marry is he, fir.

Clot. Sir, I am satisfied. So let him live.

Gab. Pray give me leave to ask you, do these men take part with the brethren?

Mih. Yes, and are brothers a little difguiz'd,

but for some ends.

Gab. Some State-occasions.

Mih. Meer Intelligencers, to collect up such and such observations, for a great Separatist that is now writing a book against playing at Barlibreak, moulding of Cocklebread, and such like prophane exercises.

Gab. Truly such exercises are prophane exercises, that bear the denomination of good things ordained for mans use, as Barley, Cockles, and Bread are such things to be made sports and play-games? I pray you let me see these brethren again, to make my atonement with them. And are those Sisters too, that were with them?

Mih. O, most notorious ones, and are as equally disguiz'd to be as rank Spies as the other. S'lid man, and they should be taken for such as they are, they would be cut off presently. They came in this

r 3 mad

mad humour to be merry with you for my fake.

Gab. Pray let 'em come again, I shall not be well until I have rendred satisfaction.

Mil. You must do as they do then, or they will think you are a Spie upon them.

Gab. I will be as merry as they, let wine be given

unto us.

Mih. More wine, Boy, and bid'em all come in.

Ex Boy.

Dorc. Alas, Cousin, let him drink no more.

Mil. Fear nothing, Cousin, it shall be for his good and yours, as I will order it.

Enter Nick, Anthonie, Clotpoll, Bettie, Frank. Drawer with wine.

Mih. All welcome, not any repetition, but begin anew.

Gab. I will begin it, two glasses: it shall be a faithful Salutation to all the Brothers and Sisters of —

Clot. The Blade and the Scabberd.

Nick. It shall go round.

Ant. I'le swear you do not well to let him drink so.

Mih. Well said civil Roarer.

Gab. Let it go round, go to, you are a wag. I know what you mean by the Blade and the Scabberd.

Clot. Who could have thought this had been fuch a brother.

Gab. Nay, who could have thought you had been of the brethren.

Nick. Brethren fir, we are the Brothers.

Gab. Yea, the disguiz'd ones.

Nick. How? difguiz'd ones?

Mil. Do not crosse him again. If thou doest, and I do not maul thee. Yes, brother, these are vertu-

ous men howe're they feeme.

Nick. I vow, I have so much vertue as to rebuke thee for lying. But we are brethren, sir, and as sactious as you, though we differ in the Grounds; for you, sir, defie Orders, and so do we; you of the Church, we of the Civil Magistrate; many of us speak i'th' nose, as you do; you out of humility of spirit, we by the wantonnesse of the slesh; now in devotion we go beyond you, for you will not kneel to a ghostly father, and we do to a carnal Mystresse.

Mil. I'le stop your mouth, you faid you came to

be merry.

Nick. Yes, I vow, and brought Fidlers along, but they must play i'th next room, for here's one breaks all the Fiddles that come in his reach. Come sir, will you drink, dance, and do as we do?

Gab. I'le drink, I'le dance, I'le kisse, or do any thing, any living thing with any of you, that is Brother or Sister. Sweet-heart let me seel thy Coney.

Mih. I now he's in. Play Fidlers. Dance. All bravely perform'd, admirably well done, &c

Nick. I vow, thou art a brother after my own heart.

[To Gabriel.

Women. We cannot commend you, enough, sir.

Gab. This done in civil fort among our selves, I hope, will prove no scandal to a brother.

Nick. 'Twill prove an honour to our faction.

Gab. I thirst to do it honour.

Clos. Give him some wine, he thirsts.

Mik. Thou little dapper thing, thou, hold thy peace.

Ant. Thou feest he can scarce stand.

Gab. No, my religious brethren, no more wine. Enough's a seast, and little doth suffice.

I thirst to do some honour to our cause. To lead F 4 forth

forth legions to fight a battel 'gainst our malignant adversaries.

Nick. Brave.

Gab. Such an employment now would make me samous, for my sufficiency of Art in Armes.

Nick. I vow, this man has hidden things in him.

Mil. He has as brave a warlike spirit, man, before his precise humour tainted it, as ever breath'd in Hector.

Nick. I vow then, a good orderly diet of nothing but fack for a week together, would revive it in him, and bring it to good again.

Mih. I hope, 'tis done already.

Ant. How do you, fir?

Gab. I feare fome Jesuitical sumes have invaded my Brain pan. All me thinks goes whirley, whirley, whirley, whirley.

Ant. Best lie down upon a bed. Drawer!

Gab. Souldiers must not be curious. A Bench or

any thing.

Draw. The Gentleman may have a bed here, an't please you. But sir, there's an old angry Gentleman below, that asks for you, and by all description for that mortified Gentleman. And will by all meanes presse into your room here.

Mih. It is my father.

Dorc. O me! What shall I do?

Mad. Bet. Fran. We shall all be clap't up.

Mih. Fear nothing, veil your face a little; Who is with him?

Draw. Nobody but his old Servingman, that it seems discover'd you. You may put this Gentleman into this inner room, and keep the Key your selfe. I know not what charge he has about him.

Mih. Admirable honest sellow.

Draw. And you may tell your father he is gone, for he is gone you see.

Nick.

Nick. I vow, a wit.

Draw. Now if you'll be civil, I may bring him up to you, if not, because he is your father, we'll thrust him out of doors, an't please you.

Mih. Notable rascal, well sir, let him up. I know

how to fit him.

Dorc. But this delays my businesse, Cousin, and

will, I fear, frustrate my hopes.

Mih. Not hinder any thing, I'le warrant thee, he's thine, Play Fidlers, t'other dance.

Nick. I vow.

(c)

Clot. Will you! protest.

Ant. You are not wilde?

Mad. Come Wenches, if he venture in his father's fight, shame take us and we blush. [Dance.

Enter Croswill, Belt.

Cross. Belt. And I had not fold all my land to live upon my money in Town here, out of danger of the Statute, I would give thee a Copihold for this discovery.

Belt. I thank your worship, and truly 'tis a goodly

fight, me thinks, an't please your worship.

Cross. I'm glad it likes you. Heigh, excellent good again. Heigh, Heigh, what an happinesse may fathers boast, that can bring their children up to this. (Dance ended) I cry ye mercy, Gentlemen all, Ha! I am sorry I interrupted your serious private occasions.

Nick. Would you speak with any here, sir?

Mih. It is my father, Gentlemen?

Cross. Thy father? hold thy peace; dar'st thou use thy father thus? to spend thy time thus! ha! Is this place fit for the son of a Gentleman of quality? ha! why doest not answer me, does this company sort with thy reputation? ha!

Mih.

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Mih. Sir, the company. ——

Cross. Hold thy peace, I say, or are these exercifes allowable for a Gentleman, that ever said or heard Grace at his sathers Table? answer me that.

Mih. An't please you, Sir.

Croff. Hold thy peace when I bid thec.

Nick. The company, sir, offends not you, I hope,

you fee the worst of us.

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Croff. In good time, fir, you are the distracted Gentleman, I take it, that ask't him if he would moot to night? Is this your mooting? do youput cases to your Wenches, or they to you?

Nick. I vow thy father talkes too much.

Croff. Which are the better Lawyers? ha!

Mad. But that you are his father, fir, and an old man, and he an honest young Gentleman, and our

friend, we would tell you.

Croff. I thank you for him, yes truly, heartily: and for your good opinion of him, heartily. Pray keep him amongst you while you have him, for I'k ha' no more to say to him, I. Is your Invectives against drinking, wenching, and the abomination of the times come to this? is this your spending of time more pretious then money? is it you that knows not what to do with money but to buy books; and were drawn with such unwillingnesse to a Tavern? ha! you shall graze upon Littletons Commons, or eat nothing but books, an't please you, for any exhibition thou ever get'st from me-And in that faith thou hast lost a father. Come sir, you have brought me to a goodly fight here; would any Villain but thy selse have shewed his Master light to fee so much woe! Thy Coxscombe shall yet pay for't.

Belt. O sir, O.

Croff. This was your trim fight, was it?

Belt. O.

Croff. But well remembred. Pray where's your pother' my fon I would fay; for I know no broser nor father thou halt. Where is Gabriel?

Mile. He is not here, fir.

Creff. Did you not tell me, Sirrah, he was here? Bell. I told you then too much. I feel it here.

Mill. He was here, fir, but he is gone, fir.

Croff. So, fo, he's loft. He must be cried, or we hall never finde him.

3/th. I'le warrant you, I'le find him yet to night, Pray Gentlemen pay you the Reckoning, I'le

ait upon my father home.

criff. Was that spoke like a son of mine? must there pay your reckoning, and I in place; take hat, and do not make me mad. And why should ou home with me? I pray, sir.

Mih. Because sir, it grows dark, and 'tis the worst ray as it is about the town; so many odde holes man may slip into; pray take me with you sir.

Croff I'ray take no care for me, fir, and let the ray be as it is. Do not think me worfe at it in the ark then your felf, I befeech you. But you talk't I the Reckoning, pray let not the want of money or that hinder the fearch of your brother. There's owards your paines for that; and so for a farewel to you and your friends here, till I hear thou keep-It better company, let me hear no more of thee.

[Ex. Croff, and Belt.

Mile. There was no way to get this money, and be red of him, but to offer him my service. He would have driven me out before him else. But come, let's see my brother that went to sleep in so rarlike a Passion. I hope he'll wake in a better.

Nuk. Mun Clotpoll, thou art dull

Clest. No, I protest, but struck with admiration at me old Blades humour.

The Covent-Garden Weeded.

Nick. Come, Dammy and the rest, be merry. I vow, we'll sup together, and so at last hear all thy dismal story.

Mih. I mean he shall, and such an Audit make,

As shall restore her honour from the stake.

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Ex. Omnes.

Act V. Scæn. I.

Enter Crossewill Solus.

WHAT has this Coxscombe Cockbrague writ me here? That he desires his ab-What have I to do with him? fence be excuf'd. when I fend for him, let him come to me. That he is upon a point of discovery in a most excellent poject for the weeding of this Garden? what Garden? what project? A project he says here for the good of the Republike, Repudding. This fellow has in stead of braines, a Cob-web in his Noddle. with little strawes, feathers, and wings of dead Butterflies hanging in it, that having motion by his aery fancie, there dance and keep a Racket; 'tis to teach women filence, or fome fuch foolish impossibility. He is ambitious to be call'd into authority by notice taken of some special service he is able to do the State aforehand. But what great fervice he is able to do it, or which way to undertake it, falls not in the reach of my imagination. But good Mr. Croswill, by your favour now, what reason have you to flight or wrangle at this man? this honest Cockbrayne? that has alwayes been a constant friend to you, and officious in many good wayes, and is a Gentleman, not only of good descent and estate, but of a good disposition. And you two, Mr. Croffewill, by your leave, have alwayes agreed like neigh-

sighbours children. I, the divel was in't, and ow he vexes me again; we agreed in one point fo ell, that we have undone a couple of our children wit, and hindred the getting of I know not how any more. His fon and my daughter should se married. And on a sudden he and I both conented to a diflike of the match and broke it, and have both repented it an hundred times fince. We gree very wel in that point; and now is his fon Precoverably loft, and my daughter refolutely bent be an Ape-leader in Limbo. But whats all this the afiliction I fuffer in my fons now? that one them from a riotous boy, should grow into a Pur tanical Woodcock; and the tother from a civil peil-qualified fellow, turn'dabfolute Ruffian. There. there, I there's the devil in't. I could beat my felfe or getting fuch children.

Enter Belt.

See, fee, my Mafter for want of other company

llen out with himfelf, and it please you, fir

Croff. It does not please me, nor thou pleasest ne, nor any thing pleases me. The world's bent to croffe me, and thou shalt feel it.

Helt. O good fir.

Creff. Is it not fo, fir, was not that dunce Gabriel,

most notorious wilde thing

Before he steer'd a Religious course? but then he on fo full a faile, that he passed and was beyond he line of Religion before he was aware, and as a pailed it under the torrid Zone of Zcalc, the Galenture took him o'the pate, that he is mad with and as far beyond Religion now as it is to it

Belt. Sir, there's hope that he may be fetch't salfe way back again, by your fatherly advicement,

and become a found man.

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Criff.

Croff. And then was not Mehel to civil, that he made me even fick to fee him. And now is he flowen out as far into riot t'other way.

Belt. But he, fir, will appear a present comfort to you, he is reclaim'd already; you thall never se

fuch a Reformation in a Gentleman.

Croff. What's this you tell me? ha!

Belt. He has cast off his long-curl'd haire and all.

Croff. He had been better have cut his head off. Where is he!

Belt. Below fir, and a Gentlewoman with him but very much afraid to appear to you. I never faw a man fo timourfome.

Croff. Do you think it fit that I should go down

to him, or he come up to me, fir, ha!

Belt. I'le fetch him, here's a life! Ex

Croff. I charg'd he should not come at this house too, for fear he might be catch d with this mechanick sellows daughter, though her portion be a round one. And let him take heed he look not at her.

Enter Mihil and Madge

Bleffe me! what changeling is this? he's in his Brothers cut.

Mih. Sir, Sir.

Creff. Would you speak with any here, fir, do

you know me. I know not you, I affure you.

Mih. The fense of your late displeasure, fir. has so humbled me into the knowledge of my fels, that on the wings of true obedience, I slew after you to make a childes submission at your teet, to crave your pardon for my riotous transgression, and to ask your blessing

Groff. A delicate speech, pray take it for fashionfake. But if I know how to look towards thee.

Mill. Pray fir, beflow it really upon me.

Croff.

Croff. God bleffe thee, I say, and so much many honest men bestow daily on sons that are none of their own; if thou beest mine, how camest thou thus like a fellow that had narrowly scap'd the Pillorie, and brag'd in the publication of his eares? not an hair left to hide them.

Mih. To shew my readinesse to reform my life, fir. And yet a willingnesse withal to live, as well, as civilly, in which I am in all humilty to preferre a fuit to you. You know, fir, I am but a younger

brother.

Croff. What will this come to?

Mih. Here is a widow, sir, a Gentlewoman of great estate, and of a well-known life. Antient The is, and has had husbands. How many?

Mad. Foure truly, sir.

Mih. Foure sir, I would not lie. Of which the worst spoke well of her on's death-bed.

Croff. What's that to me or thee? come to the

point.

Mih. I have all wo'd and wonne her, fir, and crave but your good-will to marry her. I have brought a Church-man and a Kinsman to give her.

Croff. Why so, what needs two words then? do

you think I can deny you?

Mih. If he does grant it, 'tis the first request that e're he granted in his life. Sure the old Matchmaker the devil thinks I am in earnest to marry this beast. And puts a readinesse in his hand to forward it.

Croff. Widow, you are welcome. Why call you not your Priest? or tarry sir, let me question you but a little, Do you think feriously you love this widow?

Mih. Better then many men love their wives, I am persuaded.

Croff.

Croff. 'Tis very well, what children have you widow?

Mad. Never had any, Sir.

Croff. Very well still.

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Mil. Nor ever like to have any, fir, thats the

comfort. We shall live at the lesse charge.

Cross. Thou art a covetous and a preposteron Knave. Wouldst thou bury up thy youth in bart ground? doest seek after wealth, and not as issue? doest love to feed on other mens leaving or travel only in a beaten path? ha!

Mil. A man goes certainest on his journey sir, and lesse trouble it is you know to go in a

great gate, then a narrow wicket.

Croff. You have said enough, sir, and delight crosse me; but I'le crosse you for once, and lay crosse upon you, shall perhaps carry you to y grave. Go, setch your Priest.

Mih. I'le face it as far as I dare. I hope I i have the grace to pull my hand from the book w

it comes so far.

Croff. Widow, you are refolv'd to have him to Mad. Before all men i'th'world by your leave, fir.

Croff. You shall not have him.

Mad. Without your free consent, I will not.

Croff. I am resolv'd I'le do it. And 'twill be best crosse trick that e're I did in my life. Pray me speak in some more private with you.

Mad. If I but 'scape Bridewell, I care not.

Scæn. 2. Enter Mihil, Anthonie, Katharine, Pars

Mih. Now Tonic, she is thine own, Now Sister Ke he's thine. The Priest has pronounc't it. I sa Amen to't. And heaven give you joy.

K

Kat Now you have done the best brotherly

fice that ever made a Sifter happy.

Aut. And the friendlieft to a friend. We have en casting for it, Sweet, this Twelve moneth, and eaven pardon me I vow'd never to take quaintance of my father till 'twere effected, Alough I know of late he has been willing.

Kat And so is mine, I know, but yet he swore, but I should match myself before he knew't, or I

would never marry.

Mil. You'll finde him of another minde towards

c, and force me into wedlock prefently.

Kat. You have ta'ne the likeliest course that could But what is your disguiz'd woman Brother.

Mih. What you shall never know, Sifter, I hope.

Enter Crossewill, Rookesbill, Lucie, Madge.

Croff. Come fir, I have broken off the match ith your widow; and she's content to leave you is the found you. And now take me this pretty, impring, plump-lip't, ruddie-cheek't white-neck't, ong-finger'd Virgin in hand, or I will swindge you, birrah, look to't. If you cannot live civilly with a roung wife, you cannot but be mad with an old, I think. Besides, the's a friends daughter of mine, and prepar'd by her discreet sather here to love you. Come, and kisse her, quickly, Sirrah.

Meh. I cannot do't for all the wealth in the

world.

Croff. How's that ?

Mill. Kille a Maid I never faw above twice in

my life.

Croff. He will have me think him a bastard, do what I can. Canst thou see a Maid twice, and of kisse her?

Mik.

Mih. Yes, twenty times, sir, and not kisse her, or

if once, not above, fir.

Croff. But you shall kisse her above and below, sir, and in every room o'th' house, sir, before you part. Stand saire pretty one.

Luc. I know not how to do't.

Rook. You were not best let me instruct you. I can be angry too.

Luc. His back side's toward me.

Croff. Turne your felf, Sirrah, or I'le turne you. Go to, bend your body a little and be hang'd. So now come your way, and fay after your little Sir John here, I Mihil take thee, Lucie, &c. As learning shall enable him to proceed without book.

Rook. Pray let 'em do it in the next chamber, they are too bashful asore us. There are witnesses

enough. Go all in, I pray you.

Mil. Widow, will you give me leave to obey my father?

Mad. With all my heart, and fay Amen to the marriage.

Croff. I think I shall have my will at last upon

one of my rebellious off-spring.

Rook. And now, pray give me leave, sir, to let you know how happy I do hold my selse in this marriage. I did like this Son better then the other before. And now I like him better then I did at my sormer view of him, by some Resormation that I do observe in him. And I do not a little rejoyce in the honour I may have to call you brother.

Croff. That very word brother out of his mouth has turn'd my stomack. I must pull all in pieces again. And yet let me see these young bloods when they are set on't; if they do not marry, they will do worse.

Let 'em e'ne go on now.

Rook. You may eafily conceive, fir, what a comfort

fort it will be unto me, that I now growing old, and having (I give praise for't) wealth enough, and no childe that I make account of but this one daughter, may, before I die, see Grandchildren that I may have by her sufficiently provided for, be they more or lesse in number, they may have enough.

Croff. There he is again, he calls my Grand-children that shall be, his Grand-children. Am I a Gentleman, and can hear this? if it be not too late, I'le spoile the getting of your Grand-children.

Enter all again.

All. Heaven give you joy. Heaven give you joy.

Croff. What, are you married?

Parf. I do pronounce them man and wife.

Ant. Mad. Kat. And we are witnesses.

Croffe. What remedy?

Mih. Luc. We are, and crave your bleffings.

Croff. Rook. All blessings be upon you, (all salute).

Croff. But you, sir, Mr. Bridegroom.

Mih. I'le only gratifie the Minister.

Croff. Do so, and pay him well, it is, perhaps, for the dearest fault that e're thou didst.

Mil. There's for your paines, sir. Madge, there's for you. Enough to purchase thee a Licence to sell Ale, Tobaccho, and Strong-water again in Codpiece-Rowe, for here will be no dwelling for thee, I see that.

Now, brother Anthonie, go you all back to the company we left, and see that my Instructions be followed concerning my brother Gabriel, Nick, and his Dammie.

(c)

G 2

Ant.

Ant. All, all.

Kat. Shall he go from me?

Mil. Yes, but you shall follow him presently, trust to me Sister. Go, take no leave of 'em. I'le bring 'em upon you presently.

Croff. Are you at leisure now, sir, to tell me of

your brother.

Mil. Yes, to my grief, sir, praying you may have

patience.

Croff. To your grief, fir, he is not dead then? Younger brothers seldome grieve for their Elders death.

Mil. Pray bear it as you may, sir. I lest him in an heavy plight. And let me speak it with sorrow, he lay speechlesse.

Rook. Alack-a-day, good Gentleman, my fon-in-

law, perhaps, is heire already.

Croff. And hast thou been here all this while fooling or wiving (all's a matter) & left thy brother in danger? ha!

Mih. He's well attended, sir, and look't unto.

Nor would I wish you see his weak estate.

It can but grieve you, sir, my wise and sister, together with my self, will go. Or if

It please my father Rooksbill here, because his

power in this quarter is available.

Croff. Go, shew the way. I'le go in person, I. My son's my son.

Mih. Nay, pray sir.

Croff. Yes, cause you have a wife, you shall controll me. Will you go on, sir.

Mih. Well, I'le bring you to him, sir.

Luc. What was your widow, sir, she stunk of Aquavitæ, fearfully.

Mih. I'le tell thee as we go. Kisse. Excunt.

Sean. 3. Enter Clotpoll, Dorcas, Nick.

What a drunken fot was I, that knew thee if this while? I vow, thy story pities me. I'le thee, and turne thee to thy friends, for I am I have none that will keep thee for my sake.

I ask no further satisfaction of you, then honested by marriage. I'le work for a poor

ck. Prithee Mun feek me a Priest.

ore. My Coufin Milat faid he would bring or one.

me. I vow, and thou wert not his Kinfa, thou should to the Common yet.

of. Father, how come you hither?

pt. Did not the company fend for me?

sck. I vow, not we.

fing last night, came to me with an abominable teh't sace, and warn'd me on a businesse hither.

fick. I fmeli fome trick,

of. Some treacherie upon the brotherhood,

lick. Timorous thing! what in our own Quarter?

he fellow was forely handled.

rick. I would but fee the carcass of authority ace in our Quarter, and we not cut his legs off, come Tonic, what hast thou brought the word to passe for the Reckoning.

Enter Ant. Parson.

Ant. Come, you must make a wedding-night on't

Nick, Mihil will go no leffe.

Nick. My vow is passed, and before you, sir, 1 confirm it. This is my wife. Anon, your shall perform the holy Ceremony.

Ant. 'Tis well, pray fir, retire yourfelf to the next room there awhile, and flay you with him, Lady.

But what do you with Gabriel? Is it not time to

wake him yet?

Clot. 'Tis now upon the point, h'as slept two hours.

Nuck. Father, you'll fee a brave experiment upon a Gentleman that has been a youth.

Clot. And of the Philoblathici, as we are now.

Nick. And fince was grown one of the reformed, and we are now in practice to retrive, and bring him back to his first condition.

Ant. Have you followed all Mihils directions?

Nick. Hitherto we have. First, you faw he was laid defunct in Sack, next in his fleep, we have accounted him in martial abliments; and now we mean to wake him with alarmes shall affright the filly humour out of him, and render him his warlike faculty, or our Art failes.

Ant. Where be the Wenches?

Clot. The Sisters of the Scabberd, there's the sport on't. They have their parts to play upon him too. But for his drink now when he wakes, you said you would have a bottle of the womans what do you call't yonder? the Medea.

Capt. What? the charm'd liquor that Medes brow'd to make old father Affon young again?

Must that renew his youthful spirit in him?

Nick:

Nick. No, Sack will do better. When he wakes he will be very dry, then a quart-draught of good Canarie will so screw him up. 'Tis time 'twere now in practice. So, softly, softly. We must but halfe wake him at first.

A Bed put forth, Gabriel on it, Bettie and Frank.

Gab. O fome small drink.

Nick. Here, drink it off, sir, (Drinks) Drum and Trumpet. An Alarm.

Gab. Surpriz'd by th' enemie, whilest we have

plaid the Sluggard in our Tents.

Capt. Nick. Clot. Hold Captain, hold, we are your fouldiers.

Gab. Y'are Mutineers, and have disturb'd my rest.

And I'le do Martial Justice on you all.

Nick. I vow, hold, are you mad?

Gab. Know you not discipline? or are you growen rebellious in the Camp. I'le teach you warfare.

Capt. You have conjur'd a fury into him to beat us into fitters.

Clot. My pate bleeds for't, I protest.

Gab. I'le make you know command.

Ant. Noble Commander, hold thy furious hand, and heare thy fouldiers speak.

Gab. What have we women for our Martial

Musick?

Clot. None but the She-Trumpet, a neighbour here, and her Sister, that was Drum-major to my Countrey-Amazons, that pull'd up the Inclosures to lie all in Common.

Gab. Is the enemy i'th' field?

Nick. Upon their march, Captain, and we your officers: But rowl'd you up to be in readinesse.

Gab You are my Lieutenant, you my Ancient, and you two my Sergeants; and you must know

G 4

the Commander you ferve under, to be none of those Letter-carmers that know not so much as the termes of discipline, what a Flanker is, Nor a Raveling is. Nor a Petarre is. Nor a Curtain is. Nor a Bulwark is. Nor a Bastile is. Nor a Counterscarp is. Nor a Casemate is. A Gabion is: Nor any lest word of sortification. How can such fresh-water Captains command?

All. Right noble Colonel. He shall be our Co-

lonel.

Clot. One fouldier made up of Sack, is worth as many as would drink a fresh water river dry.

Gab. I knew, men of abilities thould at last be

put in action,

Valiant men and wife,

Are only fit for weighty enterprife.

All O noble Colonel.

Gab. What would an upftart Militaster now, That knew no rudiments of discipline, nor Art of warre, do in a sudden service? or say, when I know how to have my Ordnance planted here, my Cavalrie mounted here, my Battery-discoverer on such a point, my Trenches cut thus, my mine carried thus, my Gabions rais'd thus. Here my Parapet, there my Pallisadoe o'th' top of that. The enemie made saltable six hundred paces there. And I draw out my Musketeers to slank 'em in their Trenches here, while my Pikes and Targeteers advance to the breach there. What would Captain, my Lords man, or Sergeant-major, my Ladies Kinsman, sent in by honourable savour, do or say in such an expedition?

All. Braver and braver ftill.

Clot This goes beyond the Blade and the Battoon.

Gab Or how would their braines lie in their breeches

breeches, when the able Captain leads up his men in the Head of a Troop bravely, charges with his shot, makes a stand with his Pikes, does execution with his Sword, the Cannon playing, the Drum beating, the Shot thumping, the Ensignes waving, the Armes clashing, the Aire rending, Dust and Smoke clouding, Blood raining. And then to bring up such a division to fight, make good such a Ground, relieve such a Squadron, setch off such a losse, r'enforce the Ranks that are broken. March on, Come off. Beat the Bessognes that lie hid in the Carriages. O the renowned life of a worthy Commander.

Nick. Sound Drum and Trumpet.

All. A Colonel, a Colonel.

Enter Croswill, Rooksbill, Mihil.

Croff. Whither hast thou brought me? does thy brother lie speechlesse in this house? ha! what in the name of tumult can these be?

Mil. Pray sir, attend, you will be pleased anon.

Gab. A still march now. So, I have lost a great many of my men. But courage yet, you poor remainder of my scatter'd Troops. Stand. Qui vala. An Ambuscado of the enemy. Alarme. Lieutenant, charge in with your Shot. Now Gentlemen, for the honour of Covent-Garden, make a stand with your Pikes; in to the short sword; well fought, take Prisoners. Sound a Retreat now. Faire, saire i'th' coming off. So, 'twas bravely perform'd.

Clot. Must we not fall to risling now, Colonel.

Mil. Part saire on all sides, Gentlemen.

Gab. What's this, a vision, sure I do aile something.

Croff. Is't possible it is thou? art thou run mad as far as hell the tother way now. Rook.

Rook My wicked, caitiffe, reprobate fon is here too. Pray let me flee. I am but a dead man elfe.

Mile. You shall receive no harm, fir. Lay by your Armes my Masters. I bring none but friends.

Nick. Thou canst not make that good, my sathers.

there.

Mil. I'le make him friends with thee. Go and

dispatch within.

Ant. I'le see it done, and take our new made Brides with us for witnesses. [Ex. Nick Ant. Kat Lac.

Rook. Has his shame yet taught him to shunge

my fight.

Mih. And shall returne him instantly your comfort.

Rook. Unpossible, unpossible.

Mih. Altend the event.

Croff. I rather thought I should have found you fir, disputing with the Pastors, and the Elders, ye to say truth, this is the better madnesse. What can this mean? how came he thus translated? what Charmes, or what Inchantments are upon him?

Gab. What Babel was a building in my braines? But now it turnes, and I can recollect. The knowledge of a father, brother, Sifter. And that a thousand vain imaginations, Like scatterings of light things upon the earth, Rushes, loose leaves, sprigs, straws, and dust Contracted by a whirlwinde, were blowen up, And lodg'd in the rich Seat of Contemplation, Usurping there the room of vertuous thoughts. Honour awake me from this Lethargie.

Croff What can those women that appear like

furies be in this action?

Mill. They were but uf'd as properties to give new motion to this mortified condition.

Croff. I know not what to fay to any thing; there

is some Spell upon me too. My anger has forsook me. What are those men that bear a countenance. As if they stood indifferently affected to *Pedlam* and *Bridewell*.

Clot Meaning by us, fir. If our fight offend you, Know we are men that dare forbear the place.

Capt. I fon, let's go, our stay is dangerous.

They look like peace-maintainers, we'll fall off.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. O tarry, Gentlemen, we are all undone elfe. If you make not your peace before you stir, both you and I must suffer.

Capt. What's the matter?

Vint The Magistrates and Officers with their Billmen ta'ne us by surprise. They are i'th' house.

Bett. O me! the blew Gown Colledge.

Fran. Wheels and whips. I feel what we must

Clot. Did not I say there was some subtile praetice upon the Philoblatici? and that we were be-

trayed hither?

Vint. There's no escaping forth. And Gentlemen, It will but breed more scandal on my house, and the whole plantation here, if you now make rebellious uproar. Yield your weapons, and welcome Justice but like subjects new, and peace will follow.

Clot But where's Nick? where's Tonie?

Mih. They shall yield up their weapons. So do you.

Capt. Yes yes, 'tis best.

Clot. Shall we, fir, shall we?

Mih. Yes fir, you shall.

Clot. So, fir, I will then, not the Blade alone.

But

But for your more security, the Battoon, There is my Armes forth coming.

[Example 1]

Mil. Say they shall have faire welcom, What

are they married?

Enter Nick. Dorcas, Ant. Kat. Luc.

Ant. Yes, as fast as troth and holy words as binde 'em.

Mil. 'Tis well. Now fir, let me entreat your favour. 'Tis my first suit to you fince I was your son.

That before others entrances distract our troubled Scene, these may be reconcil'd.

Down Brother Nicholas.

Nick. Even unto the earth, sir, and humbled with as true a penitence, as son can be for wronging of a father, I beg your pardon and blessing.

Cross. Give it him, Brother Rooksbill, I dare say

'twill make him a good man.

Rook. Heaven make him fo. My bleffing and my prayers shall not be wanting.

Croff. What? my Neece Dorcas made an honest

woman?

Gab. Was that the man that wrong'd my Cousin Dorcas?

Mill. Yes, and has now made ample recompence.

Enter Cockbrayne, Cit. Watch. Madge.

Cit. Here they are altogether, sir.

Cock. Lay hands on all. First on that old Russian, the Incendiarie, that sets the youthful bloods on fire here with his Insernal discipline. Next; take his sons, there's one, that young Blade there. Have I now got within ye, Gentlemen? will you have Songs extempore? know ye me now? a ha! I'le be call'd the Weeder.

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Weeder of this Garden. Take up those She weeds there. I have the rank one here. I took her stragling in my Round e'ne now.

Rook. My Tenant, I take it, Mrs. Margerie

Howlet.

Cros. Your widow sir, I think.

Mih. But for a shift sir, now you know my aim.

Mad. O good your worship, as you came of a woman.

Cock. Peace Circes, ceafe thy charmes. What cluster have we here now. O here's another of the sons of noise.

Rook. That's my son now, sir, by your leave, and I'le baile him.

Cock. What Mr. Rooksbil, are you here? what woman's this?

Cros. My Neece, sir, his sons wife. And I'le baile her.

Cock.. What Mr. Croswill, you among this Ginge too?

How will you 'scape commitment ?

Croff. Why, Mr. Cockbrayne? how his braines crow now?

Cock. Who's here? your daughters too? but what are these?

Cros. I hope they'll prove my sons, and be indifferent men in time, sir, by that time their haire may grow, or be reduc't to an indifferent length.

Mih. That's done on me already, sir.

Cros. Now he looks as like a Rogue as e're he did again.

Gab. And sir, for me, now that my Cousin is re-

stored, and the wilde fury of my wine abated.

I do you the obedience of a son, acknowledging my former formal habit wws more of stubbornesse then true devotion. For which I beg your pardon.

™ VOL. II. Crof

Crof. There's more deceit under these half Footballs, then in whole pudding-bags. Well boyes, be you indifferent fons, neither two hot nor too cold. I have found a fault in myself, I confesse. I will reform it, and be an indifferent father.

Cock. O here's the man I fought, whom, I confeis, I am half forry to commit with the rest, because I

found him civiller.

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Ant. Hoping you will not stake that good opinion, I'le now come nearer to you. And since here is such a convention of love and joy. I hope my offering of a sons true duty may finde Idulgencie.

Cock. What? my fon Autonie?

Croff. How? how? your son that should have had my daughter? Come hither Kate, now if thou lov'st him, take him. Are you content, friend Cockbrayne.

Cock. O fir, most happily.

Crof. Why run you not together?

Ant. It is too late, or needlesse now for me to

marry her.

Cros. Is't come to that? and if I do not swindge him—. Are you too good, fir, for my daughter?

Ant. I do not fay fo, fir.

Crof. Huswise, do you like him? Kat. No more than he does me, sir.

Crof. Get you together, or I'le swaddle you both into one, you perverse fools.

Ant. The truth is, we are married already.

Kat. 'Tis fo, indeed, fir.

Crof. Heyday! who am I trow? how durft you

do it without my consent?

Kat. I had your confent, fir, you commanded me to take my choice in whom I pleaf'd, before you would take notice.

Cros.

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Cros. I cannot abide this wrangling, Give you joy.

Cock. Joy and my bleffing on you. Why I

know not whom to commit now.

Cros. You have done the Common-wealth a special piece of service the while with your State-braines. But let us make a night of this I pray.

Cit. Sir, the parties have given me satisfaction,

and I am content they be releaf'd.

Cros. There's an honest sellow now, and looks like one that would be beaten every day for ready money. Go now, while ye are well, and be seen no more in this Precinct.

All. Never and't please your worships, never.

Cros. 'Twas built for no such vermine. Hence

And may the place be purg'd so every day. 'Tis no unworthy member may be sound, To pester or to vilifie this ground. That as it was intended, it may be A Scoene for Vertue and Nobilitie.



EPILOGUE.

IS not the Poets Art, nor all that we
By life of Action can present on't, ye
Can or ought make us presume a Play
Is good, 'tis you approve't. Which that you may
It cannot misbecome us, since our gaines
Come by your favour, more then all our paines.
Thus to submit us unto your commands,
And humbly ask the favour at your hands.

Another.

Tis done. And now that Poets can divine, Observe with what Nobility doth shine Faire Covent-Garden. And as that improves, May we sinde like Improvement in your Loves.

FINIS.

THE

NEW ACADEMY,

Or, the

NEW EXCHANGE.





THE

NEW ACADEMY

Or, the

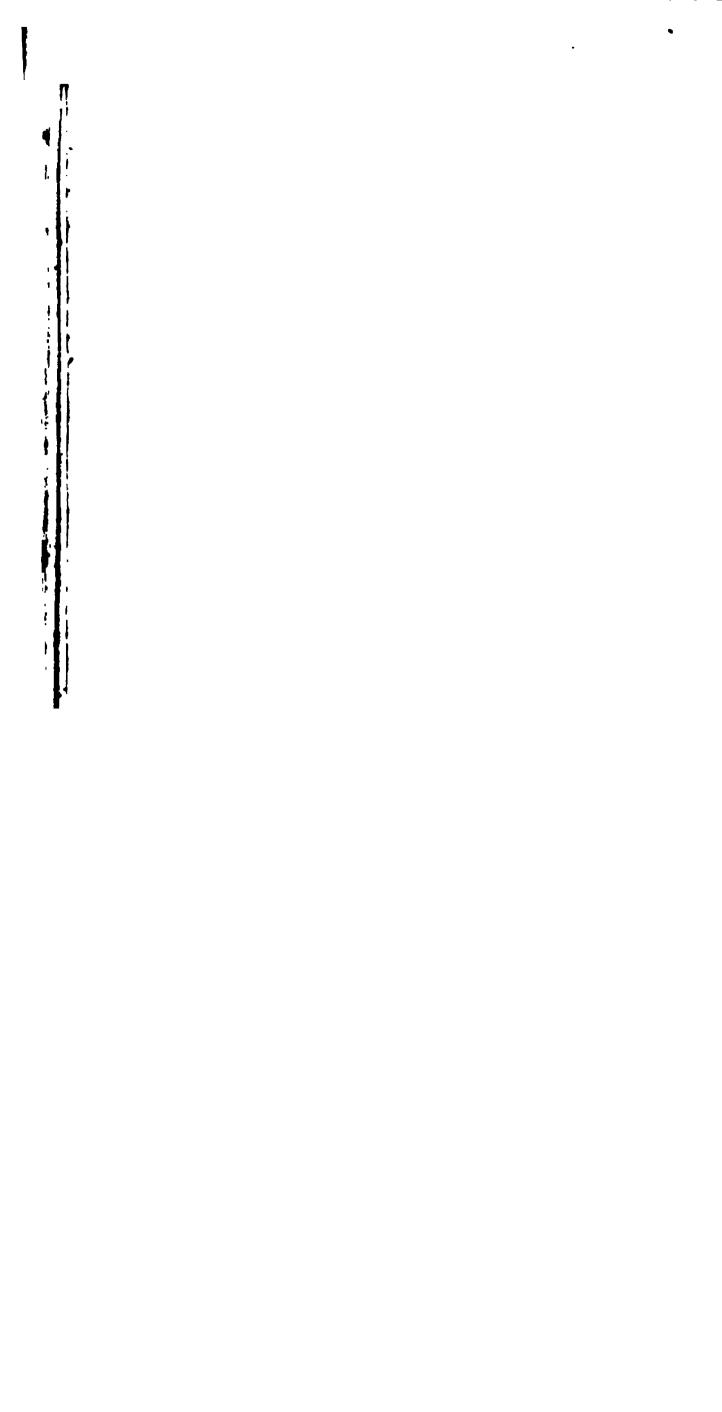
N E W EXCHANGE.

BY RICHARD BROME.



LONDON,

Printed for Andrew Crook, at the Green Dragon in Saint Pauls Churchyard: And Henry Brome, at the Gun, in Ivy Lane. 1658.



The Actor's Names.

Swithin Whimlby, a melancholy Widower. Suiter to the Lady Nestlecock.

Old Matchil, a Merchant that married his Maid. Gabrialla's Guardian.

Young Matchil his fonne.

Old Lasoy a French Gentleman, a Guardian to young Matchil.

Young F. Lafoy his fonne.

Ar. Hardyman, Captain Valentines Father-in-law. Hannah's father,

Strigood, half brother to Matchil.

Valentine Askal, fon-in-law to Hardiman. Hannah's half-brother.

Erasmus a young Gentleman, his Companion and Friend.

Cafh, Matchils Prentice.

Nehemiah Nestlecock, a foolish Gentleman, the Ladies sonne.

Ephraim, the Lady Nestlecocks Servant.

Rate Camelion an uxorious Citizen.

A Pootpoft.

Galliard alias Philip Matchils and Frances Lafoy's

Women.

Ladie Nestecock, a fond Mother.

Joyce, Matchils Daughter.

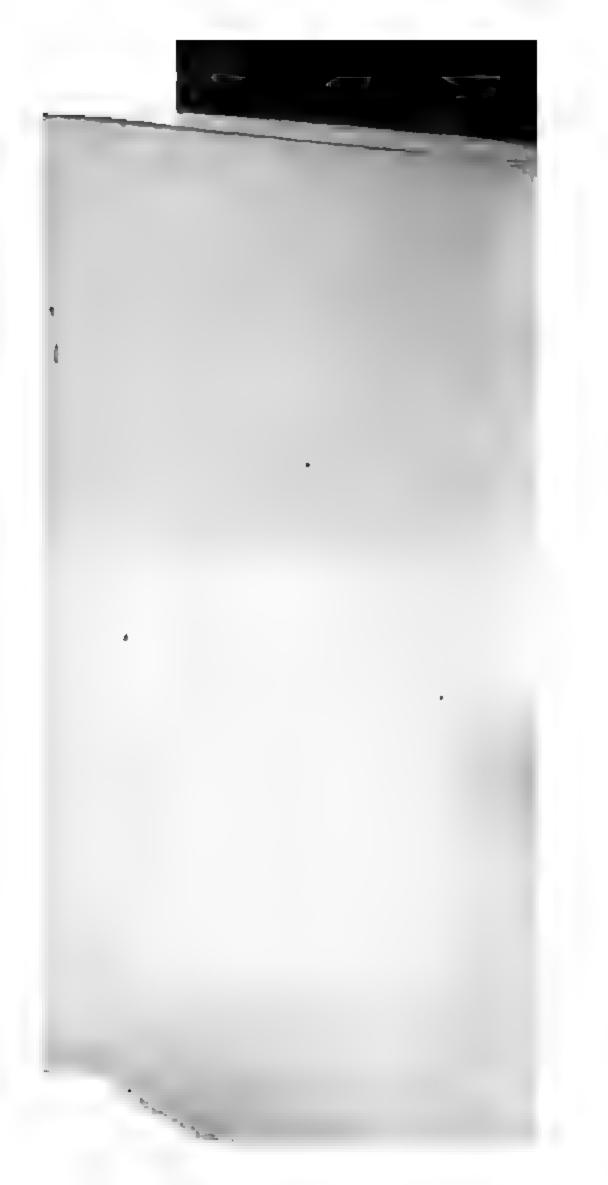
Foster Sisters.

Gabriella, Lafoy's Daughter.

Mrs Blithe Tripshort, Sir Swithin Whimlbies

Hannah, Camelions wife, Captain Hardimans daughter.

Maudlin, Matchils Maid and Wife



(I)



THE

NEW ACADEMY,

Or, the

NEW EXCHANGE.

Act I.

Valentine, Erafmus.

S this the entertainment you promif'd me in the Jovial Merchants house? Is this the great interest you have in his huge hospitality? when by half an hours attendance and intreats we cannot obtain the sight of him.

Er. I wonder at it; Sure some strange disaster has suddenly befallen him. He was, last night the merriest man alive, drank healthes; told tales; sung Catches; Trowle the Bowle; Tosse the Cannykin; and what not! and all for joy, that his sonne, he said, was up on his returne, whom he has not seen these dozen years, since he sent him a little Lad into France, to be bred there.

Val. I heard he did fo; and that in lieu, by way of

Er. Right.

Val. But is that daughter fo exquisite a creatur as is this Merchant Matchills own whom you much extoll?

Er. They are both so equally handsome, and vertuous, that, be their dowries so, and their confents alike, I'le take my choice of crosse and pile for either, with such a friend as thou art.

Val. Troth, and that's friendly spoken, Mus.

Er. It is so Val. yet not with some policie do I wish thee a sortune: for, insooth, young Gentleman, though I like your person, and some of your qualities, yet by reason of your wants, I finde you something heavy on my purse-strings; and my selfe scarce able to supply you. And, if we faile of good matches, I must even turne you over shortly to the hopes you boast of in your City-Mystresses and Tradesmens wives.—

Val. Peace, prythee hold thy peace.

Enter Cash.

Friend Cash! Is your Master, Mr. Matchill yet at leisure to be seen?

Cash. He much desires, sir, to be excused. 'Tisture that he invited you. His dinner's ready; and his heart welcomes you. But he has met with an unhappy newes to day.—

Val. I fear'd some ill. What is the matter?

Cash. His only sonne, whom he of late expected home out of France, we hear, is dead.

Val. His daughter will prove a bouncing match then.

Cash

Cash. That's the impression the heavy newesmakes you, Gentlemen.

Er. Come, let's go.

Cash. Nay, Gentlemen, although my Masters dden sadnesse shuts him from you. His meat and rine are ready. There are some good company his Parlour too, Pray stay.

Val. Are his faire daughter, and the French-borne

Damfel there to be feen?

Cash. Both. Pray be pleaf'd to enter.

I hope his passionate fit e're you have din'd will be past over. He is not wont to suffer long under the hand of forrow.

'Tis like that you shall see him ere you go.

Er. In that faire hope we'll enter and fall to.

-Ex. Val. Er.

Cash. 'Tis like you shall fall short though of your aim At my young Mystresse, who by this black newes, Becomes my Masters heire, and so the white That all the gallant suiters of the City And Court will level their keen shafts at. Where Are mine own hopes then, that stood as saire In competition for her love as any, When the great noise of her inheritance. Shall drown each Lovers tongue, that cannot say, It is a Lords at least, I rather wish The young man had not di'd.

Enter Strigood.

Stri. Where's my Boykin? my Friskoe? my Delight? my Cash? by what better name can I call thee?

Cash. O me! Master Strigood, what make you

bere ?

Stri. I come to comfort my brother in his for(c) H 2 row,

The New Academy, Or

row. His sonne is dead, they say. Ha! Is't not so?

Cash. And he is almost dead with forrow. Back fir.

The fight of you, that are his fole vexation, will make him mad.

Str. That is my way to cure him.

Madnesse drowns grief in any man.—Probatum.

Calh. Good Mr. Strigood depart.

Str. Good Mr. Cash, and Mr. Matchils man.
I'le see your Master. What! deny his brother?
His nowne natural brother? By the surer side too

We tumbled in one Pannier; though we had Two Rippiers, Sweet fir, I am the elder too Strigood was in my mother before Matchill Therefore, because I have spent an estate And he has got one, must not I maintain My self the better man?

Cash. Yes: if you had the wherewithal.

Stri. Sir, you had been as good ha' held your tongue. Lend me some money Cash.

Cash. I have no money, fir, but what's my Ma-

íters.

Str. Whose money, sir, was that you played last night

Among the Knights and Braveries at the ordinary? Gold by the handfuls, Cash! Lend me two pieces.

Cash. Speak lower, fir.

Str. Lend me three pieces, Cash.
Before I speak too loud, who's money's that
You use to weare abroad at Feasts and Revels
In silver lace and satten, though you wait
At home in simple Serge, or broad-cloth, sir.
Cash. Be not so loud, I pray.
Str. Lend me five pieces.

The New Exchange.

I shall grow louder else. Who payes your Barber? I mean not for your Prentice pig-hair'd cut Your weare at home here; but your Periwigs; Your locks and Lady-ware that dangle in 'em, Like straws in the bush natural of a Bedlem? Cash. What mean you Mr. Strygood.

Stri. I mean ten pieces now; I'll go no lesse.

Do not I know your haunts?——

Cash. You may; you train'd one to 'em Stri. Do not I know your out-leaps, and vagaries? Your tiring houses, where you shift your felf, Your privy lodgings, for your trunks and punks? Your midnight walks and meetings? Come, the money.

And, hark thee, though thou undoest my brother

by't.

I'll keepthy councel: thou shalt findemevertuous. I want, he gives me nothing, and thou canst not Do him better service, then relieve his brother. Cash. I am in; and must to hide my old faults, do——Ande.

Like an ill Painter, dawbe 'em o're with new.

Stri. Quickly. I shall grow loud again else Cash. Cash. Sir, I am in your hands, here are ten pieces.

I hope you will not thank my Master for 'm.

Stri. No, nor for all he has that comes through thy hands.

My nimble Cash; and from this I am sure, Though I were starving, I should finger nothing. Cash. Will you go now?

Stri. I'll see him e're I go.

And dine, if there be meat i'th' house. What eaters Are there within? I'll draw a knife among 'em. Ex. Cash. This desperate old Russian, would undo me, But he hopes to waste his brother by me.

He has spent himself to beggery; and would fall so. (c) H 3 But

The New Academy, Or

But that he has pernicious fire in's brain, That raging spreads to ruine others with him. I must beware of him.

Enter Lady Nestlecock, Ephraim.

Is she come too?

6

Then 'tis decreed, my Master must, from some suffer in madnesse.

La. Go home Ephraim.

And have a care you suffer not my boy
To Straggle forth mong his unhappy playmates.
For sear of mischief.

Eph. It shall be my care.

La. What do you lock up my brother, ha?—— Cash. H' has lock't himself up, Madam; and will suffer

None to come at him, till his forrowful fit Be fomewhat over.

La. Not's own Sister, ha?---

Cash. Nor his half brother neither: yet he's here. La. Is he here, ha? That Strygood? Is he here?

Hang him old reprobate. And beshrew thy heart, For a young varlet, to call him our brother. It is no marvel, if my brother Matchil Lock up himself, and such a wickednesse Be in his house, as is that Strygood, ha——Let him take heed, he comes not in my Nayl-reach. And call me Sister, or my Brother, brother, Like a debaush'd old Villain, as he is. O that my husband Nesslecock were alive, But for three minutes, to send him to Newgate, if he presume to call me Sister. But I command you in my husbands name, Who was a Justice, when he liv'd, to thrust him Out of your Masters doors, my brothers house.

Left

−Es.

The New Exchange. I be fick with the loath'd fight of him. will not disobey this, will you, ha?--not, why flir you not? ha!--Salli. I must remove is fit of her's There's but one way to do it, thats to talk of her white boy, the's fond on. La. Will you not fend him packing, ha?-Galk, First, Madam. your good ladiships leave) how does your sonne eet Master Nehemiah Nestlecock? La. I thank you courteous friend. In truth, last night. be of my Coach-gueldings fell lame, and I, that constrain'd to come afoot, s forced to leave my boy at home; or elfe had come with me, to have been a comfort his fad Uncle: But I would not now twice my Gueldings price, my childe were here; d that foule fiend i'th' house, whose very looks pald fright him into fickneffe. Cash. O good Lady! La. I can't so soon forget the fright he took feeing the roguish Jugler once cat tow, d blow it out of's mouth in fire and fmoke, e lay a fourtnight by't. Cash. That's two yeares fince. nd he was then but young, he's now a man. Le. Alack a childe; but going in's nineteenth year. here's my Neece Joyce? Cash. Within there Madam; so is Gabriella e French young Gentlewoman to attend you. La. I'll stay with them till I may see my brother. Cash. I hope old Strygood, who now on the sudden ith flipt her memory, meets her by the eares first. WOL. II. H AEnter Enter Matchil, an open letter in his hands. But the good minute's come, before I look't for't. My Master now appears. He looks most sourchy, Expressing more of anger then of grief. I seare, old Strygood was so loud with me, That he hath over-heard us, and I shall break Before I am a Freeman.

Mat. Sorrow be gone

And puleing grief away, whilest I take in A nobler and more manly Passion; Anger, that may instruct me to revenge. My childe is lost by treacherous neglect In that salse Frenchman, to whose seeming care I trusted the chief comfort of my life; My Boy. Nay, read again, 'Tis written, Matchillere, reades. He was grown man.

Cash. His man, I think, he Cash listens to Mat said. Chil, and speaks aside

Does your man trouble you. I do not like that.

Mat. And here he writes that in his youthful spring

And heat of spirit, he began to grow

Intemperate and wilde——

Cath. Wilde! Are you there?

Mat. Which drew him on to riotous expence— Cash. And there again, to riotous expence!

'Tis I directly that he's troubled with.

Mat. And sometimes into quarrels. What o' that In all this he was still mine own. O Mat. kissing boy——— the paper.

Cash. Some flavehaswrit fome fearful informatio

Against me, and he hugs and kisses it.

Mat. And had his Guardian had a feeling care (Hang his French friendship) over my dear childe As I had over his, these youthful follies Might have be en-tempered into manly vertues.

Cash. I hear not that. Mat. But I fall back agen.

from my revenge to grief. Away; I will not.

[He reads again.

Here's the death-doing point. These slight diforders.

Nere, by his churlish and persidious Guardian, interpreted no leste then Reprobation, and, by his ignorant cruelty, so punish'd. For, here he thuts his eare and door against him! When suddenly the loose licentious world Soothes en his youthful, injudicious courage To imminent destruction; so being engag'd in a rath quarrel, he in duel fell Th' Opponents sword was instrument; yet I inferre. Sofor, his Guardian was his murderer. Farewell, my boy; and this is the last teare Thou shalt wring from me. Something I'll do, Shall them a fathers love, and valour too. I'm young enough to draw a sword in France, yet.

Cash. Now it comes.

But first Come hither, Sirrah.

Mat I purpose streight to order my estate
Look that you forthwith perfect my Accompts;
And bring me all my books of debtor and creditor.
Receipts and payments, what you have in wares,
And what in eath, let me inform my felf.

Cask. 'Tis as I fear'd.

Mat. I'll fet all right and streight,
All statutes, bonds, bills, and feat'd instruments
That do concern me, I have in my Closet
Or at my Councels, or my Scriveners.
I'll call in them my felse Why doest thou look so
amaz'dly.

Would ft

Would'st have me yield a reason? why, I'll tell the I mean to make a voyage; and, perhaps, To settle and proportion out my estate By Will, before I go. Do you as I command you

Ca/h. Whatever he pretends, I know his drift:

And, e're I'll be discover'd by my stay;

Being run out, I'll choose to run away.——Ex.

Mat. My daughter in the first place must be car'd for.

I'll make her a good match. My next in blood then My Knave half-brother, and my whole fool-lifter. But the best is, her Ladiship has enough; And all I have, in Strygoods hands, were nothing.

Therefore I'll purpose nothing to him. Oh.

Enter Joyce and Gabriella.

The Joy and Torment of my life, at once Appear to me. I must divide them, (He thrusts of thus.) (Gabriella.)

Hence hated issue of my mortal foe Whom I have foster'd with a Parents Piety As carefully and dearly as mine own. While the inhumane cruelty of thy Sire Has to untimely death expos'd my sonne. Thank me I kill not thee; so leave my house. There's French enough in town, that may be friend

you.

To pack you o're to *Paris*; what's your own

Take w'ye, and go. Why cleave you to To her so?

Forsake her, cast her off. Are not my words Of sorce, but I must use my hands to part ye?

Fo. Deare, honour'd father, I beseech you hear me.

In parting us you separate life from me,

And

The New Exchange.

II

And therein act a real crueltie
On me your only childe, sharper then that,
Which you can but pretend done by her father.

Mat. Durst thou speak so? Foy. I cannot live from her.

Mat. O monstrous. Pray, your reason. Why not live?

Foy. You know, Sir, from our Infancie we have been.

Bred up together, by your tender care
As we had been twin-borne, and equally
Your own; and by a self-same education,
We have grown hitherto, in one affection,
We are both but one body, and one mind,
What Gabriclla was, I was, what I, was she.
And, till this haplesse houre, you have enjoyn'd me,
Nay, charg'd me on your blessing, not to arrogate
More of your love unto my self, then her.

Mat. That was, 'cause I presum'd her father lov'd, Or should have lov'd my sonne, your brother.

Foy. I never knew brother, or sister, I;
Nor my poor self, but in my Gabrella.
Then blame me not to love her, I beseech you

—Upon me knees.

Mat. Th' art knee-deep in rebellion.
Unnatural Gipsie, since thou prov'st my torment
In being the same with her; and hast declar'd
Thy self no more my childe, then she, whom now
I do abhorre, avoid, with her, my sight.
Rise, and be gone, lest thou pull curses on thee
Shall sink thee into earth.

Gab. O rather, Sir.

Let me 'gainst whom your fury first was bent Suffer alone the sharpnesse of your vengeance: And let it not be said, 'cause you surmise, My sather lost your son, that, therefore, you

Have

The New Academy, Or

Have cast away your daughter. Hurl me, rather Into the ruthless waves to seek my way; Or do but take her, hold her in the armes Of your paternal love, and I'll take flight To weane her to you.

Foy. She cannot, may not leave me. Mat. Out of my doors then, with her.——

Enter Lady Nestlecock.

La. What's the matter? ha——

I 2

Mat. Such as you cannot mend, deare Lady Sister.

What come you hither with your Ha—for? Ha— La. To comfort you, dear brother, if you'll heare me.

Your sonne is dead, they say; and heare I finde Your daughter is rebellious 'gainst your will.

Mat. You speak much comfort, do you not, think you.

La. But is it so Foyce? ha! —— I thought you Force,

Would have rejoyc'd your father in obedience, Foyce;

And not afflict him with your stubbornnesse.

Mat. O this impertinent woman!

La But my brother,

Let me advise you, rather then suffer her To be an eye-fore to you, put her out,

Where she may learne more duty. If you please I'll take her home, and shew her how it should be.

Mat. Yes, as you have shewen your Nesslewek, your sonne.

La. I, there's a childe! Brother, you'l pardon me,

If

The New Exchange.

13

If I aspire in hope, that he shall be

Your heire, if Joyce miscarry in rebellion.

Mat. And therefore you would breed her. How the devil

Works in a covetous woman! Though a foole too.

Your sonne's an Asse; an Ideot; and your self No better, that have bred him so. Do you tell me

Of your sweet sugar-chop't Nestle coxscombe? La. Ha——

Mat. He's fit t'inherit nothing but a place I'th' Spittle-house, Fools Colledge, yond, at Knightsbridge.

La. And did I come to bring thee consolation? Now let me tell thee, I rejoyce in thy Just punishment, thy scourge of crosses. Thou, That for these six years space, until this day, Hast kept continual seast and jollitie

For thy wives death, who was too good for thee.

Mat. Right, for the was my Master, a perpetual
Vexation to me, while the was above-ground

Your Ladiship could not have spoke more comfort

to me

Then the remembrance of that shook-off Shackle, Which now, in my affliction makes me smile, And were I on her grave, I could cut capers.

La. A further punishment I prophecie Grows in the neck of thy leud insolence.

Mat. I could e'ne finde in heart to marry again, In spight, now, of thy witchcrast, my son dead! My daughter disobedient! and your childe A very chilblaine. What have I to do But marry again: all women are not devils, I may yet get an heire unto my minde.

(c)

Enter Strigood.

Mat. Art thou here too

Stri. Stay, you forget your brother, Mr. Metall You have match'd ill once already; and the heed

You match not worse, your children, though toward

And taking of the devillish Shrew, their mother, Were likely of your own begetting; Yet

Your fecond wife may bring you a supply

Of heires, but who must get them, first is doubtful

Mat. Thy impudence amazes me.

Str. Ha, ha.

La. I'm fick at fight of the leud Reprobate.

Stri. Dee cast about for heirs; and have beside Your daughter here, a brother and a sister?

La. Call not thy self our brother. He appears
Unkinde to me, but thou insufferable,

I loath to look upon thee.

Stri. He has spoke

Against her Aunt, her Moon-calf sonne. I'll make her love me best, and presently.

Brother, I say.

Mat. I cannot look upon thee.

Provoke me not to speech, I charge thee.

Str. Give me leave to speak; Hold you you peace;

Hear but my brotherly advice; and then

Give your consent in silence. (Mat.) hum hum, &

La. Hear him not. (Mat.) Nor you neither hum—hum—hum.

La. I am not angry with you now; and therefor I charge you, hear him not. (Mat.) hum hum—
Str

Stri. My advice is thus, that for your daughters good.

For mine own good, and for your Sisters good, And for her sonne, your Nephew's good.

La. How's that? ha!

Stri. And chiefly for your own good, and the credit A wife man would defire to hold i'th' world, Think not of marrying, nor of buying hornes At the whole value of your whole estate, But match your daughter while you have the meanes In your own hands; give her a good round portion, Here are deserving Gentlemen i'th' house. Next, think of me your brother, that has spent In down-right sellowship (heaven knows what All fraudulent purposes to make any man A miser or a gainer by't) a faire estate. And now do want a brotherly supply. A hundred a year or so: but above all Fasten your land unto your Sisters sonne. That hopeful Gentleman, sweet Nehemial. (Mat)hum.

La. Now brother you may hear him,

Stri. What though it straggle from the name of Matchil.

Remember yet he is your mothers Grandchilde.

La. Why dee not hear him, brother? (Mat.)hum. Stri. As I hope

To be a landed man my self,

Had I a thousand yearly, I would leav't him.

La. Trulie, I thank you. Now I'll call you brother. Y'are a good natur'd Gentleman if you had it.

Come home, and see my sonne. — Will you not hear him? ha!

Mat. I need not, nor your selfe. I see you gape Like monsters that would swallow me alive. I know your mindes; and I will do mine own. And, thus it is. Stay, let me stay a little.

La. Look you how wilde he looks. Stri. He's falling mad,

Stark staring mad.

La. I would he had a wife then, For nothing else can tame him.

Mat. So it shall be.

First, I'll be Master of mine own estate. Next-

Stri. Take a wife to master that, and you.

Mat. Next, you Madamoiselle, (on whom with

patience

I cannot look) forfake my house, and suddenly; Linger not for a man to wait upon you, But let your black bag guard you, 'tis a sashion Begun amongst us here by your own Nation. And if I longer must call you my daughter, Forsake you her.

Foy. What mine own heart? dear Sir.

Mat. At your own choice, I can force her departure,

Though not perfwade your stay, determine quickly Either to leave her, and enjoy a father, Or never more expect a fathers blessing.

Gab. Dear, mine own heart, leave me, obey

your father.

Foy. It must be to my death then.

[Weepes.

Mat. I'll be fudden.

Therefore be you as brief in your resolve.

La. Alas, poor hearts. Just so loth To part was I and my sonne Nehemiah. To day when I came forth.

Stri. Necce Foyce, let me

Advise you.——

Mat. Pray, Sir, none of your advices. Let her advise her self; whilest I impart To you my next intention; which is thus.

The New Exchange.

o end your strife for shares in mine estate to venter on a wife; indeed I'll marry.

La Will you fo? ha!

Mat. Yes indeed La,---

Stri. If then

you'l estate nothing on me for my life live mee a fee to help you to a wife, can, a good one.

Mat. Ill none, Sir, of your good ones.

Belides, Sir, I'm provided.

La. You are not, are you? ha.

Mat. Let it suffice, I say't, so quit my house.

Stri Shall I expect then nothing?

Mat Pray fir, do.

Tis all I can afford you. You have wit, Yes, you can daunce, tread money out of rushes, Slight and activity to live upon.

numble braine, quick hands and airie heels

To get a living.

Str. Hah. Mat. Pray fall to practice.

Stri I may, fir, to your cost, if you put off Your daughter with her Sweet-heart, her Mon Coeur Chere, as the calls her. Dear, my Lady Sister; You see how churisshly this Merchant uses us. He has forgot, sure, he was borne a Gentleman.

Will you be pleafd, I speak to you in your earch. L.s. Anyway, brother Strigged, Hang him, Naint.

To warn me out o's house; and not alone,

To turne a stranger from within his gates,

But offer to cast out his childe too, ha!

Stri. 'Tis about that I'd fpeak, pray Madam heark

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

Er. Noble Mr. Matchil, though we ate your meat

Before we saw you, you will give us leave To take our leaves, and thank you ere we part

Mar. O Gentlemen.

:::: W' have heard your cause of sorrow.

Man. But I have over-past it. Heark ye Gentlemen. [Ladies

Era! You'l give us leave first to salute the

Max. Nay, if you love me, heare me first.

Er. V.z. Your will, Sir.

(Talk

L.z. Neece, you shall no way disobey your faither

In being rul'd by me.

Seri. So. fo. it takes.

100

La. You and your second selfe shall home with Until his furious humour be blown over. To which the first meanes is to shun his sight,

And then let me alone to make your peace.

Fig. Gai. We thank your Ladiship.

La. So let us slip

Home to my house together.

Lin Hist brother, lead the way.

S.r. As gladas ever Fox was of his prey. Exit om.

M.t. Tis even so, Gentlemen, sor-Pet. Mat.

www findes no lodging.

In my light heart sometimes she knocks at door,

And takes a drink, but here she must not sit by't

Val. Yare happy Sir.

Er. Yet I have heard you say

You never tasted joy for divers yeares

Till your wife died: since when, a King of mirth,

And now to marry agen is such a thing.

Mat. Yes fir, 'tis fuch a thing that I will marry That I foreknow can never disobey me And I'll defie the devil to dishonest her.

Er. Is she so ougly?

Val. No, he means so vertuous.

Mat. Well-said, sir, you shall drink before me. Rachel, Mawdlin. 'Pro-

Protest you shall though't be in my own house.

Er. Now he resumes his humour.

Mat. Ratchel I say,

Bring me a kan o' fack.

Er. But how can you

Presume before the dangerous marriage-trial That she whom y'have chosen will be obedient.

Val. D'ye think he has not tried her? There's

a question!

Mat. Well-said agen. I was about to say so. Rachel, some sack, I say. Yes, I have tried her, sir, Tri'd her, and tri'd her again: all over and over These sive yeares day and night; and still obedient.

Er. Then you are fure to her.

Mat. No, I never us'd

A marriage-question, nor a woing word.

But do all by command, she is so obedient.

Val. And yet she's chaste and vertuous withal.

Mat. Well-said again, sir, so I was a saying.

Er. But we have talk't away the Gentlewomen.

Mat. No matter, let 'hem go. Would they were far enough. Ent. Rach.

Enter Rachel, silver Kan and Napkin.

Come, the fack, the fack. — Who taught you that courtese maid.

Pray try a better to the Gentleman.

Protest you shall begin.

Val. In your own house, sir?

Mat. I'll rather g' ye my house, then break my word in't.

Val. Y' are Lord here, and may command me, sir. And so my service to you.

Mat. I'll do you reason, sir. ——Val. drink. Be ready with your Napkin, and a lower douke maid.

I 2 I'll

I'll hang dead weight at your buttocks else So Is not this obedience, Gentlemen, Mr. Erasmus' Mus, I will call thee Mus, I love to be Familiar, where I love; and Godamercy For your friend here; you both thall see my daughter.

But my French Damosel and I are parted I hope by this time. So here's to you Mus

Er. To me, to me, to me. [M drinks.]
Mat Ha boy, art there? dispatch [Er. drinks.]

Your court'fie quickly, and go cal my daughter

Rach She is gone forth, forfooth. Mat. Forth, ha? when? whither?

La ye, the thinks I'm angry, and the finger

Is in the eye already. Is not this

Feare and obedience, Gentlemen? who went with her.

Rach. She went with my Lady Neflecock, to bring Gabruella on her way they faid.

Mat. I would

They were all in France together.

Er. What, your daughter?

Mat. She comesagain, I doubt not. Dry your eyes. And drink that fack, without a court'fie, drink it You do not know my meaning, Gentlemen. Stay. now gi' me't agen.—Now go and dry Your face within —— without a court'fie? hat —— hx, Rach.

Now is not this obedience, Gentlemen?

Val But this is not the rare obedient pecce

That you will marry?

Mat. You do not hear me fay fo. But I prefame, as much obedience In her I have made choice of.

Er. Marrie a maid.

And we will be her Hench-boyes, if you pleafe.

Mat.

Mat. No, I'll have no fuch blades 'bout my wives hanches.

But come, to end this tedious Scene, in which I ha' past the Purgatorie of my Passions Of sorrow, anger, seare, and hope at last. I am refin'd, sublim'd, exalted, fixt In my true Sphereos mirth; where love's my object. And bloodie thought of black revenge cast by.

Val. Could your faire breast harbour a bloody

thought?

Mat. For some sew minutes, in which extasse I meant t' ha' gone, as other Gallants do. To fight in France, forsooth, and charg'd my man To draw up his Accompts, call in my moneys, Thought to have made my Will—.

Er. I saw your Cashier
Go forth e'ne now with a strong lusty Porter
Loaden with money: I will not say my teeth
Water'd at it. Val. But 'twas enough to make
A very true mans fingers itch.

Mat. I cannot

Think he is run away; but yet I like not His carrying forth, when I say, setch in money. But this is from my purpose. Love ye mirth? Let's in, and drink, and talk. That gives it birth.

Act. II. Scene. 1.

Camelion, Hannah.

Cam. I prithee now, I prithee, prithie now Urge me no more in this case; for I cannot, Nor I wo' not so Iwo' not, I be jealous

Of mine own wife, mine own dear flesh and blood? That's fuch a thing! I pidee speak no more on't.

Han. You shew you love Rafe.

Cam. So I hope I do Nan.

My cock, my pity nittle nansie cocksie, Do I not shew my love when I deny thee Unreasonable requests? I never heard Of woman that desir'd a loving husband To be a jealous Master over her. Especially a City-Shopkeeper.

The best part of whose trade runs through the hands Of his faire wife too! 'Tis unreasonable.

And thou the first that e're take up the humour.

Han. And you the first that e're I knew besotted Into a wilful confidence, which renders Me to a vile construction; and your selfe By leaving me to all affaults and hazards Have got the reputation of a Wittal.

Or one that feems contented to become fo.

Cam. Hon soit qui maly pense.

My Cock, my Nansie Cock, my Cocksie Nansie, Kisse me, and use thine own conscience: I scorn The yellow sicknesse, I let 'hem all say what they will.

D'einty, come thou to me. I will not lose An haires breadth o'my humour, nor retain An ill thought o'my Cocks honestie For all the wealth i'the Exchange, not I

Han. I not desire you should, but only that You will not feem so carelesse of my credit, Exposing me to all temptations Of the wilde Gallantry of the wanton time. By whom (although my chastity remaines Untouch't) my name and your discretion suffers.

Cam. Pish, Honi soit again: Cock, I desie

Calumniation and detraction I.

When

When I am jealous, let the horne-curse take me; ad let me be with hornets flung to death.

Han. Still you flie from the point, I would not

ou vex yourself with causelesse jealousie wer my constant love; but only seem little watchful o're my reputation. Whereby you may decline mens leud attempts. and not to throw me upon opportunities To draw them on; as if I were a thing et out, as in your shop, for common sale. Cam. Cock, Thou shalt never tie me to't: not I. must not lose my harmlesse recreations broad to fnook over my wife at home. bought it ha' me like the hair-brain'd Point-tagger, hat uf'd to hammer his fingers at one end I'th' thop, while's wife was bargaining at the other? fot I; fweet Cock, pidee lets heare no more on't.

Enter Foot-post.

Now friend! Is your bufineffe to me or my wife? Post. This Superscription will inform you, fir. Cam. To my deare daughter Mrs. Hannah Came-

or, at her shop or house in or near the New Ex-

lange.

Take it quickly, what a Knave art thou to at a letter in my hands, that is directed to my ife. Shobs I would not ha' open'd it for fourty bund.

Post. If all husbands in the City were of his minde,

were a Forrest of sooles indeed. Cam. Cock, I must leave thee.

Han. Pray stay a little. This letter,'s from my ther.

Cam. I hope the good Captaine's well.

Han. Yes, very well, pray read his Letter here. * VOL. 11. Cam. Cam. Cock, You shall pardon me. Not L. I have a match to play at the ducking-pond. Prithee fore-slow not my occasions, Cock, As I forbear to pry into thy secrets.

Han. Here's nothing but what I would have you

fee.

There's for your postage, friend. It needs no an-

Post. I thank you, Mystris. Ex. Han. But if you will not stay to reade this Let-

You shall not deny me one thing.

Cam. What is it, quickly? my fweet Nanny Cock.

Han. Here, take this pen: write here a word of fentence.

What you please. But keep it well in minde, And look that you be fure to know't agen When I shall shew't you.

Cam. 'Tis done, there: I defie, and dare the devil and all his Clerks to counterfeit my hand. So, my fweet Cock, a kiffe and adieu.

Han. Well Rafe, remember that you won't be

jealous.

Cam. Not I, Sbobs yonder comes one of the

Blades,

That thou would'st have me have an eye to; He That lives by his wits, and yet is seldom sober: That goes so gallantly, and has no credit, Nor ever buyes with ready money; But Barters commodity for commodity. (Such as it is) with Tradesmens wives, they say. What call you him, oh Askal; there's another Comes with him too. Into thy shop, good Cock. I wo'not stay, not I. So, sarewel Cock Ex.

Han. And farewel Coxfcombe, fome wife would fav now.

The New Exchange.

I am much troubled at his fillinesse,
And would to right me, straine a woman's wit,
Knew I with modesty how to answer it.
Something I'le do.

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

Er. Was ever such a humour in a man, as this mad Merchant Matchil is possess with.

To marry so, to spight his childe and kindred.

Val. He has made his daughter by't a match

worth nothing.

And there your hope is gone.

Er. And yours in me.

For as I said before, good Valentine.
I must returne you to your City wives.
By the old trade to pick your maintenance
Out of 'em, as you boast you can.

Val. 'Tis well, fir.

And now to let you know that I can live Without the helps of fuch cool friends as you, I'le shew you a present probability.

Val. Doest see youd pretty mumping peece i'th'

shop there?

Er. Yes, is that one—?

Val. One o'th' fourty, boy,

That renders tribute in to my Exchecquer

Er. Didst ever lie with her?

Val. How plain you are. Not I, not I.
That's her fool-husbands word.

Let it suffice that I have seen her thrice.

And that I lay with, drink, and weare her money.

O'tis the sweetest Rogue.

Er. How got you acquainted.

Val. I'le tell you that, walking by chance as now, Before her shop, where a young Gentleman

Was

Was bargaining, he call'd me by my name, Val Askall. Instantly her eye was fixt, And streight ran over my delineaments, Which I set to her view; and took occasion To ask her how the object pleas'd her.

Er. Bold-face.

Val. I never lost by that.

She then demands, Is your name Askall, fir?
I answer, Yes. Pray of what countrey, fir?
I told her; when a sudden flaming blush
Did in her face betray the fire of love,
That was at th' instant raging in her breast.
She look't me through and through. Sigh'd, turn'd away,

Then look't again under her hat-brims thus. And thus I nimbly catch't her with mine eye.

Er. I, thou hast a devilish catch i'that same eye. Val. Sir, what I have, I have. I gave a leere With that same eye that made her turne her whites up.

Er. But to the point.

Val. Why do you think a woman's so quickly brought to the point?

Er. What follow'd then?

Val. I saw she was struck; and thus I gave her line

To play withal. I whisper'd in her eare,
The way to finde my lodging and my service.
Next morning early comes a message to me,
Inviting me to dinner: Chear and welcome
Plenteously flowed; and sir, before we parted
Upon some private conserence, twenty pieces
Were clutch't into this hand, but with a caution
To be discreet and thristy of her purse,
And keep a friend in store. I have been modest,
And have not struck her since, but for ten more.

Er.

Er. And that's your last.
Val. I'le hold you ten o'that

See the has spied me.

Han. What lack ye, Gentlemen; faire cut-work bands, boot-hoofe, or boot-hoofe tops, thirts, wast-coats, night-caps, what will you buy?

Val. I come not now to buy.

But in plain termes to borrow. Do you not know me? Han. Not on these termes.

Er. Sure thou mistak'st the woman.

This is not she, thou talk'st so freely on Bounce.

Val. She's cautious before thee. Walk off a little.

Now you may hear me, Lady.

Han. Give me leave

A little, first to wonder at your rashnesse, To talk so openly before a stranger.

Val. My intimate friend: I'le trust him with

my life.

Han. What's that to my unblemish't reputation? Tis not your life can salve that, being wounded. But thus it is, when women out of goodnesse Hazard their fortunes to relieve the wants Of such as you, that carry no respect, But to your own licentious Appetites. And think no savour's sweet, unlesse you may Have priviledge to boast hem to your shame.

Val. I do not boast of yours, Han. Pray, boast no more,

Then you have found, and much good may they do you.

'Tis not poor thirty pieces can undo me.

Val. No, nor ten more I hope; and that's the

I would entreat: all makes but fourty pound.
I'll pay thee like a Gentleman, as I am one,
Either in money, or doeft hear me, Rogue,

In what shall please thee better. Come, be wish Thy husband's a dull ducking Gamester. And Kennels his water-dog in Turnbull-street. We'll answer his delights with better sport.

Han. There's your prefumption.

Val. No, 'tis my ambition.

When shall we walk to Totnam! or crosse o're

The water, or take Coach to Kensington

Or Padington; or to some one or other

O'th' City out-leaps for an afternoon,

And hear the Cuckow fing to th' purpose? whe Han. A woman were a wise one that would to Her self in such wilde hands as yours; to have Her name made Tavern-talk among your blade. And thrust i'th' list of your loose-hilted Mystress.

Val. O no; fie no: you cannot think how co.
And careful I will be. Heark in thine eare.

Er. I cannot blame this fellow now fo much For using of his wits to get a living, Though in an idle way; as for traducing People of worth and vertue, as this woman Who I am credibly inform'd is vertuous And too discreet for him to shark upon. Therefore to grace himself, he slanders her. I have always lik't his company till now, And shall hereaster be more wary of him.

Han. Well fir, upon your faithful protestation.
And yow of secresse, here's ten pieces more.
You have sound a tender-hearted woman of me
Over your wants; and all the satisfaction
That I desire, is, that I may not suffer
Under a lavish tongue; 'tis easie payment.

Val. Yes, but I'le pay thee better. Therefore tell me, when we shall meet and have a spirt abroad Han. Your friend stayes for you, fir.

Val. Pish let him stayes for yo

The New Exchange.

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You flight him now, but he knows all your

By this good tongue, no more then the potten Hans that I mean to clap into thy

ver shall: doest think I am so foolish ik away my hopes? No, thou art my Faery, me to death when I discover thee.

Go to, avoid suspition then, besides occasions that do call me hence. Ex.

Your stay was somewhat long.

Yet 'twas to purpole.

re you may behold, but I must make no its on't. [1, 2, 3, 4, &c.

So't feems, by trusting thee that hast no to keep a fecret.

to keep a lecret.

I Troth, to tell you true,

grateful to receive a courtefie,

acknowledge it.

Yet thou hast the conscience

wives frailty, even to break his back.

Tis rather to be fear'd she may break

tight strong dock't Tit.

O Tradesmen, why do you marry?

Why? to make Tradefwomen

ntlemen that want money and commodity.

now the thing that I call father-in-law

had my mothers whole estate, and buried her,

Thank your own fweet courfes.

My courses are sweet courses, they serve me

Er.

Er. But I shall put you off
O'one of your sweet courses, or at least
I'le strain a point of friendship to be satisfied
Touching this woman, 'twil be worth discovery

Val. But why thefe cloudy looks? do not you

like my courfes? ha!

Er. I cry thee mercy, Val.

I was upon our former subject Matchil.

Val. I there's a hasty match clap't up. You ask't Why Tradesmen marry, there's a marriage now! A humorous Coxscombe that could never laugh In all his last wives dayes; and since her death Could ne're be sad. For him to marry his Maskin For poor and course obedience. Well, I hope To take my course in his house yet for all Her boasted chastity and obedience.

Er. Wouldest thou touch such a thing?

Val. What, not for money?

She can pay well, and her uglinesse cannot fright me.

I can do that work winking.

Er. She can be no fuch woman.

Val. Tell not me

What any woman can or cannot be.

You'll give me leave to try my fortune with her. Er. Yes, and walk with you towards it. Ex. Amba.

Scæn. 2. Enter Lady Nestlecock, Ephraim.

La. No newes, no tidings of 'em, Ephraim, ha! Was ever fuch a 'scape?

Eph. Not fince the Rape
Of Hellen I'm perswaded. I have search't
With narrow eyes (as I may say) with care,
And diligence in most secret places.
And can no way inform my self, what is
Betide of the young Damosels, or old Squire.
Your Neece, and the French Virgin, and the man

Ua-

Unworthy to be call'd your brother Strigged.

La. O hang him Villain.

Eph. Doubtlesse 'twas his plot

To work upon your Ladiships good nature
To harbour them, that he might take th' advantage
Of stealing them away.

La. What to do, ha?

Eph. To do? much may be done, by his seduce-

On two fuch tender Virgins, though he should But plant them in our suburbs: but my feare Is that he has transported them beyond seas Into some Nunnery. Your Ladiship Knows he is adverse in Religion.

La. I know he is of none.

Eph. Satan will work

The stronger in him, then to their subversion.

La. How shall I answer now my brother Matchil?
But he is justly ferv'd to marry so.

The thought of it torments me. Where's my

Where's Nehemiah, ha?

Eph. He's busie, Madam.

La. What, at his book? or at his musick, ha?

Eph. That is, his Ballet, or his Jewes Trump. No,
Madam. He is busic at his exercise of Armes
With a new Castingtop, a Cat and Carstick,
I bought and brought him home.

La. I thank you for 'hem,
My careful discreet Ephraim. I like
His harmlesse exercises well.

Eph. I hope

Your Ladiship can say since I have had The Government of him under your Ladiship, I have been careful of the Gentleman, And have his love withal so much, that I

Dare

Dare fay (I hope you'll pardon the comparison)
That had you married me (which was as likely
As that your brother would have ta'ne his Maid:
I think that Mr. Nehemiah would not
Have run away in hatred of our Match,
As Mrs. Foyce, it feems, hath done of theirs.
I hope your Ladiships pardon, I understand
My duty.

La. And you speak but reason Ephraim.

Eph. I have given her there atouch of my affection

Who knowes how it may work?

La. Go call him in.

I would not have him over heat himfelf.

Eph. 'Tis a good care And Madam, by the way.'
Let me advise, that fince his riper yeares
Require, and that faire Propositions
Of marriage are tender'd for him, that
We gently by degrees do take him off
From childish exercise, indeed plaine boyes play.
More manly would become him.

La. You would have him

Do worse then, would you? and be nought, you variet?

What! would you have him play at Mans game, ha! Fore he be married, ha! what, what! how now! Is it but up and ride w'ye, ha!

Eph. I humbly

Befeech your Ladiships pardon, I will call Sweet Mr. Nehemiah to your worship.

La. Go, th'art an honest man. I know thou lov'st him.

Ex. Eph.

Indeed he's all my comfort and my care

Indeed he's all my comfort and my care And I must naturally respect all those That do partake with me my care of him.

Enter Nehemiah, looking down and eating.

La. My boy Negh, Sonne Nehemiah.

Nek.

Neh. F'footh.

La. That's my good Lamb. Hold up thy head;

Shalt have a wife.

Neh. But mother f'sooth, when I have her, Will she play with me at peg-top?

La. At any thing, my boy.

Neh. And she ha' not good box and steel, I shall fo grull her.

And then at Mumbledepeg I will so firk her.

La. But when y'are married, you'll finde other pastime.

Neh. Whate're I say, I have a meaning though: But yet, I doubt, I shall not forsake all

My old fagaries in a yeare or two.

La. I know thy will is good to leave thy wag-tricks, And I commend your understanding in it.

It shews you man, and ready for a wife.

Neh. Amardla, f'footh, I think fo; I Amardla. For I did beat a boy as high as my felfe Yesterday, with one hand.

La. Where was thy tother,

Neh. The boy had but one hand f'sooth. I uf'd

La. Well th'art too witty to live long, I feare. But as I was faying, fonne, I do expect Sir Swithen Whimlby to bring his Neece.

Neh. Who f'footh, the crying Knight, he that has

wept

E're since his Lady di'd; and mournes in colours; Speaks nothing but in verse, and gives me Ballats; The old Knight *Powel* that pronounces what dee call 'hem?

La. Odes childe and Elegies. He has been in-

With the infection of Poetry

E're

E're since his wives departure; and 'tis thought Nothing can put him out, or cure him of it But a new wise to kill the furious itch of it.

Neh. But is not his Neece too big for me? I

would be loth

To be over-match'd.

La. O witty, witty, still.

But when she comes Nehemiah, What'll you say to be

Neh. I'll give her the time of the day or the night I warrant her, come at what houre she will. Why if I eat not all before she come (And she must try her, if I don't) I'll ask her If she can speak with plums in her mouth; and then I'll offer her a long one and two round ones, And nod at her.

La. You will not, will you, ha?

Neh. Mother, I know both what to fay and do. I trust I am not to be taught to wooe.

La. Too witty still, I say, to be long-liv'd.

Neh. But heark you mother f'sooth; I am told that you

Beare a moneths minde to that Sir Whimlby And a crosse match is talk't on betwixt you And the old Knight, and me and his young Neece. O ho—is't so?

La. This is no crafty childe.

Nch. Let me but see how you will handle him now And mark how I'le come over her with small Jerks. La O th'art a witty wag. A blessing on it.

Enter Ephraim, ushering Whimlby and Blith.

Eph. Madam, Sir Swithen Whimlby and his Neece, Mrs. Blith Tripshort.

La. They are very welcome,

Noble Sir Swithen.

Neh. Noble Mrs. Blith.

[Kiffe. [Kiffe.

La. Sweet Knight, y'are welcome.

Neh. Welcome, fweet Lady.

La. Still weeping.

Whi. O good Madam.

Neh. Still weeping for a husband.

Bli. Ha, ha, ha.

Neh. Mother, the puts me on't,

the laughes.

La. Laugh with her then.

Neh. Amardla, fo I will, and if you laugh At me, I'll laugh at you again, fo I will.

Bli. Ha, ha.

Neh. Are you there with me? I'le be here with ou then.

Will you eat any Sugar Plums? no, I'le eat'em for you.

There's ha, ha, ha, ha, for you now.

La. Do you note, Sir Swithin, what a wag it is. Walk into the next room Nehemiah. Did you note him? Ex. Neh. Blith.

Whi. Madam, to tell you true.

My love to you

Springs from the joy,

I take in your sweet boy. \(-Eph. And that's the way to win her. I can take no delight

> But in his fight, Nor any pride

Since my dear Griffel di'd,

In all, I fee on earth or finde in books, But that which overcomes me in his lookes.

La O sweet Sir Swithen, you have all woo'd and on me.

Eph. Then all my hopes are frustrate.

La. My fonne thall have your Neece, and for mine

ou loving him fo well, of what's in me

K 2 (0)

I can deny you nothing.

Whi. Gentle Madam.

Eph. She offers up her selfe; now may the proven Of proffer'd fervice light upon her.

La. Nay, Sir Swithen,

Let me entreat you to leave weeping now.

Whi. Madam, I cannot fo

Forego my woe.

For while I strive

My solace to revive,

I do but still restore

My grief, before That did beti'd

When my dear Griffel did.

And when your Ladiship appears in fight, (Pardon) I cannot chuse but cry out-right.

La. Alas, good Knight. He weeps pure Helicon. He has not wherewithal to quench his love, But his own teares. A wife would cool him better Why fir, does fight of me renew your grief?

Whi. O Madam, Madam, yes;

In you the bliffe,

That I do misse,

I finde inshrined is.

And till to case my paine,

I shall regain

In you the Bride,

That in my Griffel di'd.

So oft as she in you to me appears, My numbers cannot cease to flow in tears.

La. Good fir, collect your selfe, and be assur'd I am your own, so Neh. may have your Neece, With her full Dowry of foure thousand pounds. My personal estate is full as much.

That and my felf are yours on the crosse marriage.

You making me an answerable Joincture.

Eph.

Eph. Is't come so near; I'le crosse it, or my star Drop crosses on my head. O vain, vain woman, To dote on Poetry in an old man.

Ladies may love it in the young and bold,
And when they are sick give gally-pots of gold,
For cordial Electuaries to chear
Their crop-sick Muses; but to an old and sere
Man that out-lives his labours, who can be
So vain to give her self away but she.
I had been fitter for her, and I'le watch
Occasion yet, perhaps, to crosse the match,
I can turn Poet too.

Ex.

La. Dry now your eyes, and answer me in prose, Are you content to yield to those conditions

I have propounded, hal Whim. I am content

And now for joy could weep, Finding my Griffel in your Ladiship.

La. I hope the young ones do accord as well.

Enter Nehemia, Blith.

Bli. Protest, I cannot abide you.

Amardla, that I cannot. Whom. They'r agreed.

Madam, it feems they both are of one minde.

La. Idonotlikeit. What's the matter Nehemiah?

Neh. She is no wife for me, the has broke my

Jewes-trump; look you here elfe. And almost broke

my head with one of my bounding stones.

La. bleffe my boy; she has not, has she, ha!

Neh And yet after all that, and for all I offered to
teach her to shoot in my Trunk and my Stone-bowe.

Do you think she would play with me at Trou, Madam? no, nor at any thing else. I'le none of her.

K 3

And

And yet I'le have her too. If the will profide do as I would have her hereafter.

I.a. There, do you note him there, Sir Sur This childe has no childish meaning in't, I rant you.

Whim. No, Madam, no, I know him inwar. He is my joy, and the thall be conformable

Or fare the worfe.

La. She will, I know she will.

Will you not have my son, sweet Mrs Blith?

Bli. Sweet Madam, what to do? ha, ha, I be quickly weary with laughing at him. His swill soon be stale and tedious; and then to him would be as tollsome to me; and lastly, tied to nothing but to cuckold him, is such a mon Town-trick, that I scorne to sollow the sale

La. Can she talk thus? ha!
Whim. A merry harmlesse Girle.

Fear not, good Madam, she will come about.

Bli. A thousand mile about rather than thim.

La. I much defire the would; for now my so Is fet a marrying, I warrant it pure thing It is in paine, till it be at it: ha! Pray bring her on, Sir Swithen, let him kiffe so Poor heart, he licks his lips; and look how arfer the is.

Wht. Fie Blith, be courteous, Blith.

Neh. Mother,—— the has fpit Amard just in mouth.

Bh Amard, what's that? if you speak Figure wrong me.

La Gip, Mrs. Tripshort. Is this the man

your Mother left you?

Bli. Speak not you of Mothers, Madam.

La. Sir Swithen, will you fee my childe ab
fo, ha?

Whim. I can but grieve for't, Madam.

Neh. My mother is as good as your mother, so the is, for all she's dead.

La. I, well faid Nell.

Bh. Yes, it appears in your good breeding.

Your fine qualities expresse her vertues sufficiently.

La. How dare you Huswise talk thus to my son, of me, and before my sace too? ha! Sir Swithen, can you think well of me, and suffer this, ha?

Whem. Alas, good Madam, I am down again. I

know not what to think of living woman now.

La. Do you bring your Neece to abuse me?

Whim. I'am so drown'd in teares, that I cannot

fee what to fay to't.

Neh. Mother, Amardla, the more I look on her, the better I like her. La. Sayest so, my boy. Neh. Besides, I have a concert she can out-scold you, and that's more than ever woman did, I think I sooth.

La. For thee, I do forbear her.

Enter Matchil, Rachel.

Mat. By your leave, my Lady Neftlecock, I have

brought a fifter of yours here to falute you.

La. Though unworthy to be of your Counsel, or at the Ceremony, I heard you were married brother.

And by a Sisters name you are welcome.

Rac. I thank your Ladiship.

Mat. Sir Swithen Whimlby! and your pretty Neece! well met, what affairs have you in hand here? what do you cry for your old wife full or for a new one? But hark, you Lady Sifter, where's my daughter?

La. Now for a tempest. Truly fir, I know

not

Mat Is she not with you, ha?

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La

The New Academy, Or

La. No truly, fir.

She's flipt from me with her good Uncle Stright Mat. That Thief has fold her then into look Bawdihoufe.

Was this your project for her education,
To steal my childe to make a whore of her?
Are you turn'd Lady-baud now for your Nece
Because you have no daughter? O the devil!
If there be Law, I'll trounce your Lady Hagship.

La. What, what? how now? do you taunt me,

firrah, ha?

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Mat. I'll make thee an example.

La. Thou hast made thy self an example, and the scorne of thine own childe in marrying of thy drudge there; and thats the cause of her running away thou mayest think, because she hates to live where she must call her mother that was thy droile.

Ra. Droile, I think, she said.

Mat. Speak to her, I charge thee on thy obe-

dience to speak to her.

Ra. The droile is now your brothers wife, Madam, and in that fetting your Ladiships lavish tongue aside, as good a woman as your selfe, none dispraised, ha

Mat. Well said Rachel, hold thine own Rachel.

And so to you, sir Swithen.

Nch. Mother, come away, mother.

La. By and by, my boy.

Rac. Do you presume to call me drudge and droile, that am a Ladies Sister every day in the week; and have been any time these three dayes, ha.

Bli. That's not every day in a whole week yet.

La. Thou shalt not dare to call me sister Hus-wise.

Ra. Cods so, and why troe? because a Lady scornes to be a huswise, ha. If you be no huswise,

form to call you Sifter, I; though my husband your brother. From whence came you troe, ha?

La. I know not what to fay to the bold-face

Neh. Pray Γ footh come away, I am a fear'd the'l

cat you.

La. Thanks, my good childe, but do not be afraid

lay Lamb.

Ra. Boldface, ha! Her brothers wife's a bold-face, but her face is not varnish't over, yet like his Lady-sters face, but it may be in time when she learnes he trick on't, and have as many files upon't, hough not so troubled with 'hem, as a bald mare it Midsummer, hah,

La. I know not what to fay to her, she has

harm d the vertue of my tongue.

Mat. I never heard her speak so much in all her life, Sir Swithen, nor half so loud. Thank heaven, he has a voice yet on a good occasion. And so sarre Il maintain her in it. Nephew Nehemiah, when haw you your Cousin Joyce.

Neh. O Lud, O mother flooth, look you, mine

Uncle holds me.

Mat. Ah, naughty man, did a fo gi'me a stroke,

and I'll beat it, ah-

La. Your wise has taught you to play the rude sompanion, has she? Pray take her home sir, and let her discipline your owne childe if you have one, and let mine alone. You know the way you came, sir, or if you have a minde to stay here, Come Sir Swithen, come away children; I hope I shall finde tonie other room in my own house, free from your usaults, if not, I'm sure there's Law against Riots Come Sir Swithen.

Mat. Not yet good Madam Nefflecock, you shall

ear me

ou have entic'd away, then lost my daughter

(c) And

And now y'are a jugling with your widow wit. And your small worme here, to catch up for Godgeons.

Sir Swithen and his Neece, I know your plot. She's not fit match for you Sir Swithen; and her for Much lesse soryour faire Neece. Come dry your eyes. And look upon him, and not only look, But laugh at him, I charge you.

Bli. I could now for him heartily.

Mat. Mark how his mothers milk drops at his nose, while I shew you the mother and the childe.

He was her youngest sonne, and all that's lest of seven, and dreaming that he needs must prove a Prophet, she has bred him up a fool.

Nch. F'footh mother he mocks me, oh.—

La. O prophane wretch, worse then thy brother Strigood.

Do not cry, Nehemiah, peace, good boy, peace. So fo.

Mat. A tender mother I must say she has been. For till he was sisteen, none but her selse Must look his head, or wash his pretty sace For making of it cry. Laugh at her good Sir Swithen.

And before that, till he was twelve yeares old She would dance him on her knee, and play with's Cock.

Whim. Ah ah ah ah.

Mat. So well faid, Sir Swithen.

Whim. Just so esac my mother would serve me, ha, ha.

Is not this better then whining.

Yes, or perhaps then wiving either.

Rac. Do you fay fo.

Wh. Ha, ha.

Mat. Well faid, Sir Swithen, laugh on.

I hope I ha' done a cure on him, by shewing him a more ridiculous object then himselfe, to turne the tide of s tears.

Wh. Ha, ha.

Mat. Laugh still, defie the fiends, women, and all their works.

Wh. Ha, ha, ha, let the dead go, and the quick care for themselves. You buri'd your wife, and cri'd, and I buried mine.

And laugh: which is the manlier Passion.

Ra. He knows not that he is married agen.

Whi. You are the merriest Merchant, ha, ha, ha. I think I shall not marry again in haste, ha, ha.

Mat. Well-faid, hold there. And for your Neece

Let me alone, I'le fit her with a match.

I know a Lad that's worthy of her.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha-

Mat. He'll laugh too much, I feare,

Ra He may at you, For your officioulnesse.

Mat. How's that?

Whi, Ha, ha .--

Ra. To thrust your felf into unthankful offices. In things concerne you not. Will you turne Matchmaker

For others unintreated, 'tis enough.

For you, I hope, that you have match't your felfe, ha.

Mat. Hah! Do you hah, or talk to me? Ra. Why else

Should talk or give you counfel but your wife? La Well-said Rachel, hold thine own Rachel.

Mat. I am match't again.

Whi. Ha. ha. ha.

Mat. Pax, cry again, or burst thy self with laugh-

Whi. La. Ha, ha, ha. Laugh fon Nehemiah.

Nek (c)

The New Academy, Or

Neh. Ha, ha, ha.

Mat. What am I? what do you make of me!

La. Nay, what ha' you made your felf? better the Chimney piece that you have married there

Mat, Durst thou advance a voice against me, m! Ra. You did commend it in me against you

Sister.

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And I may better be familiar with you Hah, are you not my husband? I am fure 'Tis not so long since we were married, that You can forget it, or repent so soon. I am not now your slave, to have my face Wash't with your snuffes, nor to be kick't and trod on

Without resistance, nor to make you answers
Meerly with silent court'sies, run when you bid go
To setch and carry like your Spaniel,
In which condition I liv'd long enough,
And was content until you freed me out on't.
Now free I am, and will be a free woman,
As you are a free-man, ha.

Whi. Ha, ha ha.

Mat. O base-borne begger.

Ra. You wrong your wife in that.

Mat. How she holds up the wife,

Ra. I never beg'd

Nor mov'd a lip to be your wife, not I. You held my fervice portion good enough, And for my blood 'tis no more base then yours, Since both are mixt in marriage.

Mat. Come your way.

And let me hear you speak so much at home.

Ra. I hope I may be bolder in mine own house So Madam, for the love I have found in yours You shall be welcome thither, when y'are sent for.

La. What a bold piece of Kitchin-stuffe is this? Brother y'are match't.

45

He has not a word to speak.

Follow me home and durst.

Yes, fir, I dare without more leave taking,

war ever combe fo cut.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

There's a new Aunt indeed, the brought me

If I have not laugh't fo much I know not when, the laugh until I cry agen.

Again, you are welcom, Sir. Mrs. Blith the unwelcome guests are gone, lets in fine, then will we after meat.

M. Of Joinctures, Madam, and of Nuptials

Right fir.

Love, as I shall adore thee for a deity.

ACT III. Scoen I.

ter Matchil, Rachel, between Erasmus and Valentine.

GOod Mr. Matchil.

Val. Mystris, be not so violent.

Ha.

d. I'll rather run my Countrey, Gentlemen, then

You were best to kill her then, and then have no other course to take, unlesse you and be hang'd.

Mat.

The New Academy, Or

Mat. I'le make thee glad to flie first.

Ra. From my house and husband shall I? from my possessions shall I? And leave you all to spend in riot shall I? No sir, I'le stay and spend my share if you go to that, that will I. And make all flie as well as you, and you go to that, that will I, ha

Mat. Whoop, whow.

46

Er. Nay, fie be not fo loud.

Mat. What didst thou bring thou drudge thou

Ra. That which you were content to drudge withal, I am too fure o'that. The drudge you speak of is no worse then your own wise, I am too fure o' that.

Mat. I know not what to fay to her.

Ra. Did you not say for better, for worse? And if 'twere worse than 'tis, 'twere all too good for And that I hope I shall finde some good Friend to know.

Val. That I like well, I'le be her first man.

Ra. I trust you have found the drudge to be a woman fit to content a man, and if you grant not that, some better man perhaps shall be a Judge betwixt you and the drudge.

Val. Better still.

Mat. She threatens hornes, I think.

Ra. Hornes. I think, you said. If 'twere so 'twere too good for you. Cannot your own wife content you, ha?

Val. She holds up that point stoutly.

Ra. That shall be tri'd.

Mat. O for an expert Chyrurgion now to cast

her in a deep fleep, and geld her.

Er. In troth you will be both forry, when your passion gives but least way to your understandings. Mr. Matchil, let me perswade with you.

Mat. Never unlesse you bring her on her knees, Val.

to crave forgivenesse at my foot.

Val. If you but yield an inch, he treads upon your neck. I will not give an under spur-leather for you. But bear it out bravely, and I'le be your servant.

Er. Mrs. Matchil,

Ra Mrs. Match-ill indeed, to be fo match't.

Mat. So match't! how match't? what from the hurden fmock with lockram upper-bodies, and hempen sheets, to weare and sleep in Holland, and from the dripping-pan to eat in silver, ha. Do you repine at your match, ha. Is wealth contemptible to you?

Ra. I was better content in my povertie. I have not been my felfe, Gentlemen, fince he married me.

Mat You may be poor again as foon as you please, the door is open, depart at your pleasure; you know the way to your old Aunt the Applewoman, at Hockly-hole. Take your knitting Needles again, and live with her, go.

Ra. No fir, I'll stay with you, and make you as poor before I have done wi' ye, as I was before you had me Gent. I shall not be myself till then.

Mat. The devil you shall. Was ever such a crooked condition crept into a thing like woman?

Val. Yet this fir, is the rare piece of obedience
You boatted of, and faid you would defie
The devil to dishonest her, I am forry
Your judgement led you into such an errour,
Already she's my Mystresse.

Mat. Is she so?

Ra. Yes, and I'le call him my fervant, Gentlewomen use it.

Val. Do so, Mystresse.

Mat If the, fir, be your Mystresse, Then am I Your Master-in-law, out of my house I charge you. Er. Doest thou conspire to grieve him?

Val.

Val. Troth, fir, I did but jest. You have my pity. Er. All are not times for Jest, friend Valentine Mat O my affliction! [She looks in her Walk Er. Have a little patience, fir,

While I talk calmly with her.

Mat Leave me then

A while unto my thoughts. Go into the house.

Ra. Pray servant help me here a little Do to much

As winde up my Jack, for me, my Watch I would fay.

Val. Her Jack! she's in the Kitchin still.

A pretty Watch this, Mystresse, what did you pay for't.

Ra. Nothing, my husband ga't me.

Val. Pity the spring is broke, but I can get it mended.

Ra. Good servant take it with you then to the Jack-makers, I would say, the Watch-makers. Come Gentlemen, shall we have a crash at cards?

Er. With all my heart. What is your game?

Ra. I can play a many old games. One and thirty bone-ace, Tickle me quicklie, and my Ladies hole, and fichie. But you shall teach me new ones, though I lose money for my learning, Gleek and Primero, Gresco saut, primosistula, I know all by hear-say. Come let us have a bout at somewhat. I have money enough.

Val. And I'le make shift to ease you of some on't.

Mat. Affliction on affliction hourely findes me,
And layes me on the Rack, tearing my heart
Like greedie vultures, O my heart, this heart
That I fo long suppos'd impenetrable
By all the darts of forrow, is now transfixt,
Shot through and through with torments, and by
this.

This

The New Exchange.

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This last made sensible of all the rest, My fons untimely death, my daughter's loffe. My Sifters follies, and my Brothers vices My fervants falthood, and the jeers of ftrangers Now wound me all at once; and all through this Predominant blow, pull'd on me by mine own Impetuous rathnesse. Let me here confider, While my hearts torture keeps my foule awake, The moving cause of all these ill effects. Mine owne unbridled wilde affections Scome of example, and contempt of counfel. cannot but observe withal, how just A judgement follows mine own wilful acts, In the same kinde of doing ills for ills For my loft fonne, I rashly wrought revenge Upon an innocent Girle; and with her Have loft mine own; and for th'unmanly joy I took in one wives death, because a Shrew. Though otherwife vertuous) I am in another Trebly tormented; not alone with noise, But with a feare of unchafte purpofes, Which if they come to act, my purle must pay for. I fee my faults, and feel the punishments. And rather then fland out in my defence T'enjoy some peace, I will endure some sorrow And bear it civilly. Within there.

Enter Servant

Serv Sir

Mat. Go call your Mystresse, pray her to come lone

Lx. Ser

My resolution brings me yet some ease:

Men that are borne to serve, must seek to please.

1

Enter

Enter Rachel.

Mat. Rachel.

Ra. Your pleafure quickly, I have left My company, my fervant, and my friend youd, Sawing against one another at Corne the Caster till I come to 'hem.

Mat. And then all three to In and In, is't so?

Ra. My servant, and my sriend and I are e'ne all

ne

They are the goodest Gentlemen, the best com-

Mat. Your fervant and your friend.

Ra Yes, and my fervant playes for me now in my abfence, as farre as ten pieces go that I left him.

My plow goes there, though I am here.

Mat Your plow makes vile baulkes of my

money the while.

Ra. I am not so ill a huswise as you imagine. And my sriend, and my servant have promited to carry me abroad, to this town, and to that town and tother town, and whow, I know not whither And my servant will have me to Hide Park, he sayes, to see and to shew all, as well as the brave Gallants.

Mat. This is gallant indeed.

Ra. And my friend will carry me to a whatdee call, a new Academy, where I shall see the rarest musick and dancing, he sayes, and learn the finest Complements, and other courtly qualities that are to be had for money, and such instructions for the newest fashions.

Mat. She will flie to the devil for fashions sake. Pray stay a little, and let me take talk calmely with you. You have almost broke my heart.

Ra

Or now and then a nip, and you strike me Again, I'le strike you some way else, as you Would not be struck. And so observe my canip. The Gentlemen are coming.

Enter Erasmus, Valentine.

Er. O, here they are.

Val. And not by the eares: that's wonderful

Ra. Sir, I perceive my errour, and repent it. Promising you in all my after life,

To be a faithful and obedient wife.

Val. He has fetch't her about, it seems.

Mat. Grammercy Rachel, binde it with a kife.

Er. And thus it should be.

Mat. Gentlemen, have ye found us? Er. With joy to see this reconciliation.

Mat. Thus shall ye see it ever, Gentlemen.

I knew she would yield, or I should make he heart ake.

What were a husband, if he were not Master? Val. You have wonne the field, it seems, yet may hope

I have not lost a Mystresse.

Er. Nor I a friend.

Mat. In a faire way, Gentlemen, I shall

Abridge her of no courtly priviledge.

But no more haytie twaytie tricks, I charge you. She shall not jaunt to this nor that town with you (I thank you for your care) nor to *Hide-Park*.

Nor to the Academy you tell her of, without my leave.

Val. And do you fay fo Mystresse?

Ra. Truly yes.

I am no fuch woman as you took me for, With Mr. Matchils leave you may be welcome Home to his house in good and seemly fort. Bu at pray expect no further entertainment hen he shall well allow of.

Wal. I have loft her.

Er. This change is admirable.

Mat. Why do you admire it.

The not mine? how could you think the durft tand out in her rebellion? although the devil The foothes all Upstarts dispositions hto an over-weening of themselves. offest her for a time, had not I power and vertue do you think to conjure him out? That have I studied for, think you, e're since

Ly last wife did, but how to rule the next? o get you in, there's fomething in the house

orth looking after.

Er. I be fworn, he frights her.

Ra. Would I had you within to perform ovenants.

Mat. What do you grow rebellious again. Why ftir you not elfe, ha? prithee Sweetheart Respect my dignity, or seem to do it.

Ra. Yes, I will only feem to do it.

Val. He makes her tremble.

Ra. Gentlemen, I must about my house-affaires. So, I take my leave

Er. Val. Good Mrs. Matchel.

Mat. Aha.

Ra. And Mr. Matchil, at your own good pleafure. Curthe

Having in private fomething to impart to you, I would entreat your presence.

Mat. Well, Anon, anon.

Ra. Your eare before I go good Mr. Matchil.

Curt fie, Pinch.

Val. H'has brought her to her fervile old obedience.

(0)

L 3

Mat

Mat. O-oh.

Ra. That is a private touch, fir, of the bufine is Mat. Pox of your Lobster-claws. There wasnip!

Ra. It will be worth confideration, fir.

Mat. Well, the come to you prefently

Ra I humbly take my leave Ex.

Er. Any ill newes that you change colour so?

Mat No, nothing, nothing but a womanish feare.

Val. Well, you are a happy man that have o're com her.

Mat. You know not me yet Gentlemen, I know

a word in private would do it.

Val. Yet the defires to have you again in private.

Mat Tis her abundant love, and pure obedience.

Er. She comes again.

Enter Rachel.

Ra. Since y'are not dispos d to enter, sir.

One word more Mr. Matchel, if you please. [curt'ste.

Mat. Oh, —— I understand you Go, I le sollow
you.

Ra. Again I take my leave

Mat. I must weare Lantern-hornes upon mine arms,

If the use this. Well, Gentlemen, at your own time Lets see yee. My Rach thall make you welcome. And for me, you know me, I will still be Master-

Enter Rachel.

I come, I come, I come. So farewel Gentlemen.

Val. Ha, do you run?

Er. What doft thou think of this?

Val The lay all the tricks I have against his brags. She masters him in private, and that all This shew of her obedience is distembled. My hope revives again, we must abroad with her But

tell me, what new Academy's that

a told her of. I understand not that yet.

Er. Nor have I feen it, but we both will shortlie.

s but of two or three dayes standing yet.

Val Where is it, who are the Protessours,

3d what the Arts?

Er I'le tell thee all I know.

It carries a love-found; but I am told

is but private lodgings kept by

th men and women, as I am inform'd, after the French manner.

at professe Musick, Dancing, Fashion, Complement,—

Val And no drabbing?

Er A little perhaps in private.

at gueffe now in whose house all this.

Val I cannot.

Er. Even in your City-Mystresses, that lends you oncy so freely

Val. Who Camelion?

Er. Yes sir, I doubt, your borrowing of the wife as broke the husband, put 'hem off their trade, ad now they seek new wayes to live by projects. Val. And could you keep this from me all this

Il I am there, each step's a tedious mile.

Er. But not without me, good Val. We'll finde

gether, and our Mrs. Matchil with us.

Ex.

Say. 2. Enter Camelion and Hannah

Cam Cock, I protest Cock, I commend thy course ou hast taken in brave Lodgers, gallant Guests, tests oth? Game Cock; and my house is counted house of quality and recreation, Cock,

In civil fort and gentle fashion, Cock, Sbobs Cock, I know thou wouldest not have it otherwise

For all the wealth i'th' Exchange.

Han. But Rafe you care not

What people say, so I bring you in profit.

Cam. Not I, not I, my little Cocksie, Nansie,

Not I, pish, Hony soit qui maly pense.

Han. Some do not stick to say, I know what's what,

And that our house is no better than it should be. Cam. Pish, Hony soit agen, i'th' very teeth of 'hem. Let 'hem all say what they will. Dainty come

thou to me.

Han. But I know what I know, and that our house is

Better then it should be, if some of them Had but the keeping of it, that speak so ill on't. And that the Gentlewomen in our house Are well condition'd, and as chaste as courteous. And if you saw, (as they desire I should See all betwixt their great Resorts and them) You'd be in love with their sweet way of living. Then for their dancing, 'tis so neat and graceful. See 'hem anon at practice.

Cam. Not I, Cock, I'le see nothing.

I will not leave one ducking pond, for ten dancing fchooles.

Yet I can dance, and love it: you know that Cock. And though you are a Gentlewoman borne, You took me for my legs, not for my armer. Is not that a good Jest, Cock. Shobs 'twas our before I was aware. Here comes their father.

Enter Strigood, Cash, disguis'd in bravery.

Cam. 11 teems he has Drought in some new scholar.

Stri.

The New Exchange.

Stri. Where are my daughters, Landlady.

Han. Close in their chamber, sir.

Stri. Are none of our Academicks come yet?

Han. Not any, sir.

Stri. I look for fome anon.

Pray bid the Girles come down To practife.

Han. Yes, sir.

Ex.

Cam. Sir, when I was a Batchelour, I practif'd, Dauncing sometimes.

Stri. Indeed, good Landlord?

Cam. And maugre wedlock, I have something lest Yet in these legs, that can expresse at least Love to the quality.

Stri. That shall not be lost,

If I can further it.

Cam. I saw last night

Your new French daunce of three, what call you it? Stri. O the Tresboun.

Cam. I think I could make one in't.

Stri. This Gentleman's another, call the Musick. I'le try what you can do. Ex. Cam.

Cash, Thou art welcom, I am glad I met thee.

Cash. But that you had foreknowledge of my habit,

And feen it in my out-leaps, as you call 'hem.

I might ha' past. But you in this disguise,

None but the devil himself that is your Inmate,

And lodges with you in it, could have known you.

Sure he devis'd it.

Stri. No, you are short.

I learn't it of a Jesuite.

And 'twas but case: shaving of my old Gray haire and beard off; clapping on this perrule After the sashion; having but sew wrinkles. (For which I thank my Batchelourship, I passe

For

For a brisk youth, But for my Hannibal eye la And by my brothers

Courteous advice I have take a course to live

Courteous advice I have ta'ne a course to live Upon my stock of wit, slight and activity, With nimble braine, quick hands, and acry he as he told me, ha!

Cash. He could not think you would have ite

his daughter to ha' fet up withal.

What the wretch thinks, so he discovers nothing I dare trust thee Cash, partly on thy Oath Which I have ta'ne you know: but more respective Upon your sourty pieces here, friend Cash, Which I have also ta'ne: but most of all For that I know you dare not make discovery, For seare of Little-ease. That were a prison Too searful for such bravery to stoop into

Cash. That keeps me still in awe. 'Tis well w

know it.

But it is better, he has no fuspition That I am run away.

Enter Camelion.

Cam. The Musick's ready, sir. Stri. Play then,—the Tresboun.

Daunce.

Stri 'Twas very well done. Landlord, I prote. I love your house the better for your quality.

Cam But if you saw much the ducking pond.

Me and my Trull.

Stra. Your Trull?

Cam. I mean, my bitch, fir.

O flie would ravish you.

The New Exchange.

Enter Hannah.

Stri. Some other time.

Here comes your wife. The newes good Landlady?

Han. Newes out of France, your fame is spread abroad.

Stri. How out of France?

Han, Two young French Gentlemen.

New come ashore, the daintiest sweetest Gentlemen Thet e're I saw (now you be jealous Rafe)

Cam. Not I.

Han. Are coming to lodge here, having heard It feems, that you professe French qualities.

And instantly desire to be aquainted With you and your sweet company.

Stri. Can they speak English?

Han. One very well: and the tother can say Tree Fransh crown for two English kisse already, Now be jealous Rafe.

Cam. Pish, Hony soit qui maly pense.

Stri. You can speak French, Landlord.

Cam. So much as you have heard, not one word more.

I assure you but this, Adieu Monsieur and so I leave you

Han. Will you not see the Gallants Rafe?

Cam. Not I, I wo'nt be jealous Cock, and so

By the Back-door to the ducking pond I go. Ex. Stri. Enter then Landlady, where be these Girles? Han. Here they are come. Ex.

Enter Joyce, Gabriella,

Stri. Stand aside Cash, and be not yet discovered. How Ladies, how do y'like your way of living?

Joy. I do not like it Uucle.

Gab. Troth, nor I sir.

Foy.

Foy. We eat and lodge well; and we were good cloathes,

And keep our credit in the house we live in. But what we suffer in our reputation Abroad, is dangerously doubtful.

Stri. So, fo.

Gab. Here we are view'd and review'd by all comers.

Courted and tempted too, and though w'are fale In our chaste thoughts, the impious world may say, We are set out to common sale.

Stri. So, so.

Cash. And so you are to th' utmost of his power I dare be sworne;

Foy. But Uncle, for the time that you intend To stay, I pray admit no new acquaintance, Nor any more, lest I for my escape Venture to leap two stories deep.

Stri. Ha! you said?

You know I have disclosed you to no eye
That could take knowledge who or whence you are.
And for the forrein strangers, and such Townsfolks.
As knew us not; what need we weigh their thoughts.
Their gold is weight; let that be all we look to.
While our deserving arts and qualities.
Require it from 'hem. If they think us wicked,
And hope to get Virginities for salary,
And pay for their deluded hopes before-hand.
What is our act but Justice on their sollies,
In taking of their prodigal coine?

Gab. I hope,

You deal not that way for us.

Stri. Never fear it.

Foy. But Uncle, though you have taught us Courtly Gypsie tricks.

That somewhat trench upon our modesties.

Pray

let it not be thought we'll fell our honesties.

Trust to my care

ofh. And that's the way to do it.

And in that care be confidently feen,

a deferving Gentleman, whom I

ent to kille your hands,

by. I will fee none

ash You need not feare me, Lady; for I can

kell your father, if you flight his fervant.

Bleffe us! what Metamophofis is this?

Cash your fathers man.

Joy. Is this the habit of a Merchants Prentice?

Is this the lodging of a Merchants daugh-

For Has his great marriage turn'd my fathers

o a sumptuous Palace that he keeps

ch coffly men. Or doth the bravery

his late beauteous Brude require such gorgeous

endants? Pray what office may you fill

out her perfon.

will you home and fee?

Gab. We are betray'd?

Stert. Ha, ha, ha. Be not afraid of Cash

now him, and he knows us. He is our friend

d well be his. As for his bravery

s no new thing with him. I know him of old.

is fute's his worst of foure.

d he's one

the foure famous Prentices o'th'time.

ne of the Cream and Cake-boyes, nor of those,

at gall their hands with stool-balls, or their Cat-

white-pots, pudding-pies, ftew'd prunes, and

feast their Titts at Islangton or Hogsden.

But

The New Academy, Or

But haunts the famous Ordinaries o'th' time, Where the best chear, best game, best company frequent.

Lords call him Coufin at the Bowling Green; &

the great Tennis-Court.

Thy fathers money

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Would rust else, Girle. Keep thou our Councel (4) And we'll keep thine, though't be to the undoing Of him and all the wretches of his brotherhood, That love their money, and their base desires, Better then blood or name.

Gab, But can you hold

It good in any fervant fo to hazard

His Masters livelihood.

Stri. Can you hold your peace?
He's wife, and faves by't all this while: He knows
His friends are bound in full two thousand pounds.
For's truth, and his true service, and perhaps,
He is not out above one thousand yet.

Where's your wit now?

Cash. Mystresse, I'le do you fervice, and be too you.

I'd not have mift of this discovery.

Stri. You seesheheakensto him. Talkaside Cafe

And touch her boldly.

Cash. I would not have mist it.

For all the wealth your father has: and at Convenient privacy. I'le give you reasons, That shall gaine your belief to't.

Stri. The French Gallants.

Enter Papillion, Galliard.

I had almost forgot them. They are a paire Of delicate young Monsieurs. If they have But crownes enough, they are the likeliest

Mer-

But

ou mose kisse behind.

But let me pray my tardinesse be excused. [Salat. Fig. You pronounce English well, sir.

Par. I am glad

You like it Lady.

Gaż. I like the others as well.

Pap. I have before spent many monethes in England:

And my great love unto the Nation.

Especially to the beauties of your Sexe,

Retracts me hither, where my friend was never.

Till now that my perswasion wonne his company;

And happily, I suppose, we are arriv'd:

That, to the fight and knowledge we have had Of Musick, Dances, Courtships, and Behaviour. Through all parts of our Countrey, France, with an

Addition of all Italy affords.

Where (by all best opinions) even the choicest Of such court qualities, and active graces, Have had their Spring, we now as Fame suggests. Shall in this faire Society, discerne

More then by all our former observation.

Stri. Report, sir, speaks too loud on our behalfe. And let me pray ye, that it not beget Too great an expectation on our weaknesse, By your too gentle suffrage. What we can, We'll do.

Gali. O wee dats de best. Doe is de ting De Fransh man loves: If all your both two daughters

Shew all; all makes but more desire to do. Speak I no good English. Madamoiselle?

Foy. I understand you not.

Gali. You no understand me,

Because you tinck I lie. But if you lie With me, I make you understand me presently.

Cash. This hot-rein'd Monsteur takes 'em for the same.

Strigood.

The New Exchange.

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wood would have 'em be. I came in time.

i. At afternoon we'll have an exercise wrtship, Gentlemen. In the Interim, a will have to stir the appetite, ace before our Ordinary we are for you.

And we for you Allown al Egremant Allown

What are your dances chiefly in rea

What are your dances chiefly in request.
Good Landlady, bid the Musick be in uesse.

then see dinner set upon the table. Ex. Han. ave Sir sor Corants,—La Miniard, semimde, Le Marquesse, Le Holland, rittaine, Le Roy, Le Prince, Le Montague, Saraband, the Canaries, La Reverree.
Salisards, the Sellibrand, the Dolphine, new Galtiard, the Valette Galliard, and lepees.
Le Mon Amy.

h. And heark you, Monfieur Strigood, you

e put to't.

ri. I feare no French flashes. Beare up Cash. to cannot daunce them of o'their legs, our hes can, I warrant thee. Musick be ready that, what are you pleased to daunce? Phillip what, &c.

After the Daunces, Enter Hannah.

... Gentlemen, your dinner stays, meat will be

And we are hot, 'tis better that take cold

ome, one table for us all

M. Stri Agreed, agreed, agreed

. I fay fo too.

my felf referve what I will do. Ex. omnes

M

Act

ACT. IV. Scoen. I.

Nehemiah, Ephraim.

Nch. Phraim, thou hast made me a man both without, witnesse this sword, and within, witnesse this precious book, which I have gotten almost by heart already.

Eph. But sir, beware you fall not back again Into your childish sollies: but go forwards In manly actions: for non progredi est regredi.

Neh. I know the meaning of that too. Ephrain. That's once a man and twice a childe. But if I turne childe again, while I have teeth in my head. I'le give Mrs. Blithe leave to dig 'hem out with Sugar-plums, as she almost did these two of hem yesterday, with her knuckles. I would they stuck both in her bum for't, till I were married to her and that shall be shortly, they say I wo not turne boy again for that trick.

Eph. I hope you will not.

Neh. Thou mayest be sure ou't, Ephraim: for is I would turne boy again, I ha' not wherewithal to set up again. Thou sawest that, assoon as I had tasted the sweetnesse of this delicious book here, I tore and burnt all my ballats as well the godly as the ungodly. In my conscience as many as might have surnish't three Bartholomew Faires, and then for love of this sword, I broke and did away all my storehouse of tops, gigs, balls, cat and catsticks, pot guns, key guns, trunks, tillers, and all; and will I turne boy again canst think? yet I am half forry, being towards a wife, that I did

ot keep 'him for my children: some money might ave been sav'd by't. And that is a manly and a bood husbandly consideration, I take it. But hang ovetousnesse: There comes not a mouth into the orld, but there's meat for't; and if I finde 'em ot play games, their mother will finde friends, that hall, for them and her selfe too.

F.ph. I'm glad to heare such good things to come

tom you,

nd hope that now your judgment's strong e-

Neh Amardia Ephraim, 'twill be hard to compasse. For the old Knight will never let me have his leece, unlesse he have my mother. He meanes to ruck for her, though, I confesse, I had rather call bee sather then any man, I know, yet I know not ow to bring it about, unlesse he marry her first; and then she be weary of him, and take thee afterards to mend her match. I think it must be so, mardla Ephraim.

Eph. Now you flie out again, that's as impossible,

'tis unlawful.

La. Withm. Negh. Negh.

Neh. Peace, my mother comes.

La Where are you childe? Neh.

Neh. I hear her neighing after me, I'le do all I can thee, Amardia Ephraim.

Enter Lady.

La. Look you fonne, what kinde Sir Swithin has nt you A dancing frog, you would think it were live, and a ballet of burning the false prophets efore they be tried. And another fearful one of he new Antichnist.

Neh. Hang bawbles, burn ballets, I am a man, and efic boyes tricks. (c) La

La. A fudden change, I pray it be good.

Neh. Tell me of toyes: I have a fword: offer me ballets? I have a book. Speak to me of Sir Santus, I'le talk to you of Ephraim that gave me their ballets; and is fitter to be father, (fo he is; then the foolishest Knight of 'em all.

La Bleffe my fonne from too much learning. That book has done him no good, I doubt He

talks and looks fo wildly o'the fudden.

Neh. A ha!

La. What book is't. Let me fee it.

Neh. I'le tell you first. It is a book all of Buls, Jests, and Lies. Collected by an A. S. Gent Mother I footh, there be such things in it! If you never reade it, it is the rarest book that ever you read in your life. Open it where you will, and you shall learn something. As here now. One resume to eat Cheesecakes, was ask't his reason. He told them he lov'd the steth well, but was aseard of the bones. Then here sthe next to't Oneasking whence Lobsters were brought, his sellow repli'd, one might easily know their countrey by their coat. They are set more of 'hem, as well as I love 'hem, if I know what Cheese-cakes were made of, or from whence Lobsters came before.

La Is this your book-learning? In troth thou

mak'ft me laugh.

Neh. Laugh on, good Mother. And while you are in the merry mood, let me speak a good word for Ephraim. I have a minde s sooth, because he has made me a man, to make him my sather, s sooth.

La What, what! How now.

How durst you, sirrah, move my sonne in this? has Eph. Madam.

La. It is but fo? ha!

The New Exchange.

Neh. Pray f'sooth hear him speak. He can speak Poetry (he sayes) as well as Knight Whimlbic. Speak Ephraim.

Eph. Madam, Faire truth have told
That Queens of old
Have now and then
Married with private men.

A Countesse was no Blusher, To wed her Usher. Without remorse

A Lady took her Horse-

Keeper in wedlock. These did wisely know Inferiour men best could their work below.

Neh. Mother f'sooth, Is it not fine?

Eph. Nay, Madam, more then fo,

I'le further go.

La. But you shall not, Sirrah. What! what, how now! I'st but up and ride? ha! Out of my doors thou varlet.

Neh. I must out too then, mother I am afraid, oh——

La. Good Neh. be pacified, I'le give him a better answer.

But not a word on't now, sweet childe, I pray thee. Here comes Sir Swithin.

Enter Whimlbie, Blithe.

Whi. Ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. [Kisse. La. I marry Sir Swithen. This is better then O Madam, O,—. when you wash't your handkerchiefs in the suds, and then to wring 'hem out in Poetry.

Whi. My tears with the memory of the dead are all fallen into Lethe; and nothing but joy left in me, finc my hopes are confirm'd in your lap. And hang

Poetry,

Poetry: I study profit now. Therefore, look we Madam, here is a draught of my marriage infinite ment to your lap.

Eph. His instrument being drawn, I must pe

up my pipe and be gone.

Whi. And here is another draught for sweet History ter Nehemiah, for my Neece Blithes Joincture.

Nch. O but she sayes she will not have me.

Whi. When did she say so?

Neh. Now, now, she spat the word out of in mouth. And I say, if she ha' not me, you sall whine both your eyes out before you have mother; and see ne're the worse, I warrant you

Neh. A crosse marriage, or no marriage, I in

still.

La. I say so too, sonne, Sweet boy, be content Whi. Blithe. You spoke well of him behinde back: and made me think you lov'd him, as would marry him.

Bli. Behind his back, I may do much to pled you. But when I look upon him, he turnes m stomack worse then a sool made of soure milk.

La. Marry Gip, Mrs. Queafic, my fonne's as swa as you, I hope, and as wife as you. And suck'ts sweet milk as ever the good Cow your mother gav

Bli. Ha, ha, ha.

IVhi. Patience, good Madam.

Eph. I hope the crosse marriage is cross. This untoward wooing.

La. Uds fo! do you flirt out your unsavoury cor

parifons upon my fonne?

Bli. Flirt not you at me, Madam, lest I sli your milk-sop under the snotty nose here.

Neh. Yes, and I have a sword, and you ha' g

ne're a one.

La. You wo' not will you, ha! Do you flie him, ha!

Whi. Fear not, good Madam.

La. Ephraim, save my boy.

Bli. Ha, ha, ha .-

Whi. She shall not hurt him. Leave her to me, nod Madam.

La. I ever fear'd he was not long-liv'd he was fo itty And now I feare she will be the death of im. I would not he should marry her for a million.

Neh. Say not fo, mother. I love her better and

tter ftill.

never had play-fellow i my life, but we fell out and in agen.

and I must and will marry her, I take my death

on't aforehand.

La. O me! he is bewitch't to her.

Who. Leave all to me, dear Madam.

La As I am to you, I think, Sir Swithin.

Whi. Let me alone with her: I'le win her, and he hall wear her, feare not. As I was faying, Madam, he fpeaks as well of him behind his back, as your wine heart can wish. And told me she was content to marry him.

I a. Behind his back? did the fo?

Whi. Yes truly, Madam,

Neh. Loe you there, mother. Let her marry me behind my back then: And when we are marri'd, l'ie make her flick to't before my face, I warrant you; or if the will make back-play. I'le play at nothing but back gammons with her.

La. Well, Heaven bleffe thee, thou art but too

good for her.

Whi Speak gently, Necce, I charge you.

Bh Madam, I hope your Ladiship shall finde me good for him. If e're he has me.

La. Ha, fay you fo?

Whi She meanes in well-doing, Madam.

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La.

La. Nay then, I thank you Mrs. Blithe. I ing you that you shall be no way so good to but I will be as good to you.

Neh. Agreed again of all hands. But look the turnes and keeps cut like my Sparrow. will be my back Sweet-heart, still I see, and look

behind.

Whi. She is yet raw, and has not much abroad to see the manners of the time. In which melancholy has been her main hinderance. Madam, there is now that is worth all our and observation; A new Academy, where say, the newest and most courtly carriage as haviour is taught and practised both for young tlemen and women. Have you not heard on

La. Yes, Sir Swithin; and that the I tongue is taught there with great alacrity my sonne is wish't thither, but soft I warrant

Whi. But let him fee it: at least in our con it will embolden him; I mean to carry my thither. I have been a Lover of Arts and Exe and know somewhat since my youth. Pray spend one houre of this asternoon there.

La. Pardon me good Sir Swithin.

Neh. But he shall not mother if you low for I mean to perfect my dancing there; a learn French there, For I mean when I am m to travel into France. But I will first be p in the tongue. I shall learn it the sooner w am there you know. Pray let us go to th' Acor what dee call it?

Whi. The Academy.

La. Say you so sonne? then come sir St Come Mrs. Blithe, we will all go.

Bli. I'le wait upon you, though my heart no.

Scan. 2. Enter Joyce, Gabriella.

Joy. O mine own heart! how near were we both

ato the Gulf of Ruine?

Gab Thanks for our delivery!

Ve were upon the brink of main destruction.

Foy. Was ever fuch a Friend as this mine Vncle? retending us his children too, and call'd us daughters

Gab. 'Twas a most damnable practise! sie upon

Joy. And had the Monsteurs been as capable

our Virginities, as he was of

Their moneys, how had we then relifted.

Gab. By Venus (mine own heart) my Gentleman Came up to close to me, that if my voice Had not been stronger then mine armes (O me!

tremble for it yet) I had been vanquish't.

Foy But did you note the vertue of the Gentle-

When they were fensible of our feares and tears, How gently they desisted, and with what humanity. When they perceiv'd how we had been betray'd, They pitied our conditions; and woo'd honestly Our loves in way of marriage. Provided that Our births and fortunes might no way disparage Theirs, being free and generous.

Gab. I confesse

As they pretend they are not) our inferiours in blood and worth, I would take either of 'em.

Foy Troth (mine own heart) 'tis just the same with me.

(4)

I care not which I have. And mark a sympath, How equally all our affections strike. We both love them, they both love us alike. But peace. Cash, though he has done us good serie. Must not know all. How goes it within Cash!

Enter Cash.

Cash. And why Cash pray. Ha' not you chang's your names

From Joyce and Gabriella to Jane and France. And is not your Uncle Strigood now become Your father, by the name of Mr. Lightfoot The nimble dancing Master? And must I still Carry the name of Cash? and having lost My nature too, in having no cash lest? (Pox o'the dice) call me Mr. Outlash.

Foy. My father will fetch you home with an Inlah

One o' these dayes.

Cash. But after you, faire Mistris, Now to your question for the squares within.

Foy. I with the Frenchmen, and my Uncle Str-

zood.

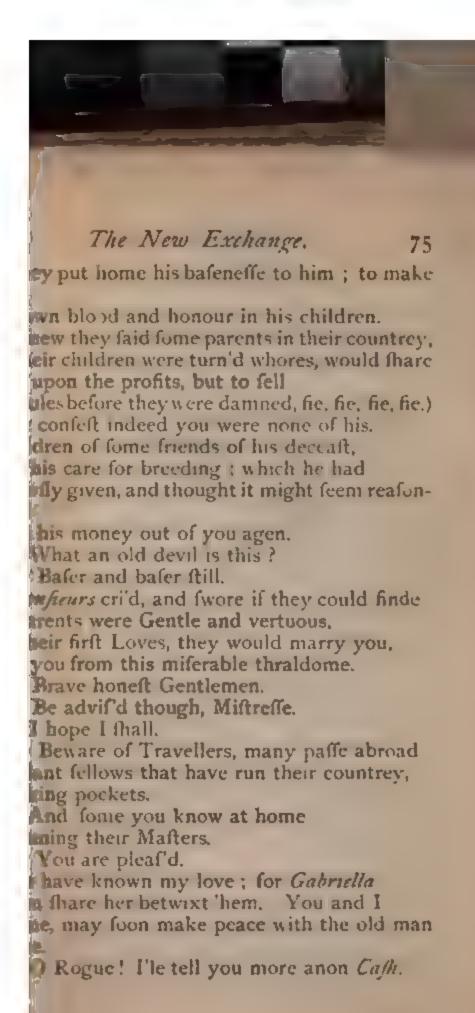
Cash. Your father Lightfoot, you forget agen. There's a drawn match made: For the Monsters Have ta'ne their money again: And you have will Your Maidenheads, I hope. But to have heard The coile they kept, the wrangle, and the stir; And how the young Blades put the old one to't; Would ha' perplext you more then keeping of Your Maidenheads from men you love.

Gab. You cannot tell that.

Cash. O how the old man chases that you would offer

To make you mone to 'hem to move their pity. And not to make his bargain good; and then

Ho



Enter

Enter Strigood, Pap. Galliard.

Stri. Come Gentlemen, Monfieur Papillion. And Monfieur Galliard, all friends, all friends. Pap. Agreed, agreed, fir.

Gall. And agree for me.

Agree poor tout.

Stri. Chear up your faces Girles.

'Twas but my trial of your chastity.

And fince you have stood firme, I am proud of you.

Trust me, 'twas but to try you.

Gall. Wee wee All, but for try. Trimount &

mount.

No more, but all for try: no man can tinck. But 'twas too very moshe to take two hundred Crowns for two pusillages, no, no was but For try: but and she had not squeek and scrash was Like to de leetel chat, I had Trimount One, two, tree sive time, for all your try.

Stri. What's past let be forgot. According to Agreement, Gentlemen, y'are now content To joyne with us in Academick fellowship, And for your pastime professe Art and Science. As we do for our profit: y'are expert, I finde; and shall winne wonder of our Nation, To your own much delight out of their sollies.

Cash. And then for Gamesters, Gentlemen.

you'll play.

I'le bring ye those shall venture money enough.

Pap. We are planted to our wish.

Gall. All very good.

All very good; but I would see thee first.

What Ladies will come here to practife complemen Stri. You are still hot upon the semale Monsia Galliard.

Monsteur Papillion here flies over 'hem.

The New Exchange.

Enter Hannah.

Han. Ha, ha, what will this world come to?

Stri. Landlady, the newes?

Han. The old will to't.

As well as the young I fee.

Stri. To what Landlady? (He takes her aside.

Han. To fashion following; And that while the

A Reverend Lady

Of fifty five; and a Knight of maids court and threescore

| young men and maids court and confer at tother side.

And upwards, are come hither to learn fashion.

Stri. Do you know their names?

Hau. Yes, yes: and them; 'tis that

Begets my wonder.

'Tis the Lady Nestlecock. and one Sir Swithin Whimlby.

Stri. Wit be merciful unto us.

Enter Hannah, Cash.

Han. The Ladies man's without: who came to know if the house were ready to entertain 'hem; do you know 'em Mr. Lightfoot.

Stri. I have heard o'th' Lady. Cash, see if it be

Ephraim.

He cannot know thee. Let him not away, [He looks out.

By any meanes, his not return to them may keep 'hem back.

Cash. 'Tis he, I see him hither.

Stri. Landlady, is your husband come from ducking.

Han. Yes, overjoy'd with the good fport he has had.

He'll play th' good fellow then. Entreat him Cash.

Tი

To help thee, put a cup or two upon
That fellow; and hear'st me, spice his cup,
I mean, grave Ephraims cup with this same posts.
'Twill lay him asleep, and quickly.

Cash. I know the trick on't.

Stri. And Landlady, when the Knight and Landlady, come,

Say we are ready for 'em.

Han. That I shall sir,

Pap. 'Tis then an absolute contract, I am you

Foy. And I am yours as firme as faith can bink. Gall. To which we are de witnesse. Be so for a

I am her husband, And she is my wife, Speak you.

Gab. 'Fore Heaven, I do acknowledge it, But fir, the Church must be observ'd.

Gall. For that.

We'll send sor one Minister that shall marry Us all at once. One kisse till then shall serve. [Kife

Stri. 'Twas well done Monfieurs. I no fooner turn My back, but you are on the Damofels lips.

Gall. A leetle in de honest way will serve,

But he shall know no-ting.

Stri. On with your Masques Maids, And take especial heed you blush not through hem. For here are some at hand will put us to't.

Joy. 'Tis not my sather, nor my Lady Aunt? Stri. I cannot promise you. Be bold and safe. Beare it out bravely, or our school breaks up Immediately: and we are broke for ever,

Besides, there is no starting.

Gab. That's enough

To make a coward fight, and mine own heart; We must stand stoutly to't, or we lose our loves else foy. Well, I am arm'd.

Gab. And I.

Stri. Fall into complement.

Masques on.

Enter Whimlby, Lady, Neh. Blithe.

La I muse we lost my man thus.

Neh. By your leave, fir.

are you the Regent of this Academy?

Stri. I am fir.

Whim And are those of your Assistants.

Stri Yes fir, and all Professors of Court-discipline,

by the most accurate, yet more familiar

Rules, then have ever yet been taught by any, for quick instruction both of young and old.

We know and could have done things in our youth, Which still we have a minde to: but we leave The practice to our young ones: Here's a paire

Would faine be at it. We'll pay their admittance.

La. But I'd be glad to fee first by your leave,

Some probability of what they shall learn.

Strt. And reason good, good Madam. Pray

Pap. Fair star of courtship, my unworthy humble self, a

Protest fervant to the integrity of beauty, makes

Clear testimony of your merits, that every eye that fees you

Owes you his heart for tribute, and that unjustly your beholders live, that live not in your fervice.

Neh. Mother f'footh, is not this French?

La Peace childe. Hear more on't.

Joy. Noble fir, you are so exactly deserving in the opinion of all righteous judgements, that the least syllable of your fair testimony, is able to re-edification.

Whem. The best that ever I heard, fince I woo'd my Griffel.

nave fuch a pa things. Neh. That got learn fome of th. Bli. Best tell yo Stri. There, La ment between pe please you now to damofel. Who bein I imagine) in courts sion, that may be for La. Do Neh. speal Whim. Put of you. Neh. What! and he La. That was well f. I pray fir? Stri. We are comm wife authority; for feare love with 'em, and fink t La. You have well fatt Neh, What should I say Whim. When I was yo have faid, Lady, you are n tred. And speak it boldly. Neh. Lady, you are most I speak it bouldly. Whim. And

Neh. What should I say to that now?

La. He's a weak scholar forsooth, and would be

glad to learn.

Gab. The acknowledgement of his weak nesse is the first greece of gradation to persection, and his gladnesse the scaling-ladder of resolution.

Neh. Pray f'footh, can you teach me a complement to offer you sugar-plums, and eat 'hem my felse: to save my manners and my plums too?

La. What a wag it is?

Gab. What walking dunghil is this? made of the dust fwept from the house of ignorance.

La. What, what! how now, ha? you are a

Flapse to terme my sonne so, ha!

Stri. O good Madam. This is but school-play.

La. I'le put her by her school-tricks and noonly unmask, but unskin her sace too, and she come over my heire apparent with such Billingsgate Complements.

Pap. Sweet Madam, no harm was meant, and nothing said in earnest: 'Twas meerly but school-practice, but to shew the sweet young Gentleman how he might be subject to the scorne of Court, before he be seen in Complement.

La. Say you so?

Pap. 'Twas told your Ladiship before, that by

reprehension he might finde instruction.

Whim. Right Madam; For no Fencer learnes his Science before he receive some hits and knocks too: Oh, I have had many.

La. Nay, I am satisfied, and pray, that my rash

errour may prove pardonable Lady

Gab. Rather let me implore your mercy, Madam——.

Stri. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Lets hear an Interchange or two now, of complemental acknowledgement of N cour-

courtefies past betweet Ladies, for the edification of this faire one, who seems not yet to have take notice of us, but looks o'the ground still.

Bli. 'Tis not to finde a fescue, fir, among the

Ruflies.

To pick out a lesson in your crisse-crosse-row of complement.

Stri. Sharp and fudden. She has a good wit I fee

Whim Observe, good Blithe, observe.

Gab. Can your poor fervant expresseack nowledge ment enough, Lady, for favours so incessantly heap upon her, besides the accumulation of many secret benefits?

Foy I cannot but admire, Madam, your notify and illustrious Gratitude, that can give beauty to benefits of so low a birth and condition.

Whim. O, my Griffel comes to my minde agen

the was the gratefullest woman.

Gab If fuch favours, Madam, should passe under an humble name, Honour would grow idle, and a thankful Nature beguil'd of her emploiment.

70y. You'll make my zeale hereafter, too bathful

to ferve your most curious acknowledgement.

Bli. Curious acknowledgement! There was

thrid drawn out.

Gab. I am bound by many kindnesses. Madam to celebrate the saire memory of you; as the trouble of your Coach twice in one day, besides those inestimable Jewels, the Monkey and Dormouse you Ladiship sent me.

Neh. I would you could lend me a fight of 'heat

forfooth, I love fuch things devoutly.

Jor. You do but open a privie door to my thank ful remembrance. Madam, for the bounty of you squirrel and Paraquitoe.

Bh. Fagh, shut that privie door.

Sal

Neh. And shutin the Squirrel and the Paraquitoe to be shifled, shall the? O that I could see 'hem!

Str. Now Madam, and Sir Knight, Is not this neat and handsom?

Warm Truly, truly, 'tis most admirable pretty Stri. Nay, if you heard our Lectures, saw our Daunces.

Rehsh't our Musick and harmonious voices, Observ'd our Rules for sashion and attire. Our many exact postures and dimensions, Fit to be us'd by way of Salutation, Of courtesse, of honour, of obestance, To all degrees of man or womankind, From the low bent of vassa age, to the head Of towring Majesty, you should admire

La. But do you reade and teach all these to your

(cholars?

Stri. Stand forth, Monfieur Galliard. Stay w'are interrupted.

Enter Eraf. Val. Rachel.

Up maids, and quickly; or 'tis not your Masques Lan keep you undifcover'd Go, be ready, With Mufick and your voices, when I call to yee Ex Foy Gab

La. Why are we interrupted? pray proceed.

Neh. Mother, it is my naughty Aunt, fo tis

La. No matter, fonne, well take no notice of her.

I wonder at the boldnesse of the drudge though.

Ru I can turne taile too, as well as the great

Lady, Hah

Val. And do so, Mystresse, give her a broad-

lide

Weli-faid, we'll make our partie good, I warrant you N 2 I:r Er. Sir, we have heard your Fame; and low your Arts.

And pray that our ambition be excus'd,

Which drew on our Intrusion.

Stri. To me and to the place you are all we com.

Val. And so to all I hope, chiefly to you, Good Madam Dowager, hoping in good time I may get good, by doing much good upon you How likes your Lap: my complement.

La. Do you bring your rude companions to affront me? Are you so hot? you stir up your car

ders before they be cak't.

Val. Still in the Kitchin-dialect.

Ra. No ruder then your felf, hah.

Val. I brought her, Madam,

T' advance my fuit to you.

La. Will you see me abus'd

Sir Swithin, look to your Neece, the t'other talks to her.

Whi. Kinde merry Gentlemen, Madam, when I was young I would have done the like. Their coming hither, was as ours was to note th' instructions. That are taught here. Pray sir proceed. On with your exercise, that we may all be edified.

Stri. We thall do fo, Sir.

Val. But fir, your Gentlewomen,

That past upon our entrance, where are they?

Stri. Sir, they were call'd in haste to private practice

With some great Ladies in an upper room.

Val. Umh——private practice. Well, I shall know all.

Stri. And they being absent, we shall for the present

Only deliver by these Gentlemen, Some heads of Sciences.

A

The New Exchange.

A Song, a Daunce, and then
Entreat you take a taste of a collation,
And all most fairly welcome. Speak Monsicur
Galliard.

The heads of our chief Arts. Your filence, pray you. Gal. The first is the due carriage of the body, The proper motion of the head, hand, leg, To every several degree of person, From the Peasant unto the Potentate; To your inferiours how and when to use the Nod, The Hum, the Ha, the Frown, the Smile, Upon the fit occasion; and to your equals, The exactest, newest, and familiar motions Of eye, of hand, of knee, of arme and shoulder, That are in Garbe, in Congee, Crindge, or Shrug, In common Courtesie, or Complement. Lastly, for your Addresses to Superiours. The Honours, Reverence, or Obeyfances, Proper unto the quality or estate Of person whatsoever. And so much For carriage and behaviour. In the next place You shall have rules for the more graceful wearing Of your Apparel, with the natural Reasons, Why fome mans hat does better in his hand Then on his head, and why his coat hangs neater Upon his elbow, then upon his back, As also Reasons for Tunes bringing up. And marriages, together of the fashions Of man and woman, how his Callet, and her Black-bag, came on together; how his pocket combe, To spruce his Perrule, and her Girdle-glasse, To order her black pashes, came together; How his walking in the streets without a cloak, And her, without a man came up together; Of these, and of a hundred more the like, We shall demonstrate reasons and instructions.

N 3

Shall

Shall render you most graceful in each sashing. The next are skills in instruments, song and date Stri. Enough, those shall be made samiliar to By voice and action instantly. A Song there.

SONG.

Whim. Admirable pretty still.

Er. Are these your Gentlewomens voices, is Stri. They are.

Val. What do you keep 'hem up like Nuns To sing and not be seen?

Stri. Not alwayes fir.

But may it please yee Gentlemen and Ladies Now to observe the practice of our feet In active dancing.

Neh. That came I to learn,

And to speak French, do you think sir, you can My mouth to handle the French tongue hand!

La. He's apt to learn, sir, I can tell you the Gal. Yes, I shall bring his Mout to it. B Mout is yet a leetel too wide. But he shall some of de water dat de woman use for anode to bring it better together; and he shall speade Fransh Lady.

Neh. Pray sir, if you can like the Ladies di

ter of Paris properlie.

Er. Now Val. thou knowest the way.

Val. I wonder fir, 'Mongst all your Arts Sciences

You have so little judgement in a face.

Does his mouth appear wide to you? what glasse

Are your eyes made of?

Gab. What do you mean?

Er. Nay, friend.

Stri. Pray sir take no offence. Here was none meant.

Val. Slander is no offence then. He has injur'd, By breathing an aspersion on that sace,

The life of beauty, and the soule of sweetnesse.

Wide mouth Y—.

Gal. Begar Monsieur, you shall no point out mouth, No, nor out-face the Frensh man with your great Bullbees, and Mustard English looks.

Er. Nay, gentle Val. forbear.

Val. I'le stop.

This mouth that knowingly fayes he dares except Against a tittle of his face or person.

But as he is an ignorant stranger, and

I must respect the company. I forbear.

La. However sir, I can but thank your love in't.

Er. Now it works in her.

Val. Pardon my plainnesse, Madam.

I never was so ta'ne with Masculine beauty.

And till I winne a woman that is like him, Or has been like him, I can but languish.

La. They told me I was like him, when I was younger.

[Aside.

And let me tell you y'are a comely Gentleman.

And be you but as honest as y'are handsom, you deserve well.

Val. Umh, 'tis a hard matter to bring those ends together.

Neh. Mother f footh. Here's a man now for you to make my father!

Beyond the Knight or Ephraim!

La. Were I free from the old Knight, I could look well upon him.

Ra. Come, fervant, come away.

Val. By no meanes, Mystresse, I do but sooth her up to jeare her for you.

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If you out-stay her not, you lose your honour, She'll brag the has out-look't you, If you start

Ra. Nay, and she go to that, I hope I can, Look as ill favouredly as her selfe, or a better Woman then she, and stay in spight of her, hab

Val. 'Tis well done, Mystris, Madam shall I te

you.

But I would pray you not to ftorme, but laugh at She fayes you are no match for me.

La. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. And knowing I aim at none but fome great widow.

Tells me she knows her husband's but short-in d. I feare she means to break his heart.

La. Say you fo?

Val. No words, good Madam. Whim. Yet more whispering.

Pray Madam let us go. Neece come away, For I fear Madam, as you wifely doubted, This is no companie for us.

La. Sir, I hope

I am not yet so tied, but I may saselie Use my own freedom, I'le go when I please.

Whim. O Griffel, Griffel, when would'st that

have faid fo?

Bh. Loves power, I hope, hath wonne on destinit T'appoint this day for my delivery.

have yet

Dauncing to come, and a Collation promif'd.

Enter Camelion.

Stri. Yes Gallants, now ware readie, we be

Val. O Camelion.

Where is your wife? I hope your jealousie

Lock

eks her not up.

Jam. Pish, Honi foit. I hate it.

The has been preparing of a banquet,

mich now is ready for you, worthy Mr. Lightfoot,

rd your faire company; jealousie I defie

base horne Ague, Mr. Askal I.

La. What does he call you? Rafeal?

Val. Askal Madam.

name is Askal. But the R in Master

as into t so, that sometimes it sounds doubtful

buft be Knighted, Euphonia gratia. Valentine Askal will come fairly off.

Cam. Now note me Mr. Askal, and tell me if ever dous man came to lightly off.

Enter Hannah.

Daunce.

Han. Sir, your collation stayes.

Stri. 'Tis well, Gallants and Ladies

fit pleafe you enter

Omn. Agreed, agreed, of all fides. Ex. Omn.

ACT. V. Scoen. I.

Enter Lafoy, Hardy, Matchil.

I Nhospitable! 'tis inhumane, past The cruelty of intidels,

Mat Thou speak'it

thine own barbarous cruelty, hollow Frenchman,

Laf Abominable hypocrite.

Mat. Cunning Villain.

Mar. Fie Gentlemen, forbear this unknown lan-And age.

And either speak to others understanding. If you speak Justice.

Mat. Give me then my fonne.

Laf. Thou hast thy sonne, give me my was and daughter.

Har. Pray Gentlemen, if you'll not hear and

other, yet both hear me.

Mat. I pray Captain speak.

Har. You had his sonne to soster; he yar daughter.

You faithfully affirme you fent his sonne For England a moneth since.

Laf. And mine own with him.

Har. You have confest you put away his daughte Mat. And mine own with her, through her is obedience.

But 'twas upon advertisement by letter, That he had first cast off my sonne to an

Untimely death.

Har. Some Villain forg'd that letter, And let me tell you sir, though in your house. Lasoy's an honest and a temperate man. You are rash and unadvis'd, what Lasoy speaks I will maintain for truth: what you have done I wish you could make good; But I may sear You are mark't out by your own wilfulnesse, The subject of much woe and sad missortune.

Mat. I know not what I am; but did you kn The number, and the weight of my afflictions, You could not chide me thus without some pity

Har. Indeed I pity you, and now y'are calme Know that Lafor fent his fonne over with yours And but for some affaires he had with me. I'th' Isle of Wight he had embarqu'd himself With them, and brought 'hem to you.

Mat. There's hope then yet

That my boy lives.

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The New Exchange.

Hard. And is come over feare not.

Mat. You comfort me, and now Lafoy y'are welcome.

Laf. But to what comfort, having lost my daughter.

Mat. Lost or lost not, mine's with her. And I purpose now to be sad no longer. For I think I ha' lost my wise too, there's a second comfort.

Har. Take an example here Monsieur Lasoy.

And shake of sadnesse; mirth may come unlook't for.

Har. I ha' lost a sonne too, a wild roaring Lad, About this town. And if I finde not him, I doubt not I shall finde, that he has spent me A hundred pound since I last heard of him. By the way sir, I sent you a bill of change Last moneth, to pay a hundred pieces for me.

Mat. 'Twas paid. I have your bill for my discharge.

How now?

Ha' you found your Mystresse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. No tidings of her, fir.

Mat. She has found then some good exercise, I doubt not.

That holds her fo.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman Craves instant speech with you.

Mat. Who? or whence comes he?

Ser. He will be known to none before he fees you And, when you fee him, he fayes he thinks you'll know him.

He's a brave gallant, one o'the Alamodes, Nothing but French all over.

Mat. Fetch him me quickly,

It is my sonne. Grammercie mine own heart, That wast not light so suddenlie for nothing, Pray Gentlemen, who e're you see, name no man To me, unlesse I ask you. He comes, he comes.

Enter Cash.

I'm grown a proper man. Heaven make me thankful.

Just such a spark was I at two and twenty, Set cloathes and fashion by. He thinks to try If I can know him now. But there I'le sit him. With me sir is your businesse?

Cash. I presume

You do not know me, fir.

Mat. As well as he that got him,

Pray Gentlemen keep your countenances. Not know you fir?

'Tis like I may have known you heretofore,

But cannot readily collect; perhaps

You are much chang'd by Travel, Time, and Bravery.

Since I last saw you. There he may finde I partly guesse, but will not know him yet.

Good Gentlemen fay nothing.

Har. What ailes he troe.

Cash. He knowes me, I feare, too foon. If now my plot faile, and he have a Counterplot upon me. I am laid up.

Cash. Do you not know me yet fir.

Mat. Know you, or know you not sir, what's your businesse.

Cash. You sometimes had a sonne sir.

Mat. Now he comes to me.

I had sir. But I hear he's slain in France. And sarewel he. Mark how I handle him.

And what fir of my fonne?

Cash He's dead you say.

Mat. I muse the Knave askes me not blessing though.

Cash. But to supplie his losse you have a daugh-

ter

That may endear a fonne, fir, to your comfort.

Mat. Whither now flies he trow! Sir, do you know her.

Or where to finde her?

Cash. First upon my knees

- Let me implore your pardon.

Mat. Now he comes home: And I can hold no longer.

My blessing boy, thou meanest. Take it, and wel-

come

To a glad father. Rife, and let my teares,

If joy confirm thy welcom.

Cash. I may not rise yet sir.

Mat. No? why? what hast thou done? where's young Lafoy?

My true friends soone here? whom I now must lock

Up in these armes, amidst a thousand welcomes:

Where's the young man?

Cash. I know not who you mean sir.

Mat. Distract me not.

Laf. I feare you are destraught.

I know not him. How should he know my fon.

Mat. Let me look nearer.

Cash. Sir, I am your Prentice.

Mat. Whow—whow, whow, who—my Thiefe and Runaway.

Cash. Pray fir afford me hearing.

Mat. Sir, your cause

Requires a Judges hearing.

Cash. I have put me

Into

The New Academy, Or

Into your hands, and not without much hope, To gaine your pardon, and your daughters love.

Mat. 'Tis roundly spoken. Gentlemen, I'le tell

you.

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This gallant youth, has gallanted away

A thousand pound of mine.

Cash. For your advantage sir: For

By this way

Of Gallantry, as you call it, I have travell'd Through the Reforts and Haunts publike and private

Of all the Gallants in the Town. In brief I have found your daughter, where she had been lost For ever in your brother Strigoods hands.

Mat. Canst bring me thither?

Laf. Is my daughter with her?

Cash. Madam Gabriella, the French Damsel's there.

And others, men and women, whom you'll know when you come there.

Laf. Good sir, lets hasten thither.

Mat. You'll aid me, firs?

Har. Yes, with our lives and fortune. Exonnes

Scæn. 2. Enter Erasmus, Blithe, Camelion.

Er. Be fearlesse Lady, and upon my life, Honour, and saith; you are secure from danger. Bli. Sir, I have put me in your hands you see So liberally that I may seare to suffer, If not a censure, yet a supposition Of too much easinesse, in being led So suddenly so farre towards your desire. But my opinion of your noblenesse Joyn'd with your Protestation, pleads my pardon



The New Exchange.

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At least it may, the wretchednesse considered, To which I was enthrall'd.

Er. It is not more my love

Unto your vertue, and your faire endowments.

Then pity in me labours your release.

Nor is it rather to enrich my felf.

Then to fave you from fo immente a danger,

As you had fallen into by yielding under Your Uncles weaknesse in so fond a match.

Bli. Bleffe me from being fool-clog'd.

Er. Now you are free.

If you can think your felf fo, and but yield Unto my prefent Counfel.

Cam. Do fo Lady

Before you are mist within. Here is the Closet, And here's the Key in your own hands. And prefently I'le fetch a Priest.

Er. You fee

I still deal sairlie w'ye; and give you power To keep guard on your self.

Bli. And yet I yield My felf your prisoner.

Cam. In: fome body comes.

She will be yours. And let me tell you, fir, I wish you as much joy with her, as I Have with my Cock.

Er. You have befriended me

In this good enterprise: And one good turne Requires another. And now for that I told you, Touching your wife, your Cock you so rejoyce in.

Cam. Alas, alas, good Gentlemen, you would

ain
Ha'me be jealous. Honi foit, y'are short.

Enter Val. Hannah.

Er. Stand by and observe.

Val.

Val. Do you begin to boggle, And when I fend for twenty pieces, do you Send me but ten?

Cam. What's that ?

Er. Nay mark.

Val. I pray,

What have I had in all by your account.

Han. At feveral times, you have had fifty son

of my poor husbands money.

Which must afford you sweet and lustic payment. You froward Monkey. But perhaps you has some new-found Horn-maker, that you may the Deserves your husbands money better, for Doing his Journey-work, one o'the Monseurs, Or both perhaps i'th' house here under's Anties, It must be so, why else of all the town, Must I be one o'th' last that must take notice Of your new College here, your brazen-sace College

Of feates and fine fagaries? do you grow weary

me?

Han. Do you grow wilde? speak lower, do you mean to undo me?

Val. Will tother fifty pound undo thee, I have

loſt

All that I had within among your *Monfieurs*. And you must yield supply or lose a friend Of me.

Cam. What a way would fo much money have

gone in betts at the ducking pond?

Han. Will no leffe ferve your turn then fifty?

Val. No leffe. All makes (you know) but a just hundred.

And there I'le stick; and stick close to thee too, Else all slies open. What care I who knows

YOU

Cour credits breach, when you respect not mine.

Cam 'Tis too well known already; All's too open

Ly house, my purse, my wife, and all's too open.

Han O me, undone.

Cam Was ever loving husband

o much abut'd?

Val Enquire among your neighbours.

Er Be patient man

Cam. O thou close whore.

Val Take heed fir, what you fay.

lene now you faid the was too open, fir.

are in two tales already.

Han. I feare he's mad or jealous, which is worfe,

Val Pills, Hone foit.

He jealous, he defies it.

Cam. Do you deride me ?

Str, you can witnesse with me, he confest Receipt of fisty pounds my wise has lent him, False woman that she is for Horn-making,

b Journey-work.

Han. You are deceiv'd.

Cam. I know.

'At least I think) I am deceiv'd in both.

y money and thy honesty, but the Lawes a both shall do me right, or all shall flie for't.

The instantly to councel.

Han, Hear me first.

Er. By all meanes hear her first, Pray grant her that.

Cam. I dare not look on her, left I be tempted to yield unto my fhame and my undoing

Val Will you not heare your Cock, your Nanfie

Nanny Cock.

Han Time was you would not ha' denied me

0

Cam.

The New Academy, Or

Cam. Nor any thing, if my Cock had but he upon't.

Such was my love, but now,

Han. But now y'are jealous.

Cam. Have I not cause?

Han. Here's tother fifty pieces, take hen it. They are full weight, and truly told.

Val. Brave wench.

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Han. If you will law, fir, you shall law for fathing.

Cam. What doft thou mean?

Val. I hope the 'll humble him to,

That he shall keep our chamber door for us, While we get boyes for him. A dainty Rogut She tempts me strongly now. Would she we call me

About it presently.

Han. That money sir

May ferve to countenance you among the Game Within, that blew you up. The Lady widow May think the better of your credit too, Being so good i'th' house.

Val. I'le streight amongst 'em.

Cam. Councel me not fir. All my joyes are I cannot think now what a ducking pond Can be good for, except to drown me in't.

Er. Alas, poor man, I was in this too bufie. Han. Stay, you shall promise me before my band,

That you will never more attempt my chastity Val. That bargaine's yet to make. Thoug fore him

I may fay much, I will not stand to that For all the wealth he has.

Han. You shall protest

Then, fairly, as you are a Gentleman

never have enjoy'd me.

Cam. I like that.

Val. No, no, I cannot fafely, for in that

all furrender up my interest

house; and he may warne me out on't. No, te heed o'that. 'Tis not his tother hundred ll make me slip that hold,

Cam I am loft again.

Han. What a bold thief is this! Pray heare me,

a may remember that I ask't you once

hat Countreyman you were.

Val. Yes, when you first cast your good liking me, and I told you.

th' Isle of Wight: And what o' that?

Han. And you

Al Captain Hardyman, their father-in-law.

Val. You wrong me basely, to say I call him any ag: for he gives me nothing.

Han Yon wrong him bafely. Look you, Can

Val. I had done ill to venter (as I ha' done)

Salisbury plain else. Hah, what's here

hat daughter. I fent you order to receive for me hundred pounds. If you finde that your brother Spendthrift Val. Askal, (Zookes that I) be in want, furnish him according to your own cretion. I am Val. Askal, where's the money? In hundred pound, ha' you't.

Han. It feems a Sifter of yours had it.

vou a fifter?

Val. He had a daughter by my mother, but a plac'd her out a childe, I know not where. There's that young whore trow? Hannah I think it name was. Hang me if I know directly.

Cam. My wives name's Hannah, fir.

(c) O 2 Han.

The New Academy, Or,

Han. I am that fifter, brother, but no whore Er. Now Val. your brags to make men this you lay with her.

Han. You have your hundred pound sir. Los

you, husband.

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This is my fathers letter which you wrote on That which you dar'd the devil and Clais: counterfeit, reade your own hand.

Cam. Honi svit qui maly pense. Er. I must admire this woman.

Yal. Dost think I did not know thee.

Han. No sir, nor would I that you should, Till I had foil'd you in your course,

And had my will to make my husband jealous.

Cam. My Cock, my Cock again, my Nanny (3) Cock-all, my Cock-a-hoop, I am overjoy'd, See, fee thy father too.

Enter Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Cash.

Mat. This is the woman.

To whom I paid your money.

Hard. 'Tis my daughter-

My bleffing on you.—What are you here too.

Vol. And ask you bleffing too. Your hund pound Has boundme to't. Heaven blesse you. He halfe one still, yes, and the better halfe, for toth fpent.

Hard. O y'are a great good husband.

Val. I would be onc. And here's a good widow

Now in the house, your countenance may help My Sister and my Brother both can tell you, How orderly and civilly I live.

Cam. O wag.

Hard. 'Tis like fir, I shall prove your Furthe What is she?

The New Exchange.

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Val. That Merchants Sifter, and a Lady fir.

would not have him heare.

Hard. Well talk ande then. [talk afide,

Mat. In that I m partly fatisfied.

Er I love you fir,

nd waited on your wife but as your Spie, or feare he might have led her to more folly.

Mat But faw you not two fuch Damfels here?

Lr. Here are

ome in the house that would not be seen by us. Cash. Because they thought you'd know hem

Er, And if that

Old tellow be your brother Strigood, 'tis most

Mat You know not him here do you?

Er. No not I.

Mat. 'Its my man Cash.

Er. Most wonderful.

Mat We thall know more anon.

Laf. Pray hafte fir to discovery: I would fame

Mat. I would fee a little

The fathions of the house first.

Call. Pray obscure

your felves in that by-room there, where you may

See and hear all that passes, nor can any Passe out o'th' house without your notice

The Gentlemen and I will mix again

With the Society, if they please.

hr Agreed

Within Strigood Where are you Gentlemen?

Fr Come away Val.

Wat Is not that the Hell-hounds voice?

Cafh. Yes, 'tis your brother.

Han The feat you to fee all, and be unfeen.

0 3

Can



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Cam. Do so good Cock. Do so now is, I fetch the Priest. Ex. Han. Hard. Mat. Laj.

Enter Strigood.

Stri. O Gentlemen, you have loft fuch fort, I

And Merchants wife have been by th' eares.

Cash. Could not

The old Knight part 'hem?

Stri. He has done his best.

And almost lost his eyes in the adventure Betwixt the Furies tallons.

Er. But are they friends agen?

Stri. And deep in complement.

Our school affords no such in act or language

Enter Lady, Rach.

La. Sifter, Indeed I am too much your trouble Ra. Pray Madam let me ferve you truly truly I'le be your fervant for a yeare and a day.

La. Indeed, indeed you wrong your felf, I a

yours.

Ra. I am your fervants fervant, and will ferve Under your Ladiships Cook to do you fervice.

La. Indeed you may not.

La. If I may not be

Accepted for your household servant, let me Become your Chare-woman in any office From Cupboard to Close-stool, I can do all To do your Ladiship service.

Val. This now favours of Complement indeed Ra. In footh, 'tis footh, forfooth the tale I t

you.

The New Exchange.

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Enter Neh.

. Well acted mother.

Y are too obsequious gentle Sister.

I am fhort of good.

le I grant I am, for I bite nobody.

mand me then fweet Madam.

. And very well acted Nant.

O you shall pardon me,

I am no Pope, for your fake would I were.

. Your courtefie o'recomes me.

O not fo.

the it could forfooth, would it were better for you.

. Exceeding well acted o'both fides.

er and Aunt flooth, Amardla you have done't

er than the two School-Mystresses to day

d do their Whatshicomes, their Complements ik you call 'hem. But I ha' lost my Mystresse

complement withal. Mrs. Blittle Tripfhort out-strip't me, Amardia that she has.

Where's her wife Uncle should ha' look't to

cannot finde her. How shall I have her now?

. Thou shalt not have her boy, she's naught.

Then he's

ght too. You sha'nt have him.

Nor will, I feare not.

. Think of the Gentleman mother that out-

Frenchman for me. I would you had a thou-

d. God-a-mercy boy.

Peace, hear a little more.

(c)

Enter

Enter Camelion

Cam Sir, come away.

I have found a carelesse Curate, that has not a but a bare Coat too loose thall chopt't up preacts. And give him but a piece, he'll tear no Cana

Ir. I am bound to thee for ever Ex i'm Si

Stri. Whither goes he?

Val. No matter, let him go t'untrusse perhaps

Enter Whimlby, Ephraim.

liph. I say she is i'th house. Whim She's gone, she's gone,

Whim. She's flower out of a window, or chill

ney top then.

I'm fure I watch't the door with open eyes E re fince you entred, as my Lady charged me, Lest her childe might slip out to play 1 th' street.

Neh. And I am here you see. He cannot see He has no more eyes then a sucking pig.

And yet he weeps like a roafted one.

Whim I am abut'd,

And render me my Neece, You have stolne her for your sonne

La My tonne defies her,

As I do you, old whining wither'd fellow. That has no moifture in him but for teares

Val That is my Cue. A young well-govern?

man

Were fitter, Madam.

Ra. Where have you been fervant?

Val. 1 speak to my Lady

Ra My Lady, I think you faid Are you to front fir, halt?

therthink heplayes the cunning hypocrite false teares, and packt her hence himsels. Y Lady mindes you not, and I can learn you a broad-side too.

fadam, that cannot be, for I have feen went out, or came into the house

Here came a Church-man in ere while.

A Church-man! then I fear she's closely anto her wo and mine.

erhaps to me.

my back you faid the would do fo, ore him came in your brother Matchil, y brother, who her husband?

es, with others.

y husband, I think you faid. What a foule fe wathing dayes make?

sy,'tis no Jest. Now Ladies let me tell you. Sir Swithin; pray lend all your eares. Tash, we are betrayed Cash if we be not

Fox, Hy thee up quickly Cash, by down the wenches. We'll make bold with es Coach to hurry us away.

For Matchil, Hardy, Lafoy, Hannah.

melesse Reprobate. Doest thou hang thy

course to hang the rest o'thee.

diships well met at the new school,

r Chare-woman. Ha' you profited

vils doctrine here? you weep fir Swithin

inquity of the times.

fou mean

pray Vncle did you meet her.

She's

She's gone away too, after my Cousin Joju, And the French maid, I think, she is here age

Enter Eras. Blithe, Camelion.

Amardla, wipe your eyes, and look Sir Smilks. The tother honest Gentleman has found her. And let him take her for his paines for me.

Er. I thank your love. But fir, 'tis your confer

We only feek.

Mat. Sir Swithin, let 'em have it.

Mat. This is the Gentleman I would have spoke for:

In birth, in meanes, in person every way

Deferving her, Take him upon my word.

Hard. And Madam, since you stick but upon

Joyncture,

Having heard lately well of his husbandry.

Han. Thank a good fifter, fir.

Hard. I will fecure you

Three hundred pounds a year, your brother knows me.

Mat. Will make good his word. Agree by you felves.

Lad. Upon these termes, 'tis like we shall agree. Sir Swithin are you pleat'd.

Whim. Pleaf'd or displeaf'd.

It feems they are married.

Cam. Yes, I affure you,

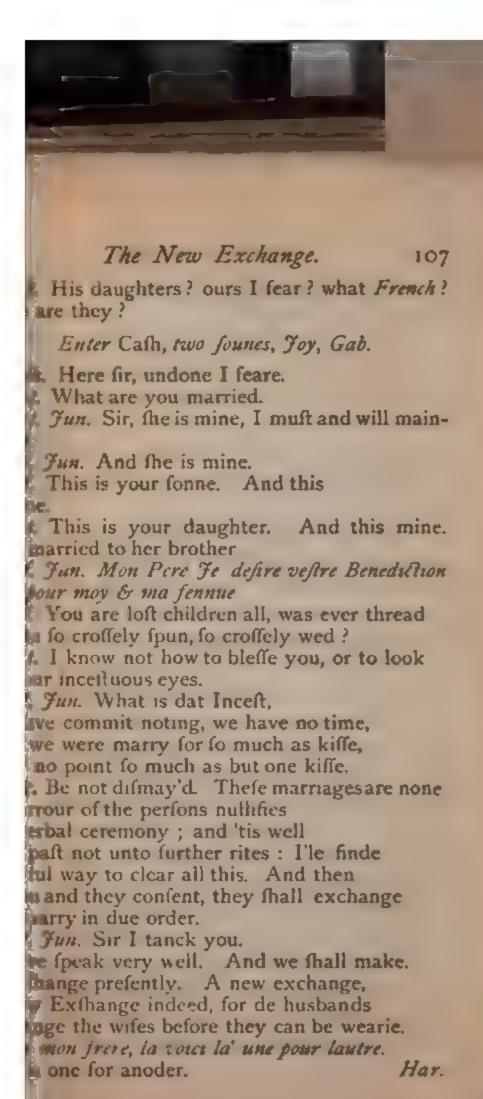
I faw their hands joyn'd, and I heard 'hem both Answer the Priest.

Whim. I will no longer whine.

Heaven give you joy, As y'are your owne, y'are mine.

Cam. There are more weddings i'th' house, you daughters,

Are linck't by this time to the two young French Mal men.



Har. Is each party Agreed, and so content? Mat J. Gab. We are.

To. And we.

Laf. Ju. Wee wee, I en fuss tresbsen contuit.

Mat. Ju Provided that we have our failst

leaves and councels.

Mat. Can you feek fathers leaves or councels not that have run from 'hem in your disobedience. Into the snares of hell too farre I fear. To be releast. O hell-bred Villain.

Stri. Your brother o' one fide.

Mat. Ju. Lend but a patient eare.

And by my hopes of your defired pardon I'le quit you of your feare. 'Tis true, my duty At my Arrival should have wing'd me to you. But hearing of your late, ill talk't on marriage.

Mat. O that root of mischief.

And of my Sisters flight, as loth to appear to you As to presume a welcom? I was curious First to observe the Town, and taste the newes; When more by Providence then accident, Here we made choice of lodging, saw and lik't The practices of the Society,

Until this wicked man, (who ftill prefumes
To call you brother,) finding us youthful ftrang.
And (as he might suppose) wanton—

Mat. He made

A bargain with you for their Maidenheads.

Cash told me that, and how that hellish purpol

Was vertuously declin'd.

Stri. O counterfeit Calh.

Mat. But must you therefore, knowing who

Marry you knew not whom. Mat. Ju. Pardon me, fir,

The New Exchange. 109 loves were noble, and by due enquirie, tch't from each others faithful breaft, the knowedge each other. Mot. What! and marry then ch his own Sifter? Riddle me not to death. Mat Jun. Sir, I have done. And now that I re faid worst that might have happed by his practice, make his shame or his repentance greater, so only was my aim. We are not married, ine of us all are married one to other Cam No, I affure you fir. Howere I lid their request, (small matter for a friend) aw all the hurt the Priest did here to day. at was upon them two there. Br. Thank you fir. Mat. You shall be then. And so take hands in mest. not a double Match Lafoy? Laf. Without manner of condition I confent. Mat I am full of joy. Cash O can you pardon me sir. Mat Good boy, good boy. I know not how a City uld fland without fuch Prentices And hope is wants few fuch. But what canft thou now tay other, o'one fide for thy felfe. Speak quickly, tile the good humour holds me to be friends th all the world: yet yonder's one lies heavy hwart my ftomack, 5trs. Y'are full of joy you fay. d I fay had it been within my power, have broke your heart, I had don't. Therefore m me comforted and love me; for I finde 1

I have no power to hurt you, and will therefore Attempt no further.

Mat. Brotherly spoke in troth.

And worthily worth an hundred mark a month, Shall ha't.

Stri. Know then into the bargain, that I forg'd the letter that suggested to you My Nephews death, in hope of means that way.

Mat. Honestly said again. Now what say you Ra. I say that I am humbled on my knees.

I beg your pardon.

Mat. All's too well me thinks.

But heark, before you break up school; lets have. One frisk, one sling now, one cariering dance. And then pack up.

Omn. Agreed, Agreed, Agreed. Stri. Play then Les tous ensembles.

Neh. That's the French name on't, Uncle, 'tis'
Dutch call'd All-to-mall; and I call it in English
Omnum Gatherum, 'tis the daintieft daunce.
We had it here to-day. I and my mother.
My Aunt and all can daunce in't, as well as the beft,

With everyone in their own footing. Now observe

Daunce.

Mat. You have done well. Now pray lets breup school,

Hard. But yet not break up house. My some

and daughter

Have given me power to call their Supper mine. To which I'le give you welcome, Ale and wine.

Deus dedit his quoque finem, laus Deo.

FINIS.

THE

QUEEN

And

CONCUBINE.

A

COMEDIE

BY RICHARD BROME



LONDON:

Gun in Ivy Lane, 1659.





Drammatis Personæ

Gonzago. King of Sicilie.

Gonzago. His Son the Prince.

Horatio. An old humorous Courtier.

Lodovico. Eulalia's faithful Counsellor.

Flavello. alias Alphonfo, Alinda's Sycophant.

Four Lords, two Bishops.

Sforza. Two Rivall Generals.

Two other Captains and Souldiers.

Strozzo. Two cashier'd Lieutenants.

A Doctor. Suborned false witnesses against Eula-

A Midwife. lia.

Pedro. A Gentleman of Palermo.

Poggio. Two chief Inhabitants of Palermo.

Three or four Countrey-men of Palermo.

Curat.

Cryer. Of Palermo.

Guard.

Andrea. Eulalia's Fool.

Fago. Rugio. Two other her Servants.

Faylor. Women.

King's Guard Eulalia, The banish'd Queen.
Petruccio's Servant. Alinda, the veil'd Concubine.

Genius of Eulalia. Three or four Girls.

The Scoene Sicilie.

The

The first Song, for pag. 88.

7 Hat if a Day, or a moneth, or a year Crown thy Delights With a thousand wish'd contentings? May not the chance of a Night or an Hour Cross thy Delights With as many fad Tormentings? Fortune, Honour, Beautie, Birth, Are but blossomes dying. Wanton Pleasures, doating Mirth, Are but Shadows flying. All our Joys Are but Toys, Idle thoughts deceiving: None hath power Of an Hour In our lifes bereaving.

The second Song, for pag. 111.

Hours

It I Ow bless'd are they that wast their wearied In solemn Groves, and solitarie Bowers, Where neither eye nor Ear Can see or hear The frantique mirth And salse Delights of srolique earth:

Where they may sit and pant And breath their pursy Souls Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want Afflicts; nor sullen care controuls.

Away salse Joys, ye Murther where ye kisse. There is no Heaven to that, no Life to this.



Act I. Scen I.

Enter Horatio, Lodovico.

Hor. The clouds of Doubts and Fears are now dispers'd,

And Joy, like the resplendent Sun, spreads forth New life and spirit over all this Kingdom,

That lately gasp'd with Sorrow. Lod. Now the Court

Puts on her rich Attire, and like fresh Flora, After the blasts of winter, spreads her Mantle, Deck'd with delightful Colours, to receive The jocund Spring, that brings her this new life.

Scæn II.

Enter Flavello bare before the Prince, the Queen Eulalia, Alinda, Attendants, Hoboys,

Hor. The Queen comes on, Joy in that face appears.

That lately was overwhelmed in her tears,

Lod. and Hor. Health and perpetual Joy unto the Queen,

Eul. Thanks my good Lords, I am prepar'd to meet it.

How neer's the King? Hor. At hand, my Soveraign. Eul. Welcome that happy word that leads the way, But yet he is not come, he is not here:

Never so sweet an expectation

Appear

Appear'd so tedious: pray set on apace, That I may live yet to an interview With my lov'd honour'd Lord. Hor. That yourden May feem less grievous, hear this by the way, A brief relation of the Kings success In this late well-won Battail.

Eul. Be it so.

But mention not his dangers, good my Lord. Hor. That were to make his Conquest noth; worth:

It would make Victory upon his head, As she had flown into his Burgonet, To shrowd her from a storm, and not to sit Or rather stand triumphant on a foot, With display'd wings upon the utmost Sprigg Of his high stourishing Plume, vaunting her sales So perch'd and so supported by his Valour.

Prin. Pray Mother hear the dangers too; the

worft

Will make the best the sweeter: I could hear Of dangers yet to come; and Women may Discourse of Perils past each Holy-day.

Hor. Well faid, young Prince, right of the King

own Metal:

And gracious Madam, let me tell you, though You do not love to hear of blood and danger, Y'have brought a Warrior forth, I do foresee't: I love to speak my thoughts, I hope you trust me A right old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown.

Prin. How this old fellow talkes! you faid, m

Lord.

You would discourse the Battail. Ho. Exceller Prince,

I was i'th' way: but the Queen put me out on't. Eul. Well, well my Lord, deliver't your ownwa Hor. Then, humph, humh, humh, in my own wa But by the way, no way to derogate Fro

and CONCUBINE.

the Kings matchless resolution. ord or two of the best Soldier the world, (under the King I mean, bw my limits) that's our brave General, Sforza, Madam, your flout Country-man, high our Kings Subject now; that bore him for he great marriage-Triumph in Tourneament, bling down Peers and Princes, that e'er fince, cald your Champion, and the Queens old buldier

for Marry but this, That as we have a King, as the King brings victory, nay life, to his Queen, his Country and our comforts, t under Heaven we are to give the praise this old Souldier, to this man, the man bed, another man is not to be cept the King, nam'd in this Victory. (at You feem my Lord to honour Sforza yet

ore the King.

for. Excase me gracious Madam, now my limits: what? before the King? n an old Courtier I, still true to th' Crown, thus it is declar'd, that in the battail, en in the heat of fight the mingled bloods either Army reek'd up to the Sun, aming its glorious light with gory vapour, en flaughter had rang'd round about the field, trehing how by advantage to lay hold upon our King.

End. Prithee no more. Prin. Good mother Yor At last the speed and circled him about th Spears and fwords fo thickly pointed on him, at nothing but his facred valour could re light for a supply to his relief, bichthin'd fo through and through his wals of fees,

(0)

3

The QUEEN

As a rich Diamond 'mongst an heap of him And so was sound by the quick eye of Simul When like a Deitie arm'd with wrath and The He cut a path of horror through the Battail Raining down blood about him as he sew, Like a prodigious Cloud of pitch and sire, Until he pierc'd into the straight, wherein The Royal Person of our King was at His last bare stake of one life to a thousand Eul. I dare not hear it, yet.

Hor. Then in a word, old Sforze fetcht him!
And with his fword which never touch'd is with
Set him i'th' heart of of 's Army once again.

Eul. That I like well.

Hor. That did your Champion, Madam,
The Queens old Souldier, and your Father, La
D'ye simple at it? such a Souldier breaths not,
Only the King except: now note the Miracle,
The King receiv'd and gave new life at once
Of and unto his Army, which new life
Was straight way multipli'd, as if the lives
Of all the slain on both sides were transfus'd
In our remaining part, who with a present sury
Made on with that advantage on the Foe,
That the whole field was won as at one blow.
I am prevented.

[Shout within, Vic.

Scoen. III.

Enter Captain, Drum and Colours, King an Sforza, Souldiers.

The King embraces and kiffes the Queen, the P and Alinda.

King. Now cease our Drums, and surle our signes up:

and CONCUBINE. 5 bifs the Souldiers, hostile Armes surcease, les we rejoyce, fafe in these Armes of Peace. For, Go Souldiers, better never stood the shock Zanger, or made good their Countreys caufe Tok this to the Kings health and victory wild. Heaven blets the King, and our good General Stores. sigain Long live the King and Sfarca, Sforca and the King, Vin The King and Sforsa, Sforsa and the King, al at leaft, and fometimes three notes higher, Exit Capt and Sould ind Sforza's name then doth the Kings! the voyce the w ld l'eople as I pass'd along cw up his praifes neerer unto Heaven r methoggat then nnee: but be it fo, has deferved well, now let me again forace the happie comforts of my life rough deadly dangers, yea through death it felf. m refford unto my Heaven on Earth, wife and Son: a thousand beffings on thee , dearest life, whose prayers I know have been eccistul to me in this doubtful War, w welcome am I? Eul That's more than I can speak: thould I bring comparations of the Spr n 5. ter a Frosty winter to the Birds, rich returns of ventures to the Merchant, Rer the twent eth currant news of Sh., wrack, Edemption from captivity, or the Joves omen conceive after most painful Chadbirths, were but Pabulous nothings to the Bats our prefence brings in answer to my Prayers: caven heard me at the full, when I forget fend due prai es thither, let me die oft wretched, though my gratitude thall never YOL, II Skep

Sleep to th' inferior means, e'en to the meand Souldier assistant to your safe return,

Especially to you good Sforsa, Noble Souldie, I heard of your fidelitie. Sfor. My duty Madam

King. Are you one of his great Admirers to The world will make an Idol of his Valour, While I am but his shadow: He but think out, Indeed he's worth your favour, he has done work

Sfor. Let me now speak, I may not hear & wonders bounc'd.

King. You do forget yourfelf. End What a

King. Nay I have done.

Gonzago, you and I have chang'd no words yet; I have brought Victory home, which may per Be checkt at when my heat shall fall to ashes. How will you maintain your Fathers quarrels

his Grave?

Pain. I do not hope t' outlive you Sir, but il must.

I fure shall hope to keep your name and right Alive whilst I live, though I cannot hope To have so good a Souldier at my Standard As Warlike Sforza. King. This is more and work Then all the rest: the childe has spoken plainly, I had been nothing without Warlike Sforza: Ile make him nothing, and no longer stand His Cypher that in number makes him ten. My Lords, my thanks to you for your due care In my late absence.

Hor. All was Loyal Dutie,

As we are old Courtiers Sir, still true to th' Crom

King, I have found you faithful. Hor. It being

true Statesmen

Watchful to be at home 'gainst civil harms,
When Kings expose themselves to hostile Arms
Kings

7

me. There's a State-Rime now: but Heratio, not Petruccio visited the Court our departure? Hor Pox on Petruccio. me, and be good to me: how thinks your e of my Allegiance, and can ask hat Question? King. Now he is in his Fit . The Hangman take him, Petruccio King? h, peugh, I hate to name him. can you think your State had been fecur'd had breath'd amongst us? That vile wretch, on in your Kingly wisdom you did banish Court for a most dangerous Male-content, his just repulse from being your General, in he durst stand in Competition brave deferving Sforza here, the best absolute Souldier of the world. ng. Still Sforza! Hor. Except your Majesty. There is an Exception wrung out, . He comes at Court by my permission? hald as foon be won to fet your Court ire, as fee him here. bug. Send for him speedily. v. [Starts] Your Majesty is pleas'd to have it fo. ing. And upon your Allegiance ha you to boast of, let me have him here, very speedily; He have your head elfe. ir. Nay fince it is your Highness pleasure, and briously commanded, I will fend wn head off my thoulders, but wee'l have him. at you can command, I dare be Loval ng. Look to it, [goes to the Queen] Hor It must this is one of his un-to be-examin'd haftie ours, one of his flarts these and a deviluth gift

Exit Horatio.

I must go, and still be true to th' Crown.

in Venerie, are all his faults,

Lod. Petruccio sent for! who for braving d' Brave Sfarza here, so lately was confin'd.

Flav. I cannot think the Court must hold 'm'. At once, less they were reconcil'd, which is

As much unlikely: what do you think my La

Lod. I know not what to think.

King. She Sforza's Daughter, say you?

Queen. Yes my Lord.

King. She's a right handsome one: I never! he had a Daughter.

Eul. He brought her o'er a Childe with: when happily I came your Bride, bred her at he she never saw the Court, till now I sent for he be some comfort in your long absence.

King. Sforza's absence, I sear you mean, [4] Eul. And trust me Sir, Her simple Country Innocence at first

Bred fuch delight in me, with fuch affection, That I have call'd her Daughter, to embolden

King. O did you so? Eul. And now the has some spirit,

A prettie lively spirit, which becomes her Methinks so like her Fathers. King. Very go I like her strangely. Eul. What was that she To you Gonzago?

Gonz. That Heaven might ha' pleased T' have fashion'd her out to have been a Que King. Comely Ambition.

Sfor. Reconcile all quickly,

Or you had better never have been born, Then disobey my last command, which was Never to see the Court till I induc'd you.

D oyou stare at me?

Alin. I but obey'd the Queen.

I hope shee'l answer't. Sfor. No more, I'le with you anon.

Daughter too, I have tane notice of her: O lireft, welcome. Kiffes her. Sforza florms. you both with me this night, weel Feast: bid us welcome all, as but one Guest. I shall in all obey you Alin. And for this, hen a King I shall abhor to kiss. Exeunt.

Scoen, IV.

Enter Petruccio.

r. Repuls'd? difgrac'd? and madethefcorno'th'
Court?

afe he is the Queens dear Countrey-man?

I for all my many Services,
I the reward of being made an outcast?
I not the King be pleas'd, though he advanc'd unto the Honour I deserv'd,
rust me in his service? could he think
word could be an hinderance in the Battail,
twe delay'd the winning of the Field?

must his Court and presence which I have
my observance dignisid, reject me
as a dangerous and insectious person!
I new way to gratise old Souldiers
on return'd? I do commend thy speed.

news at Court. Enter Servant in haste: switch.

The King's come bravely home

every ear is fill'd with Victory, chiefly with the Fame of Sforza's Valour.

re. Sforza & Ser. Lord Sforza Sir, I cry him

mercy, www.Lord.General.

r. Thou com it too fast [flrikes him] Serv So inks too, less 'twere to better purpose

(c) Petr

Petr. The Fame of Sforza's Valour, good if a A What other news?

Serv. I have told you all the best.

Petr. If thou hast worse, lets have it quicky

Serv. You shall, That you may flie the dange-

Petr. What is't, without your Preface?

Serv. Here are Messengers sent from the Kast you; pray Heaven all be well. Ther's the tutchie testie Lord, that rails, and never could and you, since the King look'd from your Honour

Petr. Th' hast made me amends, ther's for the

news.

Is this bad news?

Serv. Truely my Lord, I think fo:
For if the King had fent to you for good,
I think he would have fent one lov'd you better

Petr. What? then the old Courtier? thou know him not.

He shew him thee. He is the onely man
That does the King that service, just to love
Or hate as the King does, so much and so long.
Just to a scruple or a minute, and then he has a
ignorant Loyaltie, to do as the King bids hus
though he sear immediate death by it.

Call him in. Serv. They come.

Scoen. V.

Enter Horatio and guard.

Her. My mafters, come along, and close up to me my Loyaltie defend me, I shall not dare to trust me in this devillish fellows reach else. And thus it Sir.

Petr. 'Tis thus Sir, I can tell you. [drawe

Hor. Good friends look well to me

Petr. You come with strength of armed men. to bear me From

mime own House which was my appointed

ftronger Hold. Hor. Look every way.

The King it feems now that his Mignion I is Landed, cannot think him fafe, and I not which though I can prevent, I will not.

what Gaol will you remove me to?

I would thou wert in Hell for me:

What? with a Guard? Hor. That's for my

I know thou love it not me.

Nor you me, do you? Her. Nor cannot, less the King could love thee.

. Why perhaps he does, you fee he fends for me.

w. Why if he does, I do, but 'tis more then I or can collect yet by his Majesties affection.

Here's an Humour now. Hor I know my ty, and I know the King has fent for you, what end I know not: and if it be to hang cannot help it. Look to me now my Mafters I care, that's the plain troth on't, while the pleas'd, and thou wert my Brother. I am Courtier I, ftill true to the Crown.

7. I commend your Loyaltie: Come, we are

ds. Hor. Look to me for all that.

w. Were you afraid, you came fo arm'd and

That's because I would not be afraid: look

to me still.

Indeed my Lord you are welcome.

. Yes, as much as I look for.

er. What should the King intend by this? I fear no ill.

have done none, therefore I go.

os he thinks to make me honour Sforza.

Now

Have an

King. It
Flat: Ye.
Court this n
King. But
Falle, and too

Flat: Now

If,

Like fruit that o

flat faw you.

King. How, m

fight of

Then by difcourfe

I ply'd her then wit

Enter Sforza and Alinda.

Sfor. Has the air of Court infected you already? Has the Kings kisses mov'd by adulterate heat, Swoln you into a stubborn loathsomness Of wholsom Counsel? Come your wayes; Ile try Is Countrey-Air and Diet can restore you To your forgotten modestie and Duty.

Alin. What have I done amis? Sfor. Do you

capitulate?

But so much satisfaction as may make
Thee sensible of shame, I will afford thee:
Didst thou not after Banquet, when the King
Heated with wine, and lust rais'd in his eyes,
Had kis'd thee once, twice, thrice, though I
look'd on,

And all the Presence whispered their cold sears
Of the Kings wantonness and the Queens abuse;
Didst thou not then still gaze upon his Face,
As thou hadst long'd for more? O impudence!

Alin. Impudence? Sir, pray give it the right name,

Courtship, 'twas Courtship Sir, if I have learn'd Any since I came here.

King. Brave metal'd wench!

Sfor. I am amaz'd.

Alin. Besides Sir, the Kings kisses Are great inestimable Honours, and

What Lady would not think her self the more Honour'd, by how much the King did kiss her?

Sfor. And should he more than kiss, still the more Honour'd?

Alin. It might be thought so. Sfor. Durst thou argue thus?

(c)

Atm. I know he dares not beat me here. Fray

Let me but ask you this, then use your pleasure (Cause you this Impudence, that which I call

Courtship)

What Courtier fits down fatisfied with the first
Office or Honour is conferr'd upon him?
If he does so, he leaves to be a Courtier.
And not the thing we treat of. Did your self
After the King had grac'd you once, twice, thnow
(As he kis'd me) expect no further from him?

Sfor She's wonderously well read in Court
alreadie:

Who i'th' Devils name has been her Lecturer?

Flat, Do but your Majesty observe that, and think
What pains I took with her. Alin, How many
Offices

Did you run through before you were made General And as the more the King confers upon us, Is more our Honour, so 'tis more the Kings, When most his Favours shine upon Desert.

King. I like her better still. Sfor Insufferable

Baggage !

Dar'st thou call anything in thee Desert?

Or mention those base Favours which the King Maintains his Lust by, with those real Honours Confer'd on me, who have preserved his life?

Is it such Dignity to be a Whore?

Alin Pray Sir, take beed: Kings Mistriffes must

Be call'd fo. Sfor. Dar'st thou talk thus to me?

Alin. Yes, Sir;

If you dare think me worth the Kings embraces. In that neer kind, howe'er you please to stile it Sure I shall dare, and be allow'd to speak

King. That word makes thee a Queen Sfor The King dares not Main-

Maintain it. King. And that costs you your head.

Alin. Dear Sir, take heed; Protest I dare not hear you:

Suppose I were advanc'd so far above you

To be your Queen, would you be therefore defperate,

And fall from what you are to nothing? Pray Utter no more such words, I'd have you live.

Flav. She vexes him handsomelie.

Sfor. As I live she's mad. Do you dream of being a Queen?

Alin. Why if I should, I hope that were no Treason:

Nor if I were a Queen, were that sufficient
Warrant for you, to utter Treason by,
Because you were my Father; No dear Sir,
Let not your Passion be Master of your Tongue.

Sfor. How she flies up with the conceit! d'yee hear?

Alin. Because you were my Father. Soveraignty you know, admits no Parentage. Honour, poor petty Honour forgets Descent. Let but a silly Daughter of a City Become a Countesse, and note how squeamishly She takes the wind of her Progenitors.

Sfor, She has swallowed an Ambition That will burst her: I'll let the humour forth.

Alin. You will not kill your Child?

Sfor. Though all Posterity should perish by it.

Alin. Not for the Jewel in your Ear.

Sfor. Impudent Harlot! The has heard me value This Jewel, which I wear for her dead Mother, I would not part with, whilft I wore my Head; And now the threatens that: a Kingdom shall not fave thy life.

Alin. Know where you are, Sir, at Court, the Kings House.

Sfor

Sfor. Wereita Church, and this unhallowed R Sanclum Sanctorum, I will bring you to your knee And make me fuch a Recantation As never follow'd Difobedience;

I'll take thy life elfe, and immediately.

King Flat: Treason! a Guard! Treason! & Onin. Heaven savethe King Enter Capt & Guard.

King Lay hold on Sforca, the dangerous Trayton Sfor. 'Tis Sforca is betray'd.

King. Away with him, fee he be kept do

Flavello, see that his daughter have convent

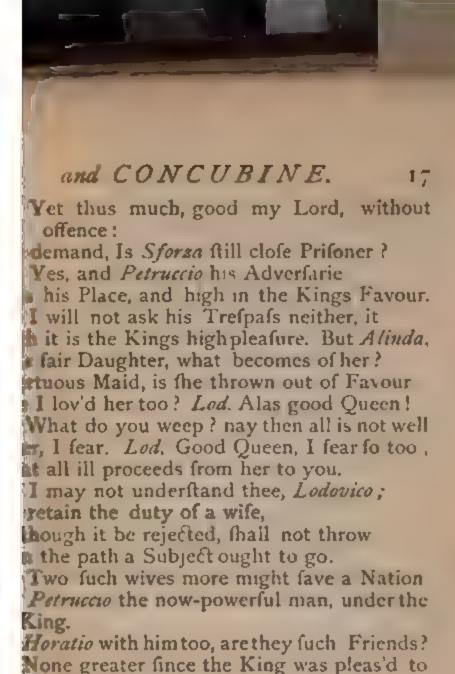
Sfor Let me but speak; I hope your Majesty-King. Let not a word come from him; heat away.

What a most dangerous estate even Kings do live in When those that we do lodge so neer our Breast Study our Death, when we expect our Rest. Example

Scoen, VII.

Enter Lodovico and Eulalia.

Lod. Be comforted good Queen, and I befeech Your Grace to pardon me in this command. The King has laid upon me. Enl. Lodovico, I do, and must no less submit my self. To the Kings soveraign will then your and thous I am committed to your house and custody. I am his Highness Prisoner: and more, Though I know not my crime, unless it be My due Obedience, I am still so far From grudging at his pleasure, as I sear. To ask you what it is supposed to be; But rather wait th' Event, which though it bring My Death, 'tis welcom from my Lord and King. Lod. Was ever Vertue more abus'd then hers?



Scorn, VIII.

ce Petruccio.

Enter Petruccio and Horatio.

Madam, howe'er my Person, no less then hority, I know is most unwelcom to you; I pear, and lay the Kings Command upon ich you must obey.

I must? see Lodovico, here's a plain-Lord, that knows, my Love and my re to the King, and warnes me to observe it: good my Lord, rey the Kings Command in you:

The Mat must I do? C Petr.

Petr. You must go to the Bar, to answer to Those Accusations that will be brought Against your Life and Honour, as touching Your soul Disloyaltie unto the King.

That dares accuse me of Disloyaltie.
Patience assist me, and controus my Passon
The greatest Crime that ever I committed
Against my Soveraign, was, To be so neer
The Vice of Anger in the Presence of
One that he lov'd so well; but pray your fact
Thoughtruly those sharp-pointed words dream
From my oppressed heart: and though you low
not,

I hopeyou think meinnocent. Petr. Would Io Eul. You do. Petr. I would I durst speak I think.

Eul. My Lord, you ever lov'd me, can yout!

Hor. Come, what I think, I think; my lovyou

Was the Kings love, if it were love at all: If he will fay, he ever lov'd you, I can fay to But to speak truth, I know not if I did, Or I didnot; but now you're hateful to me That I dare speak, because he hates you four And your old Russian Sforza, that sell Trays That would have kill'd the King: do you ke at it?

You may look down with forrow enough: Your Country-man, your brave old Champio He has Champion'd you fweetly it feems, Is there no honest Woman?

Eul. What means this unknown Language Hor. Women are alwayes ignorant of Rep I'll tell you what it means, for that loves fal You thought I lov'd you once. Or do you l

What Mars and Venus meant, when injur'd Vulcan Had 'em in's Net? Good King, how wert thou abus'd?

And this good honest, saithful, loyal Lord,
Full to the brim, of Merit, and true Valour,
By that Blade-brandishing Sforza, that meer Fencer,
To this great Martialist: but he is sast enough,
And all's come out, howe'er you'l answer it.

Eul. What must I answer? I know not yet your meaning.

Hor. Nor ever shall, for me. Petr. You'll know too much

I fear, anon. Come, Madam, will you go? The High-Court stayes your coming.

Eul. I must submit me to it, and its Laws;

But to a higher Judge refer my Cause.

Lod. Good Queen, thy wrongs are manifest, though none

Must dare to utter them, but in our Mone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæn. IX.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Mount, mount, my thoughts, above the earthy pitch

Of Vassal minds, whilst strength of womans wit Props my Ambition up, and lists my hope Above the slight of Envy Let the base And abject mindes be pleas'd with servile Bondage; My Breast breeds not a thought that shall not slie The losty height of towring Majesty. My power upon the weakness of the King (Whose raging Dotage to obtain my Love,

Like a devouring flame, seeks to consume C 2

All

All interposed Lets) hath laid a Ground-work So fure upon those Ruines, that the power Of Fate shall not controul, or stop my building Up to the top of Soveraignty, where I'll than I And dare the World to dif-commend my Act It shall but say, when I the Crown have won The work was harsh in doing, but well done.

Euter Flavello.

Flavello, welcom! Flav. Hail, my Soveraign Que Alin. 'Tis a brave found, and that which a Soul thirfts for:

But do not mock mine Ears. Flav. Believe it Mada Joyn your attention but with one hours patrence, And you thall hear the general Voice o'th' Kingdon Give you that stile, with large and loud allowand Alin. Stile thy felf happy then, in what Rewal

A Subject can receive, or a Queen give.

How moves our great proceedings? Flav. Fain thus:

Eulalia, for now I must no more Give her the Title that belongs unto Your Execellence, of Queen. Alm. Advance the

Harmonie.

Flav. Eulalia is brought unto the Bar, accus d Convicted of that high offence, that instantlie Shall pull that Judgement on her, that shall crush Her into nothing. Alin. Appear the proofs manifeld

Flav. That was my care, it behoov'd me to woo the Witnesses, who fwore (in belief) most bravels that they heard Lord Sforsa, whom you also may forget now to call Father.

Alin That without your instruction,

Flav. They fwore, I fay, they heard that Sfort boaft

The knowledge of the Queen in carnal Luft. Alin, Was

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lin. Was that enough? Flav. No, but it ferv'd to put

cries the Queen, nor can I think that Sfora i ald lay that scandal upon himself and me. ofe Witnesses were two cashier'd Lieutenants at Sforza should have hang'd for Matinies the late war, but threw 'em by, it seems, serve him in this Office: me they cost a hundred Crowns apiece, and well they got it. where I lest: the Queen denies their Oath. In though it had been true that Sforza had similar as much, that had not sound her guilty.

In. What Witnesses were next? Flav. Two dainty devils

ds, a Doctor and a Midwife, who accus'd emfelves for Bawds i'th' Action, and depos'd now not how many, how many, how many times, by faw 'em link d in their unlawful pleafures, esc were the Queens own people, and deserv'd thousand Crowns apiece, and had it instantly, ore-hand too. Alm. What could the Queen say

then?

the foolish fashion, that it gave strength the Evidence against her, then she wept their iniquity, and gave them a God forgive ye is so attends the censure of the Court, ich straightway will be given: they'll be set fore my coming. Alin. Hast, Havello, hast, is set in the sense of the count, it is set in the sense of the count. It is set in the sense of the count, it is not a Queen, and I am one. Evit Flat. It is sense of the sense of the could pity, it being hew'd out and squard thus to my use, it that they make those necessary steps which I must ascend to my Ambition.

Vol. II.

They that will rife unto a supream Head Should not regard upon whose Necks they

Act II. Scen. I.

[Loud]

Enter four Lords, two Bishops, King, Print sit; Eulalia in black, Crowned; a golden in her hand, led between two Friers ; sh to the King, he rejects her with his hand at the other door, a Doctor of Physick, wife, two Souldiers; the King points the Bishops, they each deliver Papers, kiss shops Books, and are dismiss'd. The F ven to the King, He with his Finger Eulalia, and sends her the Papers: J meckly. The Bishops take her Crown and give her a Wreath of Cypress, and Wand. All the Lords perufe the Paper shew various countenances: Some appland the King, some pity Eulalia. ceases. King speaks.

King. MY Lords and loyal Peers. new distinction.

Between Spiritual and Temporal. Hor. (dovico, peace.

This is a Cause, the which, but for sair Or By which I am constrain'd to be a Judge, Would rather drive me to a mourning Clo Then to this Seat; to shew my equal grie Against the Crime and Shame of the De I see y'are all amaz'd, and cannot marveil

reat Change Hon our compels me to, her with Religion, famy urging high point of Justice, which to utter faintness from my words, chilling my Blood he departing Breath that separates Life. I held her, and so many years her in the Closet of my Heart, Companion: that till these proofs, now like daggers by compulsive wounds made their passage, she could ne'er have

23

Royal Hypocrifie! King. The Proofs you

fee are plain,

the was found-Pray speak it for me. Hor.

In Adultery.

g. And that the fought the Life of fair Alinda Ford and Poyfon both: and of that Cup ke myfelf had tafted.

y supposed love to that wrong'd Lady.

You have given her the Bed-right that beto your wrong'd Queen, these twelve months
g. Our Laws of Sicilic are so well rehated
Clemencie, and Mercie, that in this Case
cut not Life from one of Royal Blood,
take off (as is on her perform d)
gnities, all Titles, all Possessions,
cans to live, even to her naked hands.
ich, Eulalia, now is your condition.

To work for her living? if the were as and no honester then the for whose sake inslicted on her, she might find something bout her, then naked hands, to help at a living.

Now to this Cenfure, for due Orders fake which end this Parliament was call'd.

Your

Your Voyces are requir'd: do ye all approx?

Omn. We do. Lod. We must. King. Win:

you, Lodovico?

Lod. We do; Heaven knows against my her. Eul. My thanks unto you all, that do obey So well with one consent your Soveraign Lord And facred Sir, thus low, as it becomes me, Let your poor Hand-maid beg, that you incline A patient Ear to this my last Petition: That as you cast me off, as an offence, You will be pleas'd to think me not offended. But pleas'd in all I suffer: for, Heaven knows. I am as free from any Passion Of Anger, Hate, Repining or Distaste, Nay, as infensible of Grief or Sorrow, Or whatsoever Anguish of the Minde, As I was capable, for ought I know, Of Joy or Blifs the first hour I was born. Never made happy till I was your Bride. In which blest state I cannot but remain. While you are pleas'd, and I obey your will, Though unto Death, to Banishment or Prison. Poverty is Bleffedness, in which I'll pray For Pardon of the Sins of my Accusers, And those that have suborn'd them. Lod. Op Woman!

Eul. So in the bleft continuance of your Day I shall pray Heaven to smile on all your Wayes King. Nay, stay Eulalia, I have yet a Busine I would have pass the general Consent Of this Assemblie, in which your Voice is use

Flavello? Exit Flave Lod. Upon my life, his Marriage with that Start

Lod. Upon my life, his Marriage with that Start That Snake this good Queen cocker'd in her Bof Is not this Royal creulty? [Gonzago kneels to Eul. You wrong your Princely Dignity: Que

7

Turn to the King your Father, kneel to him.

Gonz. And are not you my Mother?

Eul. I must and can forget what I have been;

So must not you: your Mother was a Queen.

My present fortune claims no Title in you.

Hurt not your own, by looking down on me.

This I will do as warranted by safetie,

Not as a Mother, but Beadswoman, pray

For all that bliss on you a Mother may,

Good Sir, observe the King before his wrath

Take hold on you for regarding me.

[Loud Mufick.

Scæn. II.

Enter Favello ushering Alinda like a Bride, two Virgins.

The King descends, takes her up: the Lords rise, all amazed.

King. Let your amazement cease, and now perceive

My Lords in general, that I your King,
Am Subject to this all-deferving Lady,
And do require you not alone to hear
What I can fay, but without all denial
That you approve, confirm what I will fay.
I am by law no less then your confent
Divorc'd, andfree from all impediment
To make my second choice in Marriage,
And therefore crave Alinda for my wise,
And that immediately we solemnize
Our Marriage, and her Coronation.
I hope none rates our will or his own life
So meanly, as to give least contradiction.
Eul. O let me lead your voyces. Long live

Gonzago



King. He shew him a way to give her thanks

Gone My Royal and dread Father.

King Put forth that woman :

it without grudge, out of the Court, mean to feek her way Do you refule? Eul. He does not, shall not, Royal Sir.

he wishes a true Subject ought to fend

form the most humble heart up to the Throne facred Majesty, I equally divide

you my King and Queen,

rofetting by the Powers you prefent,

part as well content with my condition,

that Promotion

Alm. Sir, I may not fit to be taunted and up-

Eul Pardon me, mighty Lady, I am as far rom daring to do fo, as from a Queen.

and whilst you love the King, and he is pleas'd, shall no less obey you, then I lov'd you

Then I fent for you to the Court, and there into

his heart received you.

Alin. I am plainly jeer'd: hence that woman King Away with her. Exit Enlalia with Gonzage. Ind let it be proclaim'd according to the extremitie of Law our Cenfure be observ'd.

Lod Alas, how can the live one night?

King. And now to your confent: have I it yet or Marriage with Alinda? If you are pleas'd, then call us King and Queen.

Omn. Long Ive the King and Queen.

Led 1 mean hulalia. [afide]

Kings were to the ceremonies then.

But

But common men, did not their Power get fear

Sceen. III.

Enter presently again, Lodovico, Horato.

Lod. It is oppression, Tyrannie indeed.

Hor. Speak lower, good my Lord. Lod. For fear of whom? of what?

Hor You would not that the King should be you, would you? Lod. Faith if he did.——

Hor. Faith then as fure as your tongue's wo

Lod. If it might so excuse the Queen, I card to Hor. It will do the Queen as much good, as to money it might be sold for in the Market. That the Appurtenances to it, would yield little at the Shambles. Come my Lord, speak privately, a purposely keep your head on your shoulders it is comes the place as well as 't had been made for if the King have a mind to turn away his Wire. If the King have a mind to turn away his Wire. If the King have to turn mine after her, to wat up her, rather than to have my head bowled at is though I were sure it should kisse the Mistress.

Lod Oh but the enfuing danger, my Horahole The mischieses that of necessary course must solo even to the ruine of the State, by the Kings dots on his second choice, draws blood from Subjection

hearts: Oh that lewd Woman!

Hor. She is a Woman of middle earth yet. If what shall we dare to say two hours hence? Conthink upon Law and Regal Authoritie. The Kin Power Warrants his Acts: I know as well as yethe Queen Eulaha (Heaven bless her, I hope by yet no Treason to pray for her) is as vertuous Lady as ever beautisted a Court, or made a Kin Bed happy, For all the Articles fram d against be

Lod. The perfect Pattern of Meekness, Patience, Obedience.

Hor. Of all that's good, or should be wish'd in Woman.

Lod. So obsequious a lover of her Husband, that she gave way unto his loose affections, even to this now-she-start-up that supplants her.

Hor. She consider'd she grows old: she reads in her Sons face night wenty years of the Kings love to her: and gives him leave to place it now elsewhere.

Lod. And is fo far from limiting his Choice, That she possesses it that seeks her blood. My soul tels me the witnesses against The Queen, are by this Concubine suborn'd.

Hor. I will not fay so. Lod. You cannot chuse but think so.

Hor. My thoughts are warranted by the Proverb. But come, make up your Face, temper your voyce and looks with the rest of the most Honourable Assembly: shake off this discontent, 'tis a disease by which you'l perish else: now all the Court's in height; you to prosesse distaste! Come, be a looker on at least.

Lod. Upon a Court on Fire? O Horatio,
Bright Burning Troy gave not a dearer cause
Of willingness to those affrighted souls
She forc'd to leave her sinking in her ashes,
To slie for resuge to another Region;
Nor in their slight could they by looks reverted,
See danger in more horrible aspect,
Than I upon the ruines of this Kingdom.

Hor. Your stay, my Lord, may prevent danger.

Lod. Yes, if it could remove the Fatal cause,
The pride, the crueltie, the Ambition
Of that wild Fury, the outragious Queen,
Who treads and tramples down the Government.
Consider this Horatio, and the means

To work this great effect: and I am yours,
To stay till it be done. Hor. Alinda's Death.
Who's there?

[Looks and]

Lod. Is it not necessary? no body: what distance fear?

Or can you find how to preserve the State
At a less rate? you know too well the King,
How apt his Nature is to sell oppression.
The burden of whose crueltie long since,
If by the vertuous Clemencie of his Wise
It had not been alay'd and mitigated,
Had been a general subversion.
And now that Peerless Princesse being depos'd.
Whose vertue made her samous, and us happy:
And he re-married to this shame of women.
Whose vileness breeds her envie and our mischies.

Hor. I dare me thinks a little hear you now, (The Court being furfeited too with wine and noise And could almost talk to the point it felf, To your own ear. (Looks about him at every word) 'Tis fit somewhat were done:

What can we look for but destruction?

I cannot say what: but if the wronged Queen Be not restor'd, we shew ingratitude,

How much, I may not fay: enough to damn us, Lod. I, now you speak.

Hor. And though I will not speak it: if the Strumpet:

Be not conveniently and speedily destroy'd,
Though death dance with us in the enterprize.

We shall seem born more for our selves than Countrey.

Lod. Brave noble resolution!

Hor. Nay more, now I will speak.

Lod. This way, good Horatio.

Hor. That way, or any way; If Poyson, Sword.
Policy

Policy or Strength may do it-

Lod Speak lower, good Horatio: see the Mignion [Enter Flavello and divers Petitioners]

Hor. What for him? my Ladies Game-keeper, that understands nothing but Monkeyes, l'arrots, short-nos'd Dogs and Starlings; Master of her Majesties Foisting-Hounds.

Lod So, he hears you.

Hor. Let him; he has no Soul to understand, nor Language to answer a Man; he knows how to dyet, disple and perfume the small Cattle he has charge of; for which rare Art, and catching Spiders for principle Pug, he is rais'd prime man in his great Mistresses favour.

Lad How the Petitioners flock to him '

Hor Swarm rather, for they are Bees in his head, Oh! he engroffes all the Suits, and commends them to the White Hand, whose disposing will make the whole Kingdom black in Mourning, if Fate by us prevent not. See how he carries it! We might talk what we would, for him His well-ordered head is so taken up with Particular Assares, he mindes no General talk.

But my good Lord, 'fore others Ears and Eyes,

Purfue we our Defign as all were Spies: You and the Common Good have won me.

Lod O I embrace you. Exennt.

Scoen, V.

Enter Andrea with a Box.

Andr. Oh-Oh-and Oh-ho-O and alas! O and alacief it O-O-O-that ever a true Neapolitan born, ould live to fee this day in Sicily! there O-again, Queen-O me-what wilt thou do? O-O-what (b)

thall I do ? O—thou maist work and starve; O--and I may begund live: O-but from thee I cannot live. C—I cannot, nor I wonnot, fo I wonnot.

[Enter Jago and Rugio.]

Fig. See here's poor Andrea mourning as well 13 WC.

And all the rest of the poor Queens cast-awayes.

Exp But I can tell him comfort. Andr. Oh-I will hearns comfort. Rust. Yes, and be glad on't too.

ವರ್ಷ Is my Queen Countrey-woman call'd back

3.73:77

Rag. No. but the Queen Alinda has enquired for thee, to entertain thee into her service, whilst and all the rest of our late Queens servants are turn's out o th' Court, and now at this high dinner-time too

Harle. She would eat me, would she not?

Fag: That would make it a Feast indeed.

Harir But He not trust her on a fasting night: Fools are meat then.

Rug-Well fald Andrea, witty in thy forrow: I know thou wilt back again for a new Mistresse.

Anir. No. no, take you your course, and serve her if you pleafe.

I have play'd the Fool too long, to play the Knave now.

He after my old Miftreffe.

 Ru_{S} . Thou main not ferve her; that will be brought within compass of Relief, and then thou

maist be hang'd for her.

Andr. If I be hang'd for doing good, pray let it not grieve you: and as I am an Innocent, I'le never grieve for you though you be hang'd never so justly.

Both. We thank you good Andrea.

Andr. Take you your swinge, let me take mise [Flourish] I pray.

his new Jag. Hark, the King drinks now to Andr. Qucen.

Andr. So, having turn'd his old Wife out of door, A man may drink and frolique with his who——. Would have thought it? did you think to catch me?

Rug. Not I Andrea.

Andr. Catch me if you can: when it shall be Treason to say there is an honest woman, He say my Countrey-woman was justly condemn'd of Adultery: and till then, I know what to say; Catch me if ye can.

[Flourish]

Rug. There again: now the Queen drinks.

Andr. Poore woman, at what River? Rug. I

mean the Queen Alinda.

Andr. O the new thing at home here; I will not call her Queen, not I: my Countrey-woman is Oueen.

Fig. Why is not she thy Countrey-woman?

Andr. She was when she was Sforza's Daughter:
But the has turn'd a Father out of him.

Rag. As here come fome to turn us out o'th'

Scen. V.

Enter Horatio, Flavello, Guard, two or three Gentlemen.

Flow. Away with them: out of the gates, away.

Hor. See, here are more of them: more of that
hated womans Retinue: away with all.

Rag. Befeech you, good my Lord: I hope we

are true men.

Hor. As I am true to the Crown, not one of you petters the Court a minute longer: go, you are and trumpery: and Ile sweep the Court of all follow your Mistresse: go.

D

Flav.

Filer. The Fool my Lord shall stay: the Queen ask i for him. Exeunt Omn. præter Andres

H. r. Yes yes, the Fool my Lord, shall stay.

Harry The Fool my Lord will not stay.

He. Will not? how dar't thou say so? ha, Fool, ha?

[Seize and rifle his Pack]

Lord dares do amongit ye: you will not take my own proper goods from me, will ye?

Mr See what he caries: I heard of Plate and

Jeweis lei**t t**o day.

Film Let's ice. Sir. I will fee.

Pro et le Ber : Carcomb. Bable, Bells, and Coat]

Her Hoyday, here's stuff indeed!

So for Your Wardrope cannot matcht it: pray give me an again; or if you will be the Kings and class. Takers with that extremitie to force my gives for me then prefent this to his Highness and tell them, 'tis all the poor confield Fool of all frare them.

No Sir, you shall take them with you, and so with a linear and serve

If you be your Queens Fool-taker, you may be done to be your Queens Fool-taker, you may be done to be constant I thall leave behind.

Now I was you know the Proverb make new Laws New Laws of an old make a new cause.

Now was non are delighted with new Tooles, And her new Majerty must have new Fools.

Now see the old Fool makes thirt to live without her, While the old Fool makes thirt to live without her.

File Let the Fool 30 my Lord, it's but a Fool

the less.
For hell get wit by it, to with himself here again.

Andr. If I get but enough to keep me from court, I care not. Flav. Farewell Fool, take your linkets with you.

Andr. Farewell fine Lords, lies old Courtier.

Her. The Court unclouded of this Factious crew,

Exeunt.

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Scen. VI.

Enter Sforsa and Keeper as in Prifon.

Sfor. Was ever man so hurried into thraldom, And lock'd up in the ignorance of the cause, Stronger and darker than his Prison walls? But I must not be Sepulchr'd alive, And therefore Keeper, though thy office be More Devillish than thy visage, yet thy heart May be humane: let me then conjure thee To vent the fecret forth but in a whisper; Or shouldst thou utter't in a Tempests voyce, As loud as are my injuries, thou art fafe: I can be here no carry-Tale: I am fast In thine own cuftody, thou feeft: I pray thee tell me, what's laid upon my charge? Keep. All I can fay, 'Tis the Kings pleafure, and you must obey. Sfor. Do you barke sentences, Hell-hound?

For. Do you barke fentences, Hell-hound?

Keep. My Lord, y'are off your Command, and under mine,

You much mistake your self and me. Sfor. 'Tis true.

Keep. Lions may rage in toyles: but whilst they do,

They more enthral themselves: will you sit down,

And promise on your Honour not to sorce

Hacounsels from me? He deal fairly with you,

neaning is, to give him never a word)

D 2 Sfor.

Sfor. I will not lift a finger up against thee. As I am a Souldier: now prithee tell me, What say they is my crime? [Stakes his head] speak it freely.

I can give it hearing:

Or tell me first if thou wilt, how fares the Quant What? art thou dumb to that too? Answer may Is my Antagonist Petruccio

Repeal'd to Court yet? thence may spring my chief.

Why dost not speak? this is dogged silence, In scorn of me, to mock my misery. I may not wrong the Honour of a Souldier In my Revenge, or I would thrattle thee.

You're very civil, Hell take your courtesie.

Keep. I pitie him: but must not dare to shew It adds to some mens misery, not to know it.

Sfor. It is decreed of me, that I must suffer This Barbarous crueltie; and Ile bravely bear it: I ha' not force these double walls to part, Or mollisie the Jaylors harder heart.

May spirit then assist me to despise And bear my scorn above my injuries.

Scæn. VII.

Enter Petruccio and Guard.

Petr. Revenge has cast her self into my hand, Strangling the Life of Sforza in these Lines: His Head is in this grasp, but where is Honour? Must that forsake this Brest? must the pure head Of heavenly Honour, yeeld unto the scorch Of Hell-bred base Revenge? it must not, cannot: For as the Sun puts out all baser Fires,

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erc Honour thines, thought of Revenge expires. cles, he is below my Anger now;

has no life but forfeited to Law,

the Kings Fury, I'll not question which; was it justlie, he gave me th' Affront,

eing made Lord General, when I flood for't. the Kings felf, in his Election,

wrong d not me no more then I did him,

en th' Honour was transfer'd from him to me.

t's answer d clearly, I acquit thee, Sforza. now my Loyaltie, how fhall I discharge

at special Duty I am here commanded,

and back I fay) to fee the Execution, In bring the head of Sforsa to the King?

Lat an addition here is of Advancement? make me first a General, then a Hangman:

do him better Service. Loyal Heratio

ruld think himfelf now damn'd, to leave a tittle

The Kings powerful pleafure unfulfil'd.

11 the Keeper. Keep Here my Lord Petr. I am to see and speak with Sforca Keeper]

Keef Then I doubt not but your Honour has brought Warrant.

Petr. My Honour be your Warrant: will not that ferve?

Keep I will not lofe the Kings Grace for all the lonours in the Kingdom.

Petr Do'ft know me, or my place?

Keep Yes, I both know and honour you, as far my own place gives me leave but in this I must neve pardon, you may not fee him my Lord, by lef Warrant then the Kings own Signet, and at fetches him out, and it pleafe you.

Petr But have you been so strict to all men else? in) man chang d a word with him? Keep. Not

fince

rot. II.

D 3

(4)

Thefe

These Keys commanded him, I c Not even the Prince himself, who I look'd as black on him, as upon I am no white Prison-Keeper, I, t Mine own Neck for a Prisoner's, a And give condemn'd men leave t No, I am the black Jaylor, I, and Lineally descended from Cerberus Petr. I must commend thy Car

Signet.

Keep. I'll fetch the Prisoner.

May it please you to come forth,

Enter Sforsa.

Sfor. Have I then liv'd to | again?

Keep. Here's the Lord Marshal

Of the Kings Forces, come to fpi Sfor. Those Titles once were must

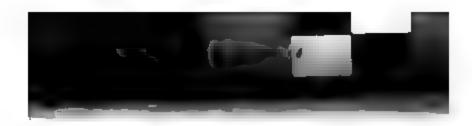
Attend his pleasure that is Maste Petr. All leave the Room, but Guard. We shall. Exeunt K

Scoen. VIII.

Sfor. My first object from my
The man that hates me most of a
It is: his news cannot be good:
The better: 'tis best to know the
deceive me.

Petr. My Lord, I do presume I Because you are posses'd I never Sfor. The Court yields me suc this has

No ampler Comforts in't. But y' For you are welcom, fowre capt welcom.



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Because (love me or love me not) you speak.

I have been here these two and twenty dayes.

And never heard the voice of Man till now:

Meat I have found, and Lodging; but for Language,
In what part of the world I am, I know not.

Proceed; I value your words well, you see,
That give you six for one; why do you not speak?
I have been us'd to talk with men that love me not,
And more with Enemies, I dare besworn,
Then Friends: come, speak, I pray, what is't you come for?

Petr. Alas! I pity him: his too too much vexation Has over-tam'd him. Sfor. Will you not speak and tell me?

Petr. Pray let me ask you first; Have you been kept

So strictly from the speech of all men?

Sfor. E'er fince I was committed, and from the knowledge

Of why I was committed too; nay, he that keeps me,

'Till now he call'd me forth, never spake a word:

If I ask'd him, what News? here he was with me:

Or when he heard from Court? then there again: Or, why I was committed? Still the same answer.

So that I could inform myfelf of nothing.

Come, if thou be'ft an honest Enemy,

Tell me something:

As thou dost wish my throat cut, tell me something.

Petr. You seem to take no notice of the cause of your commitment.

Sfor. Further than this I cannot: 'Twas the Kings pleasure to command it.

Treason was cry'd; a Guard: away with him: But for what cause, unless it were for drawing My sword upon (O that Rebellious Girle!)

D 4

 T_0

To fave her from the danger (Which I tell you I was doub Let me ask you, is fhe still al My daughter Sir, I mean. P the Queen.

Sfor. And the Queen loves ly as her felf,

Sfor. Nay if you be a Sould Petr. The Queen and shee's there's some hope,

The King yet keepes fair quar Women are quickly jealous. Per I'm confident, of all these great Poor man! I pity him: but Il Will you now answer me as y's To some few Articles? Sfor. Y

Petr. 'Twere shame he shou least

The Accufations are laid again Sfor. Come Sir, your Article accus'd

Of an intended Treason 'gainst Sfor Who's my Accuser? F himself.

Sfor. Umh, umh, umh: he Judge then.

It is some Devillish dream of hi That Policie that Princes purch With strong assurance without a That is, when Souldiers men of Have merited more then they h To cut their lives by whom they

Petr. You flie now from the engag'd by the Honour Unto that Accufation: guiltie of Sfer. I am not guiltie, as I as

And in that Oath I would not b

berish'd by my Sword to save his One.

The str. In that I am satisfied: now to the next, ou will hear it; you shall promise me unswer without passion I or no.

I will do what I can. Petr. You're next

oul Adulterie with the Queen Eulalia.

Sfor. Hah!

dr. Guiltie or no? Sfor. No Sir, nor dares

a fuggestion in the heart of Hell.

were he there, that thought, or could but dream uch a Scandal, I'ld squeeze it out on's Brains.

Wr. Then I must hold you to your promise Sir.

[Enter Guard.]

for. A wrestling towards; away west, away. then I am betray'd. Petr. Forbear I pray. [Guard reture]

for He comes but to infult and to torment me.

the My Lord you much forget, is not this Passion?

for Passion of heart! he hopes not for Salvation
thears with patience but the repetition
such a blasphemie. I must not die,
the world be vindicated from
redamnation such an error threatens.

bear the roome, Exit Guard.

yor. Do you come to mad me?

If you will be calm, He tell you what I come for.

for. As fetled as a Rock beneath a mountain will I fit, and hear thy loudest malice.

for. If this man be not innocent, vertue lives not for. Now tell me what you come for, and be fure ask no more abominable questions,

Whilft

Whilft calmly I clear these, thus: By the Honor And saith of a true Souldier, I am clear Of these suggested crimes, which before Heaver (Which knows my Innocencie) I do not urge To save my life from the Kings violent Fury. Nor any way to close with thee in Friendship, Now that my fortune is at worst. So, speak 'Tis long a coming: I begin to think It is some good, you are so loath to utter't.

Petr. It is, if you can apprehend it fo.
My Lord, I take you for my friend, and come
To make my moan to you; infomuch as now
I do conceive you Noble, Vertuous, Honest.

Sfor. Foh! this is worse than all the rest, the

Of the Court-putrefaction, Flatterie, grofsly But on I prithee talk is fuch a noveltie, I will hear anything.

Petr I could not see your vertue, when it ship
Thorow the radiant savours of the King:
It dazled me with envie then: but now,
Like the red Sun through cold and mystic v

I can behold it at the full.

pours,

Sfor So, fo: umh, whu: fo much for my vertue What's your bufiness now?

Petr I say I come to make my moan to you.
Groaning beneath a weightie Injury

The King has thrown upon me. Sfor. Has denye

Something I warrant, that he would have begg'd. The making of a Knight, or fome fuch foolene:
What was't?

Petr In putting a base office on me.

Sfor. Is the great Marshals and chief General
Office, become so base?

Par

and CONCUBINE. 43 No Sir, the Hangmans Office. Read thatmmanded there, and warranted refent speed to bring your Head to him. A prayer or two, by his great leave and yours, on shall have it instantly. My Lord, you shall not undervalue't so: tonour which has won me to you, shall better for your prefervation. much more to tell you, and ftrong Reasons ou should live : of the Queensinfinite wrongs burs, wrought by your Daughters cruel Ambition. This is a nobleness beyond Example: ow you are honeft. There you fee my strength: for truth and Honours cause I strain it of Loyaltie, you will engage Honour to fecure me? . I hold my Honour equal to the best, rize it still so far above my life, to fave Kingdoms Ile not forfeit it. a the fight of Heaven I do engage it, ur fecuritie. I ask no better. Keeper! [Enter Keeper.] My Lord Petr. Dismiss that Guard, and way. Keep. I shall. Now come my Lord, vertue may be cast by;

Wars Sword, Laws Axe, or Tyrannies fell Knife,

vercome my Person, not my life.

is yours Petruccio Exeunt Ambo.

ACT III. Scen. I.

Enter Eulalia.

Eul. Turn'd out of all, and cast into the work:

And that forbidden too to pitie me? No fuccour, no relief to be afforded? Heaven still is where it was, and cannot loke The Providence it ever had: let those That think me wretched now, consider that, And be with me converted to a Faith That will proclaim us happy, What's mylos? What was the State and glory of a Court, But steps and lights through dangerous Ambitia To ends beyond our selves, in whose atchievement We make our selves but nothing to our selves. And all that we are then, is to the world, Which renders us great Titles: which tane off. We then return unto our selves again, And all the world is ours: I was not great Till now; nor could I confidently fay Any thing was mine own, till I had nothing. They do but fleep, that live in highest Pompe; And all their happiness is but a dream. When mine is reall: nay, nay, I can prove it. Their costly fare breeds riot, mine content: Their rich Attire is but mere Pageantry, Made to please their eyes: mine keeps me warn And healthful, when a cold becomes their fickness They boast of Honour and Gentilitie, For their Attendants then, when the chief Honox Of the best woman, meek obedience, Is my own handmaid; and my Patience A fweeter fervant than Gentilitie, Coi Continually my other: for Councel and defence, what have I now?

They have the helps of worldly wife mens brains, And I the comforts of my fruitfull Prayers. They have tall big-bon'd fervants for defence: I the strongst guard of all, mine innocence.

[Birds chirp.]

What Musick had the Court compar'd to this, Or what comparison can all their sports And Revells hold with those of Kids and Fawnes, And frisking Lambs upon the countrey lawnes? Which are my hourly pleasant entertainments In all my wanderings: in which I have not Hunger'd at any time, but I have found Meat which I duely earn'd: nor ever thirsted, But I have found a Spring that has refresh'd me. And am no sooner weary, then I finde A shelter or a shade to rest me in:

As now, in which a slumber 'gins to creep Over mine Eyes, more soft then any sleep, Could these my Senses when I lay of late On Down, beneath the Canopy of State.

[falls asleep.]

Scæn. II.

Enter Genius.

Sleep in thy Sainted Innocence, Whilst Angels watch in thy defence. Sleep whilst I charm these bubling Streams With Musick, to make sweet thy Dreams; Thy Dreams which truly shall relate The Passages of thy Estate.

The QUEEN

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Dumb shew. Enter Alinda, Flavello, two Linnants, Doctor, Midwife. Exeunt Lieutena Doctor, Midwife. Enter Sforza at the other raging, and the Jaylor, with mute at Enter King, Petruccio: Alinda whispers King: he gives a Warrant and Signet Petruccio: Exit Petruccio. King kisses Alingraces Flavello. Exeunt. All this as Genius speaks.

Note, first thy Foes in Court conspire Against thy Life, and Villains hire To act thy Tragedy. Loe those the perjur'd Evidence That suggested thine offence, Are hir'd the fecond time to be Co-actors in thy Tragedie. They have their Fee, and now are fent Towards thee with a vile intent. Ill thrive their purposes. Now note The wrongs that are 'gainst Sforza wrought, Who lives from Speech of all men still, Pent by the Kings abused will; Not knowing of the Treacherie That was conspir'd 'gainst him and thee. Nothing of all that's past knows he, More then he must a Prisoner be; Which doth him much impatience bring: But the bad Queen instructs the King How his vexation he may end, Who strictly for his Head doth send. What from these black intents shall grow, Is not as yet for thee to know. Now, holy Soul, I must thee set A course that must thy living get. Thou must not beg, nor take for need

Tore then thy Merits proper meed. irst therefore, I thy Brain inspire Vith a Divine Prophetick Fire; hou shalt be able to Fore-doom The ends of many things to come. nto thy Breast I next insuse The Skill of Med'cine how to use: Learn'd Æsculapius never knew The use of Simples more then you. Many diseas'd by Grief and Pain, Of thee shall Health and Strength obtain. Next Handy-Works and Literature, With Education good and pure, Thou shalt be able to bestow Upon the Country's Youth, and show The Elder fort how to improve Their Wealths by Neighbour-hood and Love: Now when thou from this Trance dost wake, See that thou present Practice make Of these thy Gifts, and sear not then The Practices of Fiends or Men. Exit Genius. Eul What foft? what fweet? what heavenly Trance was this?

I feel myfelf inspir'd with holy Flame
Above the heat of Mortals: sure I have
The Spirit of Prophecie, the Gift of Healing,
And Art of teaching hidden Mysteries.
Thanks Heaven, that first didst send me Patience
To sweeten my Afflictions, and now
Plentisul means to live, for others Good
Who live but for themselves, are but for show,
And stand like barren Trees, where good might
grow

Scen

Scæn. III.

Enter to her, Lodovico and Andrea.

Lod. Farewel, thou foolish Pomp. and Pride of Court.

Whose shine is but an Ignus fatuus.

That leads fond Mortals from the path of Vertue, And Tracts of real Comforts: thus I shake Thy wanton Dust from off my Feet, to tread The wayes of Truth and Innocence: this Air Breaths Health upon me, Peace, and perfect Plafure.

Where the fwoln Courts sophisticated Breath Did but disease my Blood, and taint my Senses.

Eul. It is good Lodovico, though disguis'd, I can no less then know him: and the poor Fool That was my Servant: they come to relieve me In these disguises, that I might not know From whom I receiv'd Comsort. Lod. To this way The most unfortunate Queen enclin'd her course: And see, already, how her Wants and Woes Have worne her to the bone: Alas, she's pin'd!

Andr. And look you new Master, yonder's my old Mistress:

What Fools were we, that could not find her fooner! Alas! I can see through her: there is not So thin a Queen in the Cards.

Lod. Hold thee, good Woman, pray thee take it quickly.

I came now from a Feast where we had plenty, And brought these Dainties, meant unto another; But my dear Charity tells me thou dost want it. I pray thee eat it; do not look, but eat it.

Eul. What Traytor art thou, that presents me Poyson?

Lod

Lod. By all the truth and honesty in Man, 'Tis wholesome Food: see, I will be thy Taster, Though in good sooth, it grievs mee to beguile thee Of the least Morsel: sure thou hast need of 't. Good Woman eat, and let not Famine be Fearful of Poyson, or salse Treacherie.

Eul. Is it not Poyson to a loyal heart, To eat contrary to the Kings Command?

Andr. No, if it were, what a many would have been poylon'd the last Lent, that may live to be very good Subjects, very good Subjects all the yeer after, except a few Fish-Dayes?

Lod. 'Las, we are plain poor Country Folke, and

hear no fuch news.

Eul. Why will ye urge so much against your conscience?

Have you not heard of my banishment, and the Kings Edict,

Proclaiming all men Traytors that relieve me?

Lod. We heard indeed the King had put away his old good Wife, and tane a new one: but can we think that you are she that was the Queen?

Eul. Yes good Dissembler, you do know't, and you;

As fure as I know you for Lodovico, And you, Sir, for Andrea: Can it be,

That you that have been loyal Subjects, should

Now go about to forfeit thus your Lives?

Andr. Pray leave this fooling, Mistris: eat your meat:

And here's good Drink to wash it down: and then If you have a minde to hang us, let the Gallows take his due; for my own part, I had Rather hang like a man, while I am good For something, then you should pine away to nothing.

(c) E Eul

Eul. Fear not you me, pray Sir, nor neglect the care

That's due unto your selves, to injure me.

Lod. O dearest Heaven! do you think we'ld injure you,

That venture lives for you? no, gentle Queen.

Andr. Lo, there again, that's Treason too, to call her Queen.

Lod. No body hears nor sees; pray eat a little Eul. Do not I hear and see you? I am not safe

In my obedience unto the King,

To hold such conserence with you that would So violate his Laws: but let it warn ye Off of this course; for I'll appeal to Justice

If you perfift in this Rebellion.

Andr. Any woman but she, now in her Case, would eat such an Husbands Brains without Butter, rather than forsake good meat; and but for this wilfulness in her, I should not think her a woman. I. But as she is, new Master, we shall never do good upon her: and therefore since your Grace has not the grace to eat this meat, mark with what a grace or without Grace, I will eat it my self: do you fear Poyson? [Eats] Now Bottle let me play a part with thee; can you think this Poyson, that goes down so merrily.

[Drinkes]

Eul. Much good may it do thee.

Lod. Stay, now perhaps she'l eat.

Andr. 'Tis like enough; I did but eat to get her an Appetite, therefore I'll e'en eat on, till all be done, to get her the better stomack: now Bottle to thee again.

Eul. See, here come poor Folks, that perhaps do want

That which superfluously thou hast devour'd.

Andr. I'll eat again, for that: I am as poor as they

bey; and you never knew Charity in Beggars toards one another. Bottle again for that.

Scoen. IV.

Enter to them, Pedro, Poggio and Lollio.

Padr. O Mifery! O Defolation!

Pogg. Loll. Difeases, Sicknesses, O Calamity!

Andr. What Saints are those that they invoke

Eul. What is the Cause of these sad Cries, good

People?

Pedr. Go back, if you respect your safety, go; And look not this way where the Air disperseth Nothing but soul Insection, Pain and Sorrow.

Return, I say, for here you appear strangers, And run not to the Ruine of your selves:

This way is fil'd with Cries: you can meet nothing But Lamentations of a thousand Souls:

Some Lame, some Blind, some Deas, some Lunatick, Some struck with Palsie, some with Leprosie;

All sighing, groaning, crying, underneath

The painful weight of Sorrow and Affliction.

Eul What is that woful part o'th' Country call'd.

That fuffers this Calamitie? and how

Did the Inhabitants there stand affected

To Goodness or Religion? Pedr. We are all sinful:

Yet no way to extenuate our fault,

Or murmure at the Judgement faln upon us;

We have been held obedient to the Church, True Subjects to the King, and friendlieft Neigh-

bours
mong our felves all Sicily could boat of:

Among our felves, all Sicily could boaft of: This part of it, or Province, being call'd,

The

The fair Palermian Fields, and is the fame Our Kings have cultomarily laid out For their Queens Dowry: and has therefore been

Vulgarly call'd The Paradice of Love.

Andr. Stay there, old man: I have heard there is Neither Lawyer nor Physician in all the Province Lod. None could e'er get a living amongst un in all their Practife.

It feems they liv'd then civilly and temperately Andr. Nor Gentleman nor Beggar in their Confines.

Lod. Then fure their Wealth was all communicable.

There could not but be excellent Neighbour-hood Andr. And, which was worth all the rest, their Priefts

Were ever the best good-Fellows in all the Country. Pedr. Y'are now upon the Confines of that Country,

And cannot scape some dangerous ill.

If you dare tast the Aire of it.

Andr. That shall be try'd; I'll have a whiff on't: If I get a mischief by it, let the Fools harm be a warning to the Wife.

Pedr. See more of those distressed Souls that flie The foul Contagion, [Enter four Others. Exit Andr.]

Yet charitable to each others wants:

For here the Deaf conducts the Blind; the Blind Supports the Lame: the Dumb removes the fick and feeble.

All that can make least shift for't, flie the Place. Then do not you press toward it. Eul. There will I Take up my Habitation. Lod. Y'are not desperate? Eul. Mark me, good Lodovico, note my Reasons: This poor afflicted Province was my Dowry. And the o'er-hafty judging world will fay,

My

According to the Cenfure pass'd on me,

My Trespass drew this Evil on the Land.

Lod. Tis better that the world should judge so, and perish

For it in it's Ignorance, then you so wilfully

Be cast away: you hear that none escape.

Pedr. None, Old nor Young, Man, Woman, Child, all

In one kinde or other, do feel Affliction. (wish

Enl. Do anydie? Pedr. None, though the most do They might, in lieu of their sad sufferings.

Eul. And whither now do you intend your tra-

vail with your griefs?

Pedr. We hope a better Air will cure us. But We are advis'd by our Divines and Augurs,

By the best means we can, to make our Journey Towards the Court, to send our sad complaint

Unto the King. (Eul. Hear now what he will fay)

Pedr. They find by Divination, that this punishment

Is falne upon this Province by the Sin

Of the Adulterous Queen, whose Dowrie 'twas.

Eul. Did not I tell you? Pedr. And that until His justice take away Her loathed life,

This evil will not cease. Lod. What, the Queen Eulalia's life! (relief:

Pedr. Yes Sir; we hear shee's banish'd, and sorbid But nothing save her polluted blood must quench this slame,

In expiation of her Sin and shame.

Lod. Dare you stay longer here? pray let us flie.

Eul. Why then you think me guiltie, Lodovico.

Lod. I know not what to think, but that I will not.

Eul. Was that your Priests opinion and advice?

Pedr. Yes, and thus grounded, that our pains began Just at the hour, the Kings Indulgencie

Releas'd her sorseit Lise.

³¹ VOL. II.

E 3

Eul.

Eul. 'Twas everso; Priests are but Apes to King,

And prostitute Religion to their ends.

Might you not judge as well, it was th' injustice and the wrongs the innocent Queen hath suffer'd, that has brought sense of her injuries upon her Province? And that if she had died, her Dowrie here with her had also suffered Death? to make it nothing to the King, as he made her.

Lod. I, mark ye that: and that your false surmise Against the Queen has brought this evil on you.

Pcdr. O now my pain increases. 1. O mine Eyes. 2. My Brain. 3. My Bones. 4. My limbs are on

the Rack.

Lod. 'Tis plain, your fowl mistrust is the insection that rages in you.

Eul. Lodovico, peace: where is thy pain good man?

Pedr. Here in this Arm shrunk up as it were sear'd with siery Irons. Eul. Bless'd Providence assist me whilst with Prayers I use the gift thou gav'st me for the cure of these assisted People. Give me thine hand: what seelst thou now?

Pedr. A precious cooling Balm that has extin-

guished

The fcorching heat I felt, and has reduc'd My Flesh, my Sinews, and my Arteries, Into their natural temper and true use.

Eul. Joyn that hand to thy other, and thank

Heaven then

That made thee whole. Pedr. I do, I do. Lod. Miraculous! (Goddeis.

Pedr. O sure you are some Heavenly Saint or

Eul Beware Idolatry, and onely fend

All praise to th' power whose mercy hath no end. Onely do this for me: inform the rest

How you have sped, and win them back again,

Τo

and CONCUBINE.

To the next village: bid them be of chear,
Whilst I make Holy Prayers for their help.
Ile come and live among you for my hire,
Which shall be cheap, believe me. Pedr. All we have
Will be too slight reward: first take my store.

Eul. I will but take my next competent meal.

I hope this will be thought but valuable.

Pedr. I pray take more.

Eul. Go back I say with your sad company, And comfort them with news of your success, And a sull hope of cure to every one That's Partner in this sad Affliction.

Pedr. With happy feet I shall spread it through the Countrey. Exeunt omnes Rustici.

Lod. O happy woman, now no more a Queen, But Holy Saint: I fee how Providence Means to advance thy injur'd innocence. Ile dwell here now my felf, and without fear: For perfect health I think dwells only where Good Eulalia remains: I have enough To buy a Farm for me and poor Andrea. But what's become of him?

Eul. Ile tell you, Lodovico: the poor Fellow

Is gone to taste the Countrey Air for me,

Lest I might be insected: you shall see

Straight how he speeds. Lod. And that was honest love.

Enter Andrea.

Andr. A Surgeon, a Surgeon! Oh a Surgeon! Eul. How now, Andrea?

Andr. A Surgeon: Oh twentie Surgeons, bone-fetting Surgeons. Eul. What's the matter man?

Andr. I am out of joynt. Ile taste no more of such contagious Aires, To save as many Queens as I have hairs. Oh Surgeons and Bone-setters, Bone-setters and Surgeons, all my Bones, all my Bones for a penny. I have not a finger nor a toe in joynt:

E 4

my Leggs, my Thighs, my Arms, my neck.
My back and Crupperbone is out of joynt.
On for a Sowgelder, a Surgeon I would fay.
Out a joynt, out a joynt, I am all out a joynt.

Es. Thy tongue's not out a joynt.

inir. No. nor a Thing

I have that has no Bone in t: All else is out a joynt.

Em. This came of tempting Providence: were not you

Told the danger by the many that fmarted of it?

The blind man made the way: the dumb man sung. The deaf kept time to his Notes: the lame led on The Dance to all the rest: whilst I can go No surther. [Lies deam] Twas for you I ventured.

Ex. And now you repent you meant me so much

good.

And now again I do repent that ever I did repent. Oh for a Stone-cutter, a Bone-setter I would fav.

End Well Sir, give me your hands: stand up.

Andr. With as good a will as ever I stood to woman.

End New, haw do you feel your felf? Andr. In

very pretty plight. I feel I am fufficient.

Haugh heigh— Carers and turns] twill do again: and if I durit venture into that unluckie. Countrey again. I would now teach the Clowns how to Dance the low.

I iii Yes you thall venter Sir; and by the way. In teach you to teach them to work and pray.

Half. To work and play I pray you,

Loss If there be Heaven on earth, it is this woman.

Anir. Then if there be a Purgatorie on earth. He venter through it for her, heigh o, ho.

Scæn.

Scæn. V.

Enter three or four Countrey-men.

1. Health and Joy: Health and Joy.

2. O happy woman that ever she came hither!

1. Nay happy we that ere she came among us.

2. What shall we render her in recompence?

All that we have is too little for this woman,
This good woman, this holy woman, this she-Saint,
If there be one above ground.

3. O do not make an If at her, neighbour, lest the ground swallow thee quick in thy Infidelitie.

2. Now doubtless, and without all adventure, she is an unknown woman.

3. And therefore a good woman: for 'tis too true. All those that are well known are e'en bad enough: And known she will not be for all our entreats, No not so much as from whence she came, we see.

2. And that counsel she may keep still for me:
For doubtless, and without all peradventure
If we had need of another such, 'it were in vain to seek her.

Sure 'twas from Heaven she came,
 Where the whole stock of good women were plac'd long ago.

Scen. VI.

Enter Fabio and Strozza.

Fab. 'Tis she I'm confident. Stroz. Our work lies fairly then before us.

Lod.

Lod. These look like mischievous Robbers.

Eul. What can they take from us? Lod. Your Life, I fear.

Andr, I have e'en din'd, let 'em take away who they please.

Lod. Their looks are murderous.

Eul. Fear not Lodovico: why look ye Friencis. fo amazedly? ha'ye lost your way? or what dope feek?

Fab. No, we ha' found our way, 'tis to you we feek: we dare come roundly to you, for all you Guard, your old Fool, and your young here,

Lod. O my unhappy Fears!

Eul. You will not murder me?

'Tis all the Office we are bound to doe you

Eul. Just Heaven protect me.

Fab. Call upon Heaven as you go thitherward

We may not stay long Invocations.

Andr. Pray take me in your way, and run me through her, if you be honest Murderers. Heif Murder, Murder?

Scæn. VII.

Enter to them, Curate, Cricr, Pedro, Lollio. Poggio.

Crier. O yes! O yes! O yes! Cur. Silent Crier, fuspend the Proclamation, to prevent about nation.

Lod. Heaven has fent us ayd.

Fab. O we are prevented!

Cur. On, on; sa, sa; down with their Weapor up with their heels, till we insect and rip up thei trails of the Cause: what an Assassinate was he attempted? O infausta Dies! two swords again

and CONCUBINE,

the naked womb of a Woman! and none but weapon-less men to assist her! viz. Senex & Ineptus.

Andr. That is to say, Give me their Swords un-

der my Fools Coat, I'll hurt no body.

Cur. Upon my facundity, an elegant construction by the Fool. So, I am cedunt arma Togæ.

Fab. For our attempt Sir, we will answer it: we

are for the King.

Cur. Then we are for the King, Sir; & in nomine Majestatis, we command you to attend our present Office, and then we will examine yours.

Loll. And then if you deserve the Gallows, you shall be sure on't: a short breathing-while shall be no hinderance to you. So Crier list up your Voice,

and proceed.

Crier. O yes, O yes, O yes: By the Kings most Excellent Majesty, a Proclamation, prohibiting upon pain of Death, any relief to be given unto the banish'd Eulalia.

Cur. Now fay, Whereas upon just and lawful Tryal.

Crier. Whereas, &c. Cur. The said Eulalia.

Crier. The faid Eulalia.

Eul. I am that haples she, that for relief will not beg, nor borrow, nor take of yee.

[Lod. & Cur. aside]

Pedr. 'Tis she, and at the price of Life I will relieve her.

[asidc]

Pog. How? what have we done? In relieving

her from killing, we are become Traytors.

Loll. That's an idle fear: we knew her not, Which now we do, we may again relieve her Into their hands, for them to kill her yet: And then there's no harm done.

Pog. So let us give them their swords again; and when they have done their work, to make all sure, we'll

we'll hang them for their pains, and so keep the Law in our own hands while we have it.

Cur. O homines infani! quomodo erravifis! The woman must be sav'd a manubus istis. They are Catilinarian Traytors.

Lod. You Sir, have reason; you have sound her Life

The King has pardon'd: and although her Doom. In this her Banishment were heavy, and A punishment even unto Death, but that Good soul she works and labours for her sood, You find not yet 'tis lawful any kill her.

Cur. Recle dixisti Domine therefore Sir,
You that are for the King, as you pretend,
Shew us th' Imperative mood or warrant for be
death.

Or we shall put you into the Optativa mood, By punishment to wish your selves dead oftner Or more times than bona side there be Tenses In all the moods of all my Accidences.

Eul. For my part He forgive them, if they will

Deliver truely who corrupted them,

To rid the world of this weary burden; that I may pray for them.

Padr. Can such a goodness deserve so sow! 2. Censure?

Eul. But first tell me: Are not you two the ment that gave salse evidence at my Arraignment touching injur'd Sforza? Fab. We gave no evidence nor salse nor true. (Beards

Andr. No countrey-woman, they had no such But I will try if I can make'm like'em: O rare! what a nimble Barber am I? Lod. They are the self-same men, the two cashier'd Lieutenants that Sforza should have hang'd for mutinies in the late Wars.

Pedr. What hinders now their execution. Cur.

Cur. Digito compesce inbellum: silence good Pedro.

do commend your zeal: but Periculum est in via,

e will walk safely: for this time therefore wee'l

do onely thus,

with them,

R locus in careere quod Tullianum appellatur.

will prefume to know who 'twas that fet you awork, before you go.

Ambo. You will be made to answer for it.

Cur. A word more, wee'l hang you presently, and answer that too: Abite hine in malam Rem:

Loll. Ah Rogues, wee'l hamper yee. Pogg. Kill a

oman 'caufe fhe was a Queen?

Loll Wee'l hamper ye, and halter ye, and do ye ear? hang ye.

Andr. Abi hinc & malam rem, away with 'm.

[Lodovico, Eulalia. Petro afide]

Cur. As I am Erudite, idoneus Adolescens, very towardly Juvenis, Cupis atq; doceri?

Andr. What's that? Cur. Wilt thou be a Scholar?

Anar. After you is manners.

Cur. Now by mine intellect, discreetly spoken.

be but my Pupil, I will make thee one, and dip thy Caput in pure Helicon.

Andr. Pray what's my Caput? and what's your Helicon?

Cur. Still a desire to learn: this is no Fool.

And by the company hee's in, I do suspect

Simile non est Idem: hee's too wise,

To be the thing he seems but in disguise:

ome Lord of Court, his outside non obstante.

Lod. It is confess'd Sir, I am Lodovico, sometimes a Lord of Court when this was Queen.

(c) Cur.

Cur. O Oedipus! I meant this Juvenal.

Andr. No truely Sir, your Simile non est Idea.

I am no Lord, what ere you like me to.

What I may pass for in the Countrey I know not, At Court I was a Fool when she was Queen.

Lod. We dare not call her Queen now: but while we

Relieve her not, though we associate her,

We are the Kings true Subjects; and with your leave,

Disclaiming of all Honourable Titles,

We'll live amongst ye.

Pedr. O gracious woman, so I may safely call you Who once preserv'd my life. Eul. Mention not that

Pedr. I ought not to conceal it: therefore know That fome years past being imploy'd to Court To render the Kings Rents for this Province: Which though I duely did, there was a Lord, A strange officious one, that charg'd me deeply, And all our Province, with detested breach Of our Allegiance: at which my rage Banish'd my reason, and consounded so My senses, that without respect of Person, Or Place, which was the Danger of the Law, I struck him there in Court: and was adjudg'd To suffer death for 't, till you won my Pardon.

Lod. Were you that man? Andr. And 'twas my

Cozen Lord I warrant that you box'd.

Pedr. 'Tis he that braggs fo much his truth unto

the Crown; I need not name him.

Cur. Sed nunc quid sequitur? Pray mark the issue of this Court quarrell. By the way, 'tis well you have renounc'd all qualitie of Court. Here were no living for you else; for know Since this mans trouble, not a Gentleman, Much less a Courtier dares breath amongst us,

But

and CONCUBINE.

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But be as you pretend and write, but Yeoman: You shall live Jovially with us and welcome, At your own charge, your own Viaticum.

[Enter Lollio and Poggio.]

Loll. We have laid up

The murderous minded men in dungeons deep, Clogg'd them with Ploughchains, Fetters and Horse-locks.

Pog. We'l teach 'm to kill Queens: Cur. Cave, caveto.

Loll. We mean this woman, this discarded Queen.

Exeunt Onnes.

Scæn. VIII.

Enter Alinda and Flavello.

Alind. For all the Feasts, the Triumphs and the Glories

That have been spent, at price of great Estates, In celebration of my high Advancement;

For all the King has in his present being,

His Love to boot, assur'd in highest measure;

Me-thinks there is yet wanting an Addition

To crown my Happines: all's not safe hereaster; I cannot safely say I am his Wise,

While th'other seems contented with a Life.

Flavello!

Flav. Most Mighty Soveraign. Alind. O most Coelestial found!

Here's all your business granted.

Flav. Greatest and best of Queens! All?

Alind. See the Kings hand to all: do you miftrust me?

Flav. I onely look for the poor womans Pardon.
That kill'd her Husband for his gelding the Priest.

Alind.

Alind If you but manage the Profits of my Favours with a discreet Hand now, you may fine finde the difference between a Mignion, and the Son of a Dish-Maker.

Flav. I finde it in your Gifts, my bounteeus Goddess

Alind. Oh Divine! Flav. And would prefume that I myfelf were worthy

A place i'th' Kalendar, might I do you Service, That merited the smallest of your Graces.

Alind. Do you know the village where that woman lives?

Flav. Who, facred Deitie? Alind, I'm very he to name her or her Son.

Flav. O Eulalia; yes, the very House, its in your Majesties way now, as you pass to Nicosas the King is ready, Madam, and calls away longs to be at the end of his journey, to perfert his Duty in the three Grants belong to you.

Alind. O but that Woman, and that hated Boy Flav. Eulalia, Madam? Alind Thou art a ball

Ingrateful Villain to name her to me:

Thou hear'st me say, I dare not speak her name, Yet thou dar'st stab mine Ears again, with it. Had some receiv'd the Favours thou hast done, Or could but dream of half thou'rt like to have. I should not sear her Ghost; but thou art dull

Flav. O let me take new spirit from your hand, And fay unto your felf, She is fure dead But the King comes, I am enough inspir'd.

Exit Flat

Scoen, IX.

Enter King and Gonzago.

free from least suspect; let but a spark
Discontent appear upon your Look,
rip the hollow cave that holds the fire,
with Death quench it. Gons. I befeech your
Highness,

found, or read, let it as well be construed, rows but from a filial sear t' offend, we forgot I had another Mother:
I humbly at the Feet of this I honour g her Ayd, to win your Favour towards me.
It gracious Madam, if you knew the Truth, fair sincerity I bear in Duty
wards your Highness—

Jund For what respect, young Prince?

For that you have

Fathers Love; and but to Wrong or Grieve you re Stripes or Wounds to his Affection.

much of my late Mother I remember,

yield a Reverence to his Contentment, and

fhall for ever.

thind. My Lord, my Love, what pretty meaning have you?

you bring your Son to mock me?

King. Ha! my Alinda, he's no Son of mine,

It with leffe Adoration dares look up

thy Divinity, then the Ægyftians

to the Sun it felf. but an out-cast Bastard,

And

And of the daring Giants ignorant Nature, That war'd against the Gods.

Alind. I would not move your Anger: pray let this win your Reconcilement. [Kiffa]

King. O thou art gentle, and the life of Sweetnefs:

Come, my Alinda, I was calling you
To our intended Journey to Nicosia,
Where solemnly I will perform my Vow,
To grant the three demands I promis'd you,
In the sull view of our Nobility.
Which by the Custome of my Predecessors
Have ratified and confirm'd the Power
Of Queens, and made them absolute: have you
thought

To ask things worthy of your Dignity, Wherein I fully may declare my Bounty?

Alind. I, Sir, thall be so reasonable, that I doubt not upon the way, or there at very instant. To crave past my Desert.

King. O you are modest: but ask home, Alinda. Alind. And by the way, Sir, let it be my Suit,

We give a Visit to distrest Eulalia;

Wherein we may do Charity fitting Princes;

(We may perhaps give Order for her Burial) [aside]
King. Thou art all Goodness: Come, all Friends.
Gonzago:

But thank her Clemency.

Exit King.

Manet Alinda, to her Flavello.

Alind. An Earldomebethou fure of, wife Flavello.

To add to thy improvements: Though it be No full discovery, I'll make it serve, As I will fathion it, to excellent use. Poyson or Sword thou heardst him speak?

Flat: And in a menacing way: Now what may be

onjectur'd by fuch words, from men whose looks hew discontent against your Mightiness, Lests most considerable. Alind. Write, Flavello, write,

Vrite by that Copy in a States-Man's hand.

Las. good men! I dare even fwear for them,

low ere these words might fall in their discourse,

They have no thought of me: yet this surmise

lives me an hint to try her Loyaltie,

or make her once more guiltie; for my State

Stands by the King, as unto her his hate.

Read it Flavello.

Reads.] Most Royal and most wronged Soveraign
Mistrifs, be happely assured that the time of your
Restoration is at hand: and that by no less means
than the death of that she-monster that usurps
your Dignitie. All shall be determined at Nicosia, by

Your devoted Servant unto death. Nameless.

Alind. 'Tis well.

In needs no superscription, only seal it, And think of your directions and disguise 'Tis but your half days journey: and be sure We are not far behind you.

Of whose despight I still must sharp the sting,

F 2

Scan.

Scæn. X.

Enter King, and Horatio.

King. No news of Lodovico yet, Horatio!

Hor. None fince he stole from Court upon the

Banishment

Of that false wicked woman, whom I cannot Name to your face or forehead, but I tremble.

King. Because you fear all horned Beasts.

Hor. My Loyalty forbid,

And my infallible Truth unto the Crown, But I were fensible of the injury.

King. I know thy Loyalty: but as for Lodovia, How was my Judgement wrong'd in him! Hor. And mine.

King. I thought my felf as safe in that mass Counsel—Hor. And so did I,

By my lov'd Loyalty, think my felf fafe In his Advices—King. Yet methought he had A kinde of flyness in his Countenance.

Hor. Yes, he had ever a kind of a flie look.

King. That still methought I had a Genius That check'd my forward love, and did inform me That he would prove disloyal: and for that cause. To speak plain truth, I never lov'd him truely.

Hor. Will your Majesty believe me? I would I might never rise

For all the Traytors Lands in your Kingdom, Which were no small reward) if that were not Mine very own conceit of Lodovico

That Traytor: hang him: what should I call h

That Traytor; hang him: what should I call him less?

King. Yet 'twas given out you lov'd him.

Hor.

and CONCUBINE.

Hor. So 'twas thought your Highness did.

King. And that he was your yoak-fellow in the State.

Hor. Yes, when he's hang'd he shall be.

King. How Horatio?

Hor. Your Majesty knows my thoughts: nay I thank my creation, I was ever

Just of your Majesties mind from my Nativitie, And in that saith Ile die. King. Here's a true Statesman now!

Go, fend Gonzago to me. Hor. My sweet yong Prince?

I shall: but ere I go,

Let me inform your Highness in my thoughts Of the sweet Prince Gonzago: if ever King Was happy in a Son, you are in him.

King. Go, call him to me. Hor. Cherish him,

good my Lord:

Hee'l be a sure staff to you in your Age,
And prove a Statesman quickly: I cannot think,
Except in him and your undoubted Queen,
Petruccio and my self, True Loyalty lives.
And here he comes: obedience in his Face
Most brightly shining.

Enter Gonzago.

King. Wait without Horatio. [Exit Horatio] Gonzago? Gonz. My dread Lord. King. Did you attempt

Against my strict command to visit Sforza?

Gonza. It is most true, I did. King. You are a Traytor.

Gonz. Gracious Heaven forbid it. King. What was your purpose?

Gonz. First on my knees let me implore your Royal Pardon. King. Well Sir.

F 3 Gour.

Gons. My end was noble: as I thought, well, fuiting

The Honour of a Prince: I would have search'd Into the secrets of his heart by questions, Whether he had intended or conceived Treason against your Highness, as it is Presum'd he did: for which he was committed.

King. My felf for that was his Accuser;

How durst you then make a scruple at it?

Gonz. Still relying on your Pardon, I had thought

T'have won confession of it from himself.

King. Suppose he had confess'd it? Gonza. 1 had then

Concluded there had been a Probabilitie
Of my poor mothers falsehood: yet I would have put
That Question to him next. King. And say
He had confess'd that too? Gonz. Then had I sav'd
Your Laws a needless labour in his death;
And with the same hand made that mother childless.

That by her folly forfeited her Husband.

King. Was that your resolution? but suppose He had denied all? Gons. All had then been nothing

But a Scandal to my mother and himself: So good a Souldier would not be a lyer To save an abject life. King. Sirrah, you are His Bastard, not my son, in doing this.

Gonz. You are my King, would I could fay. my Father.

King. Within there! Enter Horatio. Horatio, would you think it? this young stripling Takes part against me with that Traytor Sforza.

Hor. Do your think so? King. Think so? I know it

Hor. Then I know it too: Think, did you say?

I think 'twas time to think it. King

King. I knew it not till now,

Hor. As I am true to th' Crown, just now I knew it too.

Gonz. O do not so interpret, Royal Sir.

Hor. What can be faid against it? has not his Grace spoke it?

What must be done with him to please your Majesty?

King. Convey him from my sight, and let our

Marshal

Petruccio take him to fafe custody, (ther. fill our further pleasure. Gons. My King, and Fa-King. Hence with him I say. Gons. Great Sir, your mercy.

Hor. Did not I tell your Majesty there was not, ut in the Queen, Petruccio, and my self,

rue Loyaltie in the Court? Away you Traytor-

Gons. My Lord, you are too fevere.

Hor. What? in being true to th' Crown? O my Loyaltie! Exeunt with Gonsago.

Scoen. XI.

Enter Alinda, Flavello.

Alin. No news yet? no return? Flav. We shall have, Madam.

Alin. You made not choise of men of Resolution.

Flav. They were the same exasperate cashier'd

Souldiers

That fware fo valliantly against Eulalia

Alin. Many that pass for Souldiers dare swear valiantly,

That dare not fight. Flav. Many that dare not fight,

F 4

Darc

Dare do a murther Madam, such a tame one too, I am consident they have kill'd her: however, I have done my best.

Alin. Thou hast done nothing whilst that woman

The work was not so course, that your own hand Could have disdain'd it, Sir, if you had lov'd me. So leave me, negligent Fellow.

Flav. Her first months Majesty hath wip'd out

The memorie of all her former dayes.

I must not lose her though: this hand then soon Must do the work, be't not already done. Exit

King. How cheers my love? what ominous aspect Hath wrought this sad Eclipse upon that Beautic,

Whose radiancie onely is my life?

Cast by this veil of sadness: quit my sears.
And from my Browes wipe off a score of years.
No? what must then remove it? or dispell
These Clouds, that from the anguish of thy heart

Do cast this shadow ore my happiness?

Aim. I must not, will not name it: but you said You would do something, which it seems Your wavering love neglects. King. Can I neglect A duty that belongs to my Alinda? Speak it again: and by my first nights bliss I had with thee, by this kiss, and by this, I've treble in performance all my promises.

Alin. Y are dull in your performances: I will Not name a request the second time, although my

life,

Your dignitie, and your Kingdoms safetie, Lie on the rack for 't. King. She will not name't again:

Her last request was for the head of Sforza, Her arrogant proud Father, whose perversness Checq'd at her due promotion; and whose life

Swolne

olne up with Popularitie, was my danger,
reatning no less then ruine on my State.

c will not name 't again, poor tender soul,
it she might fall into th' interpretation
an unnatural child: yet for my safetie,
c suffers in desire to have it done,
have prevented her desire, 'tis done:
know Petruccio his Antagonist,
ho had my warrant and Signet for it,
ould not be slack in th' execution.

ome, sweet, be fearless: that which your mild
goodness

now fo timerous to name, is done,

Alm Is the purfu'd and put to death?

King. What the?

Alin. Nay, I have faid again,

King. Sfor-a, my dearest life, th' unnatural Homicide

That fought thy life and mine, is put to death.

Alin. What, my dear Father? King. Was it not your Defire?

Enter Petruccio.

Here comes fure Testimony: speak Petruccio;
will not ask, Is't done? but speak the manner
How Sforca di'd. Petr. A self-wil'd obtlinate man:
Such as he lived he di'd: and gracious Madam,
That a more bloody Spectacle should not move
Your tender nature to compunction, I brought
But this inseparate Adjunct of his malicious Head
[a Fewel]

Against you, the King, and the whole Kingdoms good.

Alin. This is a token most infallible,
The Jewel that none but the cold hand of Death
Could ravith from him: Tis done:
The sear of him is like a storm blown ore:
Tis done but this is yet but part of that full satisfaction

That

That must confirm my fasetie: Pray my Lord. [44]
You fatal instrument of my Fathers blood,
Let me not look upon you. King. Nay Alinda,
Exit Petrum.

You must not be so sad: your gentle sorrow
In those obsequious Tears express'd, shew nature
And Filial pietie as he was your Father:
But think upon your wrongs, my dangers, and your
own.

Alia. Alas my Lord, think you withall, a Father Is not so early forgot. But forrow leave me, And do you give me leave to think, that now It is no less a Childs part to embrace Revenge then forrow for a Fathers loss.

Kirs. How means my love? Alin. She lives that was his Ruine.

You may remember whom I mean: Eulalia.
Till now. I had no Plea against her life:
Onely my care of you might wish her Death,
For you security. Her sowl Adultery
And secret Practices against your Crown,
Were nothing unto me, compar'd with this.
New I have lost a Father: she the cause:
He suffers, the survives: where are your Lawes!

King. Sweet, be content. Alin. Content your

felf great Sir,

With your black infamie: sit down content On your Majestick Throne, the President O: Capital contented Cuckolds, do,

Till all your Subjects dance the Hornpipe too, King. Nay dear Alinda, do but think——Alin. Think what?

What on a course to be reveng'd on you? To serve you in that kind my self? Kin. O torment!

Alin. Or rather, let me think your lustful purpose Was but to rob me of my Virgin-Honour.

And

and that you put her by but for a time, atil my youth had quench'd your Appetite; hen to recal her home to your embraces. e is your wife it feems then still: not I. King You have awak'd me from a Lethargie which I was confounded: now I fee he and mine Honour cannot live at once: the dies, Alinda. Alin. And you may confider little further yet Sir, if you pleafe: ou Father and maintain a Son (your own cann it fafely fay, and therefore more my vexation) who demeans himfelf for towards me, like one that were your wife. King. Hee's also doom'd already, my Alinda Alin It may prevent a greater strife hereaster, Should he but live t' inherit Lands and Titles That must belong to yours and my succession. King. Thy wifdom has inspir'd me: all shall be Be thou but my Alinda; rul'd by thee. Alin. Seal you that Grant: with this kifs I Seal mine: My glories were eclips'd, but now they shine.

ACT. IV. Scoen. I.

Enter Poggio, Lollio, two Countrey-men with Eulalia.

Y'Are welcome Friends, your prayers and good withes

Are comforts to me, yet without danger of the Proclamation.

Pog. Madam, the Court in all the Braverie

t boalts and borrows, cannot so rejoyce

In

In the bright shining Beauty of their Queen, As we in your enjoying in this plainness. Their Bells, and Bonsires, Tilts and Tournaments. Their Feasts and Banquets, Musicks and costs shews

(How ere unpaid for) shall not outpass our loves.

Eul. Be you as consident, I will not wrong
A man among you: therefore pray reserve
What is your own, and warrant your own safety.

Pogg. But how you'll live, we know not: we are now

In our old former Health: the Countrey's cur'd. Your Practice at an end: unless you had The common gift of most Physitians, To make as many sick, as you make sound, You will not find a Patient in seven years.

Eul. But I have other Arts: sufficient skill In works of several kinds, the Needle, Loome, The Wheel, the Frame, the Net-Pin: and choice of Fingers works are most familiar with me.

Lol. And can you handle the Bobbins well, good Woman?

Make statute-Lace? you shall have my Daughter.

Pogg. And mine, to make Tape-Purles: can you do it?

Eul. Yes, and teach all your children works to live on.

The which, together with my own labour, May bring sufficient for my maintenance: Without the idle help of Begging, Borrowing, Or any way infringing the Kings Command.

Lol. You'l have a help beyond himself, bare borrowing.

Eul. Something I have in Book, to help their knowledge,

And by practife give them literature.

Then

hen when these serious works and studies toil us, or Recreation, yet with equal skil,

ee'l practice divers Instruments, Songs and meafures.

hat shall invite the Powers above to smile in the content of which we them beguile.

Pog. Well Mistris, ours is the voice of the whole

Countrey;

Il which, or what you please of it, is yours:

ake this House: make your choice of servants.

Take our children: make your own Rates for their Education.

Our Purfes and our lives are free to you:

Get what you can, that's your own: will this please you?

Eul. Yes gentle Friends, and with asmuch con-

Peg Take your possession then: and let costentie record, that without grieving Royal Queen once Traded for her living.

Sceen. II.

Enter Curate.

Cur Eho,oh, io, where is my learned fifter?

Eul. Why feem you fo diffracted?

Cur. Preh Sancto Jupiter!

Eul. Alas what is the matter? Cur. Hei mihi

alis erat qualem nunquam vidi.

Andr. Sure, fure, his Scholars have over-Mater'd him, and whipt him out of his wits

Cur. Corpus mane anima, hold thy peace.

Eul. Pray speak, what chance has happened?

Cur. Non est narrandi locus: Go forth and see.

Th'

Th' enraged Rurals are in an uproar lowd, each one an Hercules furens, a formidabilis formidaning Hostis: and quite against the Law Of nostrum est injuriam non inferre.

Are on the point of making themselves merry, In hanging those ill destin'd men by th' neck That sought so late to give your neck the check.

Eul. O let us flie to rescue them. Andr Yet 1

Your hast will bring you short to cut the Rope.

Scoen. III.

Enter Lollio, Poggio, and guard, with Fabio and Strozza.

Lol. Bring 'em away to prefent execution:
They have lien too long upon the Countreys charge.
We have given 'em bread and water a whole for night.

Fab. You dare not do't : what Law are we con-

demn'd by?

Pog. Dare we not do't? that word's an hanging matter

Here in our Civil Government: dare not do't Sir ! Wee'l do't; and when 'tis done, wee'l argue Law with you.

Stros. When you have tane our lives, you'l lay

the Law to us: you cannot be fo Barbarous.

Lol. Impudent Traytors! how dare you fay we cannot? yet because we graciously are pleas'd to put the Law out of our hands, and make you hang your selves, Ile give you Reason: Silence on your lives.

First, know, lewd, men, y' are Traytors to the King. In offering to be wifer than his Judgement, Which was but Banishment to the good Eulalia:

Seck-

king most Trayterously to take the life I do not say the Queen, but) the Kings wife most happy memory.

-ab. The good Eulalia? Stros. the Kings wife?

Tog. That was:

> u fhall not catch us tripping Sir,

Lel Good I do fay the is, and good again are pronounce her, that by dayly pain orks for her dayly bread: and for bare hire, eacheth our children fo, that we admire: The Infants who have understanding more then we their Parents have, or then Our Fore-fathers before us had.

Pog. But brother Lollio, make not your speech so long what is't to them? they'l carry none on't to th' other world: let's do what we came to do, e'en hang 'em. Then, as I said, wee'l argle it afterwards.

Loll But brother Poggio, better 'tis they live A minute two or three, then fuch a Speech As I am now upon, be loft.

Enter Lodovico, Pedro, Curate, Andrea, Eulalia.

Pog. See what y' have won by your delay! if the prevent not now

The good we meant her, I dare hang for 'm.

Cur. In tempore venimus with a Reprieve, quod omnium Rerum est Primum.

Eul. Alas, what mean you neighbours? would you now

For all my labours and my Prayers for you, Blast me with curses of expiring men? What trespass have I done you, that for me You put these men to death against my will?

Fab. Stros We do applaud your mercy, gracious Queen. (c) Pegg.

Pog. There now, there they deserve hanging to that:

They call you Queen, against the Proclamation. Dare you maintain 'em in't, and now speak for 'em!

Eul. No, I condemn their faults, and blame their lives;

But have nor Power nor will to judge the men: You have the will: but to assume the Power, You take the Kings Right from him: you transgresse As much his Laws in spilling of their blood, As they had done in mine, had they prevail'd.

Andr. They do not intend to spill their blood. Countrey woman, they would but strangle them: never pierce the skin, nor make 'm an hair work

men, if you consider rightly what they are.

Lol. But to the point. This is the All and some: We meant you a good turn, and for your sake t' have hang'd 'em right or wrong. Now since you will needs stand in your own highway of womens wisdom, which is wilfulness (Cur. A most Elegant Figure!) Let 'em and please you come to the Gallows another day for killing you out right: who can help it?

Cur. Oraculously spoken: which of the Sages

could have faid more?

Lol. 'Tis not unknown to you, that I can speak like a Sage, and am one of the Sages of our Precinct here for the Laytie, though your learning lie another way among us. I am a Sage, and will be a Sage.

Pog. And so am I, and will be: and but that wise woman, which is as much to say as a sool for her labour.

Cur. Another elegant Figure. Pog. But that, I say, she has gain-said it, we would; yet to shew our selves Sages, hang 'em up for Scarcrowes, to fright

fright all their fellows for coming from Court to kill women in the Countrey,

Andr. O how I love a Sage! how many Sages

do you allow in your Precinct?

Lol. Some three or four main Heads: we have now only Pedro, Peggio and myfelf:

But we have many Powers under us:

These now are Powers that execute our Commands.

There is as much difference between a Sage and a Power.

As between a Judge and a Hangman.

Andr. But is not the learned Curate a Sage amongst ye? Lol. No, as I said before, their learning has another way: we allow not our Clergie and Temporal Offices, for reasons known unto our selves.

Andr. Pray let me have a Sages place amongst

ye then: I long to be a Sage.

Lol. Brother Andrea, you shall have my voice in your Election. Andr. Sage brother Lollio, I

thank you.

Cur But will ye now, if miscroordially This gracious Fæmmine preferve your lives Ex ore lupi, from the Gallow Tree, Become new men indeed? Lul. I know they will When they confider the most dangerous fin, That threw them on their desperate Attempt, And their escape from merited Punishment, They cannot be fo graceless, not to turn To a reformed life: First know, young men, Your former Act 'gainft me an Innocent, Was Perjurie by which I fell, yet flourish. Confider there how black and fowl your Sin Is rendred by my Chrystal innocence: Your next Attempt against me, was blacker, Murder, The very word founds horror, Stress, Gentle Madam, Name it not then: but by your facred mercy, Acquit Acquit us of the Doom which we so justly Have drawn upon our selves: and we will spend Our lives in rendring satisfaction

To your abused goodness. Eul. This is serious. Fab. Or may the earth on which we kneel for favour.

Forc'd by the weight of our detested Sins, open.

Amb. Quick devour us. Eul. So, enough:

Ile take your words, Lod. But now you must reveal By whom you have been wrought to these sowi Practices,

Fab. All, wee'l discover all, though justly then we pay our lives to Law.

Lod. Good neighbours, Lollio, Poggio, and Andrea, conduct them to my House.

Cur. My self also will to be their securer convoy go,

For fear the Rusticks may presume again To stretch these penitent necks with halter strain.

Lod. You shall do well: I thank your Charity. Lol. Well, since in these we are prevented thus,

Come more, wee'l hang 'em, or they shall hang us.

Andr. Make me but once a Sage, and then sear nothing.

Pogg. Thou shalt be one next Sessions, without all peradventure.

Lod. When we have tane these mens consessions. Ile write at large each passage to the King,

Against the good Eulalia's will or knowledge.

Pedr. Ile be your faithful Messenger, my Lord.

Lod. Thanks my good Pedro: but remember

Silence.

So deep in thought good Madam?

Eul. Never enough in contemplation of my Happiness.

Pedr. It is your Heavenly mind that sweetens all things.

Enter

Enter one of the Countrymen.

oge What's the matter man? Doubtless and without all peradventure, more racles.

Lol. The news, good neighbour.

wetr O neighbours Poggio and Lollio, such a news, such a Discoverie, such a thing is come to pals, such a business is come to light, as your hearts never heard, your Tongues never thought, nor your ears ever utter'd: you cannot hear it, but it will drown you in a Sea of Admiration, never to rife again in your right wits.

Now am I mad till I hear it.

Thou thalt tell me first whether it be good or bad, or He not hear it.

wentr, It is good or bad I affure you: and therefore you may be gone.

g. I mean which is it? good or bad?

mer. I fay it is good and bad; and you may both stay and be gone, hear it or hear it not, an't please you.

e. Nay thou art in thy Jibes now : how good or

how bad is thy news?

pray thee neighbour, I do pray thee how good or bad is it?

untr Nay then it is neither good nor bad, but both: the best and the worst that ever you heard in your life, and the worst shall out first: what do you think of the woman that we have got among us?

w. Who, the holy woman? that we are all for bound to pray for? I hope no ill's betide her

wetr Come, thee's a witch: flatly and plainly

faid to be a witch.

G 2

Pog.

Pog. Did not I tell you she was an unknown woman, and therefore a good one, quoth you? but say I, doubtlesly; and without all peradventure all that she did was but a kind of witchcrast.

Lol. It cannot, fie, it cannot be: how is the found so? Countr. I do not say shee's sound a witch, but she's accus'd for one.

Pog. By whom is she accus'd?

Countr. By two brave men at Arms that came from Court

With purpose to have kill'd her for the same.

To be short, They found her out, and nakedswords they drew:

But as they thought to have thrust her through and through,

They both dead Palsie-struck sall to the ground And had no strength but of their Tongues wound

The Fame she had. Pog. Vertue can want no Foes. Count. With that they cryed she was a witch, and She also was that Queen which for a whore (swore The King had turn'd away.

Pog. This is indeed the best news thou couldst bring. Now doubtlessly and without all peradventure, it the Queen indeed: and if she be not a witch, I am sorry I thought so, with all my heart: where be those men? wee'l hang 'm presently.

Countr. No, the Queen, if she be the Queen, will not have them hurt more then they be: we were about to execute 'em: but she would not suffer it.

Lol. Goodness it self!

Pog. Nay without all peradventure, if there be goodness above ground, I said, and I say it again, it is in that woman.

Countr. She would have cur'd 'em presently her self: but could not do't, because the cruel Caitiss Would

w, before her gift could cure us: by the fame en I suffered an hours torment that I might e scap'd, because I was so loath to bring out naughtie business betwixt me and the Millers

Pog. 'Twas well you confess'd at last.

countr. I, and they will be glad to confess, bethey be able to stir hand or foot, I warrant: I so I told 'm when I lodg'd 'em both lovingly ether upon straw in my Barn, too good for 'em; so I told 'em too, for being Traytors to her liness

Lol. But where's our Holy woman? Pog. Our een wee'l call her now, without all peradventure Lol. Coming this way, to her Court-Cottage here, very flowly, though our two new neighbours ke the best way they can for her through the ople that press upon her so with thanks and erings for their new Healths: but she takes not much for curing a thousand mortal People, as I we spent in Turpentine and Tarre to keep my ocklings cleanly in a Spring time. Hark, she nes: this is the Musick where ere she goes.

[Shout within]

Scoen. III.

Enter Lodovico, Eulalia, Andrea.

Lod Depart good neighbours, good people all part: thee'l come abroad again to morrow.

Within Heaven bless our Holy woman. (part, Andr. She thanks you all good People, pray demorrow you shall have the second part:

c shall appear again unto you; pray depart,

men in Peace, the Wives in quietness.

VOL II (c) G 3 And

And let your bigger children still the less.

[All within.] Heaven bless our Holy woman.

Andr. So, now the Hubbub's gone: I pray pass
on.

I shall be as weary of the Cottage, as of the Count.
If this noise hold: here's thrusting and crowding.
As much as there, onely here they have less Prick.

Eul. Was ever comfort in the Court like this?

Lod. I never liv'd till now.

Enter three country-men more.

Andr. Here come more of our weather-headed wife neighbours.

Pog. Heaven bless our Holy woman. 1. Heaven

bless your Holiness.

2. Nay then Heaven bless our Sacred Soveraign Eul. This Homage fits not me.

I. We had not liv'd but by your facred means: And will no longer live then be your Subjects.

Eul. You go about to cast away your lives: In serving or in succouring me, you fall Into Rebellion against the King.

2. We have no King nor Queen but you.

Heaven bless your Majesty. Omn. Heaven bless your Majestie.

Andr. That was pronounc'd bravely; O my brave new neighbours!

Eul. Y' are Traytors All. 1. In honouring our Soveraign?

Andr. I, well faid, hold her to it.

Eul. How dare you call me so? 2. We dare, and can prove it good and lawful.

This Province is engag'd unto you Madam, The King made it your Joynture: and we find No reason but you instantly possesse it.

Eul. What, and the King alive?

1. He's

t. He's dead to you. Lol. Yes, yes, he's dead to you.

Andr. Well faid again: that's a found point, be-

These be true Blades. Eul. I tremble but to hear you, And will not live an hour amongst you more

But with this freedom, To use my fair obedience to the King.

2. You shall obey the King then, and we'll obey your Majesty.

Eul. O let that Title die with my late Fortune:

Remember it no more, but let me be

As one of you; nay rather, an Inferior, Or I from this abiding must remove:

Of which I first made choice in truth for love.

3. O Madam! Eul. Take heed good neighbours, Beware how you give Dignitie or Title; therein you may transgress.

2. No whit good Madam. Observe the Dialect of France.

And you shall find Madam given there in Courtesie, To women of low Fortunes, unto whom

'Tis held a poore addition, though great Queens
Do grace and make it Royal. Eul.. 'Tis then the
Greatness of

The Person dignifies the Titles, not it the Person.

1. And in that, Madam, you are in your content Above all Titles proper to great Princes:

But fetting this aside, how thrive your Scholars?

End. We go fairly on. [Enter 1. Girl] look you Here's one that knew no letter in the Book (Sir, Within these ten days, can read hitherto, And waits for a new lesson: proceed hither—And at your hour He hear you. 1. Girl. Yes, forsooth Mistresse. Enter 2. Girl.

Eul. Good Girl, well faid: nay, nay, hold up G 4 your

your head: fo, fo, 'tis very well: let's fee your famplar: what an hearts ease is here! Lod. Right is its perfect Colours. Eul. Nay shee'l do well: now take me out this Flower. Keep your work clean, and you shall be a good Maid. Enter 3. Girl. Now where's your writing book? 3. Girl. 'Tis here for footh. Pray shall I have a Joyn-hand Copy next?

Eul. No child, you must not Joyn-hand yet: you must your letters and your minums better first Take heed, you may Joyn-hand too foon, and 60 mar all: still youth desires to be too forward. Go take your Lute, and let me hear you fing the last

I taught you.

[Song]

Enter 4. Girls.

Scæn. IV.

Enter Doctor and Midwife.

Lod. Whither do you press? who would you speak with all? Doctor. O Sir, for Charity sake give us access unto the holy woman. Lod. Who are you? or from whence?

Doct. We are poor Pilgrims man and wife, that are upon our way struck with sad pain and sorrow.

Andr. Alas poor Pilgrims! here's she must do you good.

Eul. How divine Justice throwes my Enemies

into my hands? what are your griefes?

Doct. My wife is struck with dumbness.

Andr. Hold a little,

That's the greatest grief a woman can endure:

But trouble not thy self to seek for cure.

Too many a man i'th' world will change with thee A wife that of her Language is too free,

And give good Boot. Eul. Pray Sir be you filent. And where's your pain? Doct. Here in this hand:

Which

Thich I defire to flew in fome more privacie.

Eul. Because your Blow cannot be safely given here, you think.

finful wretch! thou hadft no pain till now;

or was the dumb till divine Providence

ow at this instant struck her. It is now

At as thou failt: and justly are you punished or treacherous counterfeits. Lodowick search his hand

Lod His hand is wither'd, and lets fall a Knife.

Andr. As tharp to do a mischief as ere was selt on.

Eul. Now take off his false Beard: see if you know him,

And let the woman be unmuffled. Lod. O Divels!

Andr. O the last couple that came out of Hell!

Lod. These are the other two that damn'd themselves

a perjurie against you at your Tryal.

Andr How do you mafter Doctor, and Mistress
Midwife?

this the Pen your Doctorship prescribes with?
This might soon write that might cure all diseases:

and are these the Labours you go to, Mistress Midnight?

Would you bring women to bed this way?

Omn O damnable conspirators!

Lul. Pray take 'm hence, their time's not come for cure yet.

Andr. Come away Pilgrims: we'll cure 'em for you,

f your own falves can cure you: O my fweet Pilgrims.

1. Fough, they stink of Treason damnably.

2. What, shall we hang 'm? drown 'em' or burn 'em?

1. They shall taste fortie deaths, then take their own. (c) 2. 1,

2. I, come away with 'em: they shall die fortie

times without peradventure.

Eul. You shall lose me, if you do any violence to any of 'em: but let 'm be lodg'd with those we take to day: Ile feed 'em all. Andr. They' be a jolly company. Eul. Pray do as I intrest 3. You shall in all command us.

1. Ile make my Barn a spittle for your conspirators till it be top full, and then fet fire on't, and

please you.

Eul. Do you no harm, and fear none: fend you Children.

2. Omn. Long live our Queen. Andr. You Queen? have you a mind to be hang'd? Own. our

School-Mistress, we would say.

Eul. We live secure in spight of Foes: and sec. Where Heaven protects, in vain is Treacherie: Who fays our State is low, or that I fell When I was put from Court? I did not rife Till then, nor was advanc'd till now. I fee Heaven plants me 'bove the reach of Treachery. Lod. O happie, happie Saint!

Ex. Rustici with Doct. and Midwise.

Scæn. V.

Enter Flavello, alias Alphonso, with a Letter to Eulalia, Poggio and Lollio following.

Lel. I would she had a Councel: she shall have a Councel,

And we will be the Heads thereof,

Though I be put to the pains to be President my felf.

Pog. It is most requisite for her safety: he: danger may be great.

A good

A good guard then in my opinion were more

requirable.

Lol. 'Tis well confider'd: she shall have a Guard too: and we will be the limbs thereof, though I be out to the trouble of Captain on't my felf.

Peg You will put on all Offices, yet count 'em

pain and trouble.

Lel. Yes, and perform 'em too in our Court of Conscience, for here's no other profit to hinder the Dutie: let them above do what they list; we will have as much care of our School-Mistress, as they of their Semiramis: I speak no Treason nor no trisles neither, if you mark it. But she must never know this care of ours, She'll urge the Statute of Relief against it.

Pog. This is some Courtier fure that's with her;

he fmells illfavordly.

Lol That made me dog him hither. Pog. He shall not have her out of fight, that's certain. Lol. Nor out of reach neither: a mischies quickly done.

Eul. No Superscription, nor any names unto it.

Most Royal and most wronged Soveraign

Mistress: (that must needs be me) Be happily
affured your Restauration is at hand; And
by no less means then by her Death that usurps
your Dignitie: (a plain conspiracie against
Alinda in my behalf.) All shall be determined
at Nicosia, by Your Loyal Servants.

Nameless.

Eul. You know not the contents then, and are bound by Oath you fay not to reveal the fenders of this Letter.

Alph. It is most true: onely thus much I tell you,

they are your noble and best chosen Friends.

Eul. Heaven! can it be, that men in my respect can plunge into such danger?

Alph

Alph. So Madam, this being all I had in charge I must crave leave (indeed I do not like this Oportunitie, nor well the countenances of the Hobnols.

Eul. You are no messenger of such ill Tidings. To part so slightly: indeed you shall not.

Alph. She's honied with the newes: I have

ready

Madam my Reward, and will no longer stay.

Eul. Then I must say, you shall stay; or He sen

A cry as loud as Treason after you.

Alph. You'l wrong your felf and Friends then. Omn. You wrong your felf Sir, and we charge you stay.

Alph. By the command of Peasants?

Lol. How! you choplogical Rascal, Peasants! Pog. Down with him into utter darkness.

Eul. No violence good Friends: but if you will detain him

Till I give order for his libertie, You do the State good fervice.

Lol. May it do you Service? Pog. The State is finely serv'd already. Eul. Me most of all. Lol liel cannot holdhim safter then. Alph. Madam, hear me

Lol. Mad Asse, hold your prating till she calls you Mean time you are fast: 'twas time we were

Councel or a Guard. Execut with Alphonfol Eul. I thank thee Providence, I dreamed not of

fuch ready help.

I am struck through with wonder at this Letter:
I could not at the first but think't a Bayt
To catch my willingness to such an Act;
Or Gullerie to mock my Hopes or wishes,
In case I had such: therefore I desired
The Messengers restraint from being my Relator:
But now a strong Belief possesses me.
A noble Fury has stirr'd up some Friends

My cause is weigh'd above, whence I shall see
How well my patience over-rules my wrong,
And my Foes run'd with mine Honours safety.
But let my better Judgement weigh those thoughts.
I do not seek revenge, why shall I suffer it?
My causeless injuries have brought me Honour,
And its her shame to hear of my mis-hap.
And if by Treachery she fall, the world
Will judge me accessarie, as I were indeed
In this soreknowledge of the foul intent,
Should I conceal it.

Then here's the trembling doubt which way to take: Whether to rife by her Destruction,
Or sink my Friends, discovering their pretence.
Friends have no Priviledge to be treacherous:
She is my Soveraignes wife, his chief content;
Of which to rob him, were an act of horrour
Committed on himself. The question's then,
Whether it be more soule ingratitude
To unknown Friends, and for an act of Sin,
Then to be treacherous to the Prince I love?
It is resolv'd: He once more see the Court.

Lollio, Poggio and Countreymen return.

O my good Patrons, I must now intreat

Means for my Journey to attend the King,

On a discoverie for the present safetie

Of his sair Queen: she will be murder'd else.

Pog. And let her go: we have shut up your newsbringer sase enough, will keep you by your savour, thort enough from hindring such a work. Eul. Dear Friends, a small matter will prevent this world of dangers.

Lol. Would you have us to become Traytors, to Supply your wants against the Proclamation? If you be well, remain so: your Industry Can keep you here: but for a Journey, that Re-

Requires Horses and Attendants: money must be had,

Which we have not for fuch an idle purpole.

.Eul. O hear me. Pog. Will you neglect your House and Trade to meddle any more with Statematters?

Lol. And bring our necks in danger to assist you! Let your own counsell advise you to stay.

Exeunt,

Scæn. VI.

Enter King, Petruccio.

King. How died the Boy? Petr. Gonzago Sir, your Son?

King. My Son, my Son? you urge the name of Son

To work remorfe within me, when I ask How died that Bastard boy; no Son of mine.

Petr. His last words that he spake to me, were these:

Go, tell the King my Father, that his frown Hath pierc'd my heart: tell him, if all his Land Be peopled with obedient hearts like mine, He needs no lawes to fecond his displeasure, To make a general Depopulation: But that he may not lose so much, I pray That in my Death his misse-plac'd anger die, And that his wrath have double sorce 'gainst those That to his Person and his Laws are Foes.

King. Did he say so? Petr. And then, as if the Spirit of Prayer

Had onely been habitual in his foul,

He did implore Heaven's goodness to come down. Listing him hence to shine upon your Crown.

King. This Boy yet might be mine, though

Sforsa might have wrong'd me by the By.

Petr. This done, he pray'd me leave the Roome.

I wept: In footh I could not chuse.

King.

King. Well, well, you wept, return'd, and found

him dead in's Bed you fay.

Petr. Yes, in so sweet a Posture, as no Statuarie With best of skill on most immaculate Marble Could fashion him an Image purer, slighter.

King. No more.

Petr. I found his stretch'd-out fingers which so lately

Had clos'd his eyes, still moistned with his tears; And on his either cheek a tear undryed, Which shone like Stars.

King. It feems he wept and died.
Prithee no more: I cannot though forget
My threatnings were too sharp: I must forget it.
I charge you that you leavy up our Army
Against those Rebels that we hear give succour
Unto the wretched cause of all my mischieses,
That hated ill-liv'd woman.

Scæn. VII.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. O my dread liege?

King. The matter? speak; how does the Queen?

Hor. O the sweet Queen! I sear, I sear, I sear,

King. What fearst thou? speak the worst I charge thee.

Hor. I fear she has a Moonslaw in her brains: She chides and fights that none can look upon her. Her Fathers Ghost is in her I think: here she comes.

Alin. Where's this King? this King of Clouts.

Petr. Fearful effect of Pride!

Alin. This shadow of a King, that stands set up As in a Press among the Raggs and Vizors

That

That represent his deceas'd Ancestors.

King. What means my love?

Alin. Your love? where is your love? Where is the preparation that you promis'd Of strength to tear in pieces that vile Witch That lives my souls vexation? your love? You are a load of torment: your delays To my desires are Hellish cruelties. Are these your promises?

[Horatio holds up his hands.

King. I have given order with all speed I could Alin. You could cut off an old man in a Prison That could make no resistance, and you could Vex a poor Boy to death, that could but cry In his defence; that you could do; but this That has so much shew of fear or hardness, As a sew Peasants to maintain a Strumpet Against your Dignitie, is too much to do For a poor coward King. Petr. What a tyrannou Ambition

Has the Devil puff'd up this Bladder with!

King. I fear her wits are craz'd indeed. Alind. Hear me gentle love. Alin. O my torment!

Hor. As I am true to the Crown, I know no

what to fay to this: she's falling mad sure.

Alin. No, no, you dare not do't: your Army man Perhaps i'th' dangerous Action break a shin, Or get a bloody nose: it now appears My Father (as 'twas voyc'd) was all your valour Y' have never a Mars or Cuckold-making General Now lest: and for your self, you'r past it.

Hor. His 'tother wife would not have us'd hi

thus.

Quiet Cuckroldie is better then scolding chastit all the world over.

King. I see distraction in her sace.

Alin. Did all your brave Commanders die in Sforsa?

Petr. By the Kings favour Madam (not to stir the dust of your dead Father) he has Souldiers that know to lead and execute no less

hen did victorious Sforza.

Alm. Sirrah! you have stirr'd more then his dust; ou have mov'd his blood in me, unto a Justice hat claims thy trayterous head.

Petr. My head? and Trayterous? I do appeal

nto the King. Alin. A King? a Cobweb.

Hor. And the the Spider in't I fear,

Ly Loyaltie knowes not how to look upon her.

Alin. If thou beeft King, thou yet art but that King

that owes me love and life, and so my subject.

King. Indeed Alinda! - Alin. Yes, indeed Gonzago,

life by inheritance; for my valiant Father

Whose life thou tookst, gave thine, and so 'tis mine.' and for your love, you dare not wrest it from me;

herefore deny not now my just demand,

that proud Traytors head. Hor. She's mad be-

King. Examine his offence, my dear Alinda.

Alin. Is't not enough Alinda doth command it?

Are these the Articles you gave me grant of?

Is this the nothing that you would deny me?

King. Sweet, weigh but his offence

Alin. His Head is my offence: and give me that tow, without pause, or by the strength of Hercules lie take thee by the Horns, and writhe thine own off.

King. Go from her fight Petruccio; levie up our Forces,

and let the Boy Gonzago be embowell'd, and fent as a forerunner of our Furie

(c) H

Unto

Unto that Witch, contriver of these woes.

Petr. 'Tis done, my liege. [Exit Petruccie.]

Alin. Was ever woman barr'd her will, as I am?

Hor. Here's a fine woman spoil'd now, by humoring her at first, and cherishing her Pride.

Alin. Sure you have but mock'd me all this while:

I am no wife, no Queen, but filly Subject.

King. 'l is a disease in her that must be sooth'd: Sweet, thou shall have his Head. Alin. O shall I to?

King. Go in, it shalt be brought thee.

Alin. Mark what I say to bind you to your word:
Do it, or Ile not love you: I can change
Love into hate, hate into love most sweetly:
Let that man live to morrow, Ile love him,
And do fine feats with him, such as your tother wise
And Sforza did; but make much better sport on't
They were an old dry couple. Hor. Take this, take
all.

Alin. I leave all to your Kingly consideration: You know your charge: look to't, and so I leave you.

Exit.

King. What wild Affections do in women raign! But this a Passion past all President.

O'tis meer Madness, mix'd with Divellish cunning. To hurl me upon more and endless mischieses:

It has awak'd me to the fight of those My sury (sprung from Dotage) hath already Laid in my Path, grim Spectacles of horror. The blood of *Sforza*, and that tender Boy:

O let me think no further, yet stay there:

To plunge at first into too deep a Sense

Of soul-afflicting terrours, drowns the Reason,

And stupisies the Conscience, which delivers Us over to an insensibilitie

Of our misdeeds, and of our selves: just Heaven! Afford me light to see I am misled:

But let it not as lightning blast mine eyes, Con-

Confound my Senses, make me further stray, For ever coming back to know my way.

Hor. How fares your Majesty? Kin. O Horatio!

thee's loft, thee's loft, Horatio.

Hor. I would my wife were with her then:

And so would any Subject say, I think.

King. What dost thou think?

Hor. Marry I think (and so would any good Subject think, I think) as your Majestie thinks.

King. What dost thou think of Loyaltie now?

Hor. Truly I think there's now not any warrantable Loyaltie left but in Petruccio and my sels.

The Queen is now out of my Catalogue, and my

Creed too.

Scæn. VIII.

[A shout within] crying, Kill him, kill him: for Sforza, Sforza: kill him for the blood of Sforza, Sforza, &c.

King. What terrible, what hideous noise is this? [Within.] Kill him for Sforza, Sforza; kill him, kill him.

Hor. My Loyaltie defend me! I know not what to make on't.

[Enter a Captain distractedly, Sforza Disguised.]

King. What art thou! speak: hadst thou the voice of Hell,

Denouncing all the Furies in't, I dare yet hear thee; speak.

Capt. O mighty Sir, Petruccio. King. What of Petruccio?

Capt. O Petruccio! I tremble but to speak him. King. Shall I then with the Prophetique Spirit of a King

of a King Speak of *Petruccio?* he is turn'd Traytor,

And

And animates the Souldiers against me, Upon the discontent Alinda gave him

Now in her Fury; is't not so?

Hor 'Tis fo, 'tis fo: ne'er ask him for the matter: I thought fo, just, just as your Majestie thought it; And find withall, that now you have not left A Loyal heart but in *Horatio's* bofome, Now that Petruccio fails: I fear'd 'twould come To that: nay knew't: O hang him, hang him. False hearted villain! he was never right, And so I always told your Majesty. Shoul

King. The cry comes neerer still: what does he

mean.

To bring my Army on to Massacre Me in my House? Capt. Dread Sir, vouchlass attention:

Petruccio is Loyal: 'tis his Loyaltie, And most sincere obedience to your will, That brings him to the ruine of his life, Unless your aweful Presence make prevention.

King Is then his Loyaltie become his danger? Capt. As thus great Sir, in the late Execution Of Death-doom'd Sforsa, which the Souldier (Not looking on your Justice, but the Feud That was betwixt Petruccio and him) Resents as if it were Petruccio's Act, Not yours, that cut him off: and ftill, as madly Bewitch'd with Sforca's love, as ignorant Of the defert of brave Petruccio, They all turn head upon him: and as if Twere in his power to new create him to them, They cry to him for Sforsa, Sforsa; or if not, Petruccio's life must answer Storea's blood.

King. Left you him in that diffres? Capt. He

Ĭm

did prevail

With much entreatie, by fome private reafons, Upon their fury for an hours respite:

In which dear time 'tis onely you may fave Guiltles Petruccio from a timeles Grave.

King Thou art a Souldier, art not?

Capi. And have commanded in your Highnesse Wars.

King. Me thinks I should remember, but He trust thee

Hor. I hope you'll be advis'd, though, how you run

Into this wild-fire of Rebellion.

King. My Fortune is more desperate then his I am beset and circled in with mischieses.
Way-laid with heaps of dangers every where:
Yet I will on: Kings were not made to sear.
He setch him off, and the more readily,
For my misprission of his Loyaltie.
Could I think that man salse? Hor. No Sir, nor I:
By all meanes setch him off: that Loyal General Is tenfold worth the whole Rebellious Army:
Save him, and hang them all.

Inter Petruccio with a Rabble of Souldiers, and two Captains, crying, Come, con c.

away with him, away with him.

Petr. Have you no haith, nor due obedience Unto the King? this outrage is 'gainst him, In me he suffers. I. Capt. We obey the King, And 'tis his Justice that we cut your throat, For doing such outrage in the death of our brave General.

That had you lives more then falle drops of blood, They were not all sufficient satisfaction for his loss.

2. Capt. Your limited hour draws on apace :

Prepare. Enter a Servant

Petr. He's come within that hour, that thall relieve me.

Where is he? is he come?

Serv. You are betray'd:

^μ vol. ii. H 3

Hes

He's fled and gone: no fuch man to be found.

Petr. Then Faith is fled from man: is Sfortated?

Why should I wish to live, now Honour's dead? Now take your bloody course, and in my fall, Martyr the man that sav'd your General.

1. Capt. Sav'd him? how fav'd? Petr. Sforts

lives,

All. How's that? how's that? that, that again Petr. As I now live, I fet him free from Prifon, Trusting unto his Honour to secure me, In which I did abuse the Kings Authoritie To th's founds: this sounds.

1. Capt. But does this found well from a Soul-

2. Capt. He is not now worthy of death, before He be well whipt for lying.

[Within] The King, the King, the King!

t. Capt. He could never come in a better time, to fee how bravely we will do justice for him.

King. How comes this Fury rais'd amongst ye Souldiers?

Have you forgot my Laws and Person too?

1. Capt. We honour both thus low: now give us

To look like men, and give your Highness welcome. To see a General of your Election

Die with a lie in's mouth: your Souldier here, None of the good Queens old ones.

King. Dare you both judge and execute this

man?

2. Capt. We dare to kill the Hangman of our General,

And think it fits our Office best: though you Have Law enough to wave our care and pain.

And

And hang him up your felf: for he affirms

That he let Sforsa live 'gainst your command;

And that's the he we treat of.

Kin. He give you all your Pardons, and him

To make that true. Sfor. Your Kingly word is taken. [Difcovers himfelf.]

Noble Petruccio, thou art disengag'd:
And if the temper of the King's high Anger
Blow still above his Justice, let it crush

This cloud that holds a shower of innocent blood, Willing to fall and calm his violent fury.

All. Our General lives: a Sforza, Sforza.

King. Sforma! Petr. You have outdone me in Nobilitie.

The Mansion and habitual Seat of Honour;
Of which he seems so full, there cannot be
An Angle in his breast to lodge so base
An Inmate as disloyaltie: if so,
How was Eulaha salse? or how Gonzago,
That tender Boy, the fruit of lawless lust?
There I am lost again. Great Power, that knowest
The subtletie of hearts, shew me some light
Through these Cymmerian mists of doubts and sears,
In which I am perplex'd even to distraction.
Shew me, shew me yet the sace of glorious Truth,
where I may read

If I have err'd, which way I was misled.

Hor. Enters. O my dread Lord! King. Thynews? Hor. O my sweet Soveraign! King. Art thou distracted too?

Hor. No Sir: The Queen, the Queen, the Queen's diftracted,

And I am like to be, and you, and any man That loves the King, unless some Conjurer

(c) H 4 Be

Be found to lay the Devil: I mean Sforza.

Sforza Sir (would you think?) that monstrues

Traytor

Sforza walks in the Court without a Head; Appear'd unto the Queen: I found her talking with him,

Kneeling and praying him to give her Pardon; Told him indeed 'twas she that sought his Head, And that she thought, that being now a Queen, She might by her Prerogative take Heads, Whose and as many as she listed: but She promis'd she would send it him again, Or else *Petruccio's* first: or if he would forgive her This time, shee'ld do so no more.

He seem'd he would not hear her: then she beat Her self against the walls and floor, and flies To free her self by th' windows: calls for Poison. Knife, Rope, or anything, whereby to sollow Her most abused Father. What to make on't,

As I am true to th' Crown, I must refer Onely unto your Majestie. King. O'tis searful!

Petr. My Lord, you saw not th' Apparition, dis

Hor. Not I: I saw him not: nor has the Devil Power in a Traytors shadow to appear Unto a Loyal Subject. Hah! my Loyaltie And truth unto the Crown desend me! See the very foresaid Devil at my Elbowe, Head and all now: avoid, attempt me not, Satan. I do conjure thee by all the vertues of a Loyal Courtier.

Sfor. They are all too weak to charma Devil Sir. But me they may, your Friend.

Hor. I defie thee Bubsebel. Petr. What do you see, my Lord?

Hor. Look there, the Apparition, there it is; As like the Traytor Sforza when he liv'd,

As Devil can be like a Devil-oh!

Petr Fear not: he lives, and Loyal to the King.

Hor. Does the King fay fo?

Sfor. Give me your hand my Lord,

The King will fay fo, if this be flesh and blood.

Hor. I, if thou beeft flesh and blood: but how to believe that I know not, when my touch makes me sweat out a whole showre of pure Loyaltie.

King No more, Horatio: I find that my credulitie

Has been wrought on unto my much abuse, And Sforza now appears an honest man.

Hor. Whoever thought otherwise? or how Could he in nature appear less then Loyal?

O my right noble Lord, I weep thy welcome.

King Back Souldiers, to your dutie: learn of me

Hereafter how to judge with equitie.

Sould. Long live the King

Exeunt Capt. and Souldiers.

King. Now in the midst of my foul-frighting ob-

I cannot but applaud your mutual Friendship.

Hor. Yes, and how equally I affect them both.

King. O that mischance propitiously might be

A light to reconcile my thoughts and me

Sfor May you be pleas'd Sir then to let the cause In which your injur'd Queen, your Son and I, And truth itself have suffered, be review'd? The mischievous creature that was drunk, now's mad With brain-consounding strong Ambition: She whom your ill-plac'd love Grac'd as a wise, Whom now I am not fond of to call Daughter, It seems is past Examination.

Hor. Mad, mad, most irrecoverably mad.

Sfor But let those Hell-bred witnesses be call'd, And re-examined. Her. They are not to be found

King. No? where is Flavello?

Petr. Not feen in Court thefe ten dayes. Hor

Hor. Let me out-squeeze that Court Sponge. If I do not fetch out the poisonous corruption Of all this Practice, let me yet be guiltie.

Scoen. IX.

Post-Horn. Enter Pedro. Letters.

King. From whence art thou. Pedr. Your Province of Palermo

Thus low submits in dutie to your Highness, The Service and the lives of whose Inhabitants So truely are subjected to your Power, That needless is the Preparation Which with much grief we hear you make against us. By hostile Force to root up a Rebellion

Bred meerly out of Rumour. King. Peace, no more: I find the Province Loyal. Hor. Who made doubt on't?

Ile undertake to find more Toads in Ireland, Then Rebels in Palermo, were the Queen (Queen did I call her?) that disloyal woman And that slie Traytor Lodovico out on't.

King. See Sforsa, see Petruccio, what Lodovico That trustie and true-hearted Lord has wrote me: He has ended all my doubts, good man.

Hor. Ah, ah! does not your grace come to me now?

I thought I would put your Highness to't for once. To try what you would say: when Lodovico Does not prove trustie, let me be trus'd.

Petr. 'Tis a most happy Information.

King. I, do you note the Passages?

Sfor. 'Tis indeed worthy a Kings regard: you fee your way.

King. Yes, yes, I know now what to do. And mean to put it presently in Act.

Hor.

and CONCUBINE.

Hor. This I foresaw would prove an hour of

The Stars themselves ne'er saw events more plainly

King How sull of April-changes is our life?

Now a fit showre of sad distilling Rain,

And by and by the Sun breaks forth again,

Exeunt Omnes

ACT. V. Scoen. I.

Enter Lodovico, Eulalia.

Lod. FEar not good Madam, trust my care and Reason.

Eul Good Lodovico, though I thank your care And love to me, yet give me leave to doubt, That as that cruel and Ambitious woman Hath overfway'd the Judgement of the King, She may pervert his Royal purposes Of I'eace and love, to your and my destruction Before you fent, would you had tane my Counsel Enter Pedro with Gonzago, and Letters.

Lod To end all doubts, see Pedro is return'd.

Pedr. And happily: fee Madam.

[Prefents Gonsago to her.] Eul. My Gonsago.
My Prince, I thould have faid. Gons. Thrice-gracious
Mother.

I thank Petruccio, who preferv'd my life, For nothing more, then this one minutes Blifs, In which I find your Bleffing in a kifs.

End Weep not, fair Sir Pedr The Lord Petruc-

Presents you these. [Letters She Reads.]

Lod Welcome my sweet young Prince Gonz I

thank you Lodor too.

Lod Now I fee methinks a Court again

Pedr

Pedr. We shall do shortly; for the King is coming,

And not in terror, but with Grace and Favour.

Lod. 'Tis happy Heavenly news. Eul. See here's an Inundation

Of Joys that do like waves orecome each other.

Brave, wise, and valiant Petruccio!

That couldst so happily deceive the King By a supposed death, to save the Life

Of my sweet Boy: all that I can be forry for,

Is this: Alinda is Frantick. [Lod. reads]

Pedr. Can that grieve you?

Eul. He brings her with him: and I hope the change

Of Air, with wholfome Prayers and Physicks Art, In which I am not ignorant, may restore her.

Lod. Madam, the Sun shines sairly.

Scæn. II.

Enter Lollio and Poggio.

Lol. News, news upon news! Eul. The Queen is kill'd: is not that it?

Lol. No nor the King neither, God bless him: they are both alive, with all their Pomp and Train coming to see our School-Mistress. Eul. Auspicious Providence!

Lol. They take us in their way, for they are passing to Nicosia, where the King means to keep his word with the Queen, in giving her three what d'ye calls?

Lod. Three Boons, as the custom is.

Lol. Boons? I Boons: I warrant she'l ask no Baubles.

Pog.

Pog. O Mistress, you were careful for her, that mes I warrant but to jeere you.

Ful Patience would die, if 'twere not exercis'd, ut now it rests, that we prepare to entertain our Guests.

The Swaines you fay are perfect in the Dance; o are my Maids; wee'l leave it for the King.

Exeunt.

Scoen, III.

Enter King, Alinda, Horatio, Lodovico, Attendants.

King. I cannot but applaud your mind, Alinda. But am not much affected with the Subject On which you purpose now to cast your Favour.

Lod. More scorn upon my life, and rude vexation. [afide]

Alin. If my fair meaning Sir shall prove mistaken, Tis but a loving purpose lost.

(O that wretch Flavello!) [afide]

Lod. If the have further purpose then to raise More forrow by the Kings displeasure to her. [afide]

Hor. Let her alone, her Raign's but short we know. [afide] Soft Musick.

Hor. Is this the found of want and mifery?

Alm Of wantonness I fear, and Luxurie.

(The villain had no purpose but to flatter) [aside]

O Sir, why came we hither? Lod. Mark the Camelon.

[aside]

King. 'Tis most sweet Musick.

Scen.

Scoen. IV.

Enter Eulalia with three or four Girls, and work in their hands.

Eul. Such as the rudeness of the Countrey yields Sir,

Hayl to the King and Queen, and may the thanks
Which on my knees I offer at those Feet
That beautifie and bless this humble Earth
Add many years unto your happy lives.

Alin. We have e'en seen enough: 'twas all I fear'd.

To find her knee-deep in Hypocrifie.

Eul. Seem not to turn away, most gracious Madam.

Before I shew for which I hop'd you came, The manner how I get a competence to live.

[Shews her works, and makes a brave description of Pieces: As Sale-work, Day work, Night-work, wrought Night-caps, Coyfs, Stomachers.]

Alin. Your work you fay, though't be o'th newel

Frame.

I fear your Play is still at the old Game.

Both wayes bring money: is't not so forsooth?

King. Enough, Alinda.

Lod. Too much, to tread upon Affliction. [afide

King. What fay you Lodovico?

Lod. I say Sir, the distresses of that Lady merial Kings Pity, and not such scorn.

As I fee cast upon her: but the best are women.

King. No more.

Eul. May it please your Highness sit, and not the Play

By which we gain when we lay work away.

Th

The Song I taught you last.

Alm. These wenches will be a good help to you at wassel-tide.

Eul We have varietie for all the Seasons, Of such poor entertainments, mighty Queen, To shew our much contentment in their welcome.

Lod. Goodness speaks in her.

Alm. There's for your Song () No, stay, I may transgress

The Law. (Lod. O Devil! Hor. Let her jeer on.)

King. Not if you give it for her pains, Alinda.

Alin.. Nay fince you warrant it, let's pay and go.

Though I have heard fuch pains disputed Begging.

Lod As all Arts are, by the Rewards they find.

Eul. Nay I befeech your Majesties. Alin. What's the Feat now?

[Musick, Dance.]

Alin. Sir. are you pleas'd to profecute your journey?

Or do these Beauties and delights enchant you?

King Ha? no, come, let's away.

Eul. Oh let me yet entreat your Highness stay.

Alm Not a stroke more I thank your we have heard

And feen enough: fo much, as I must tell you I cannot but commend your Parents Wisdom, Who having Calculated your Nativitie, By which they had the foresight of your fall, Prevented thus the Planets by their care, By teaching you to live by Hand and Foot.

Lod Did ever Daughter of a King thus fuffer?
Or has the Pride to fmile on Injuries?

Alind. Sir, you forget Nicofia.

[Eulalia whispers her.]

Alin. Plots against me? King, How's that?

Alin. She dreams of Treason intended against

me.

Hor.

Hor. No Divination against her own good, I-hope. [aside]

Eul. Mighty Sir, hear me : not to implore your Bountie :

No not your thanks, nor Popular Applause;
But for I am your Subject and your servant,
Bound by your Allegiance as well to prevent
All Ills might pass against you, as to do none
I could not think it but itrict dutie in me
To hasten this discoverie.

Lod. Treason, and a Letter?

We have never a false Brother amongst us, have we!

Hor. If ever you held your peace, peace now

King It bears a face of Horror.

Alin Cunning and Gipfie Tricks: will you to

Kin. What we meant there, we may do here as The Treason's there intended: look ye my Lords How careless is this woman of her safetie.

Alin. You Sir are careless: for if there be danger. Where can I fear it but in this place onely? The world holds not an Enemy of mine, But this enchantress you maintain against me

King. Your motion and your own love drew whither.

Alin. I would fain love her, and certainly I should But that she stills begets fresh cause of Hatred She has some Devillish Plot in hand this Instant: This shew is but the straw that hides the Pit

Lod. No enemy but the? to let her know the lies Even unto Prophanation against that Lady, He speak. Her I hope you will not.

Lod. The King shall see his error Hor. Will you Lod. She her crueltie. Hor. Will you, will you

Lod. The world Eulalia's Pietie.

Hor. Will you? will you? King. What fays Lodovico?

Lod. Most mighty Sir, we here confess and say Hor. We? you hear not me say any thing; do you?

King. What will you fay? Lod. That Letter

was not ours.

Hor. That's well. King. We eafily believe it Lod Nor any day or place as yet fet down Among our felves, for fact against the Queen. I mean Elinda. Hor. Nor fact intended was there

of death or danger?

Lod. 'Twas with'd at least by us, Hor. Lord, Lord,

Lord mumb.

King. Our Guard. [Enter Guard.]
Lod. King the's the General grudge of all thy
Kingdom.

Hor. You to not hear me fay fo,

King Their grudge incites my love: take em

away.

Come my wrong,d Alinda: This place shall serve.

And this Assembly, to make a Kings word good.

Make your Demands: three things I promise you.

Ask what you will, even to my dearest blood.

Alin. Your Highness will excuse me, if I urge

To bind it with an oath? King Give me a Book. What I have promis'd to my lawful Queen,

I will perform; ask freely.

Eul Great Queen, vouchfafe to take an Admoni-

My last and truck Testimonie of Love.

The rest were shadows to it.

Alin. Well, pray let's hear it.

Ful Let your Demands be for the common good. Not for your own respects: self love may hurt you. Beware Ambition, Envie, and Revenge

King. The Oracle could not pronounce more wifely.

1 Alin

Alin. Is this your love? 'tis fear of my just Vengeance.

Therefore hear my demands, my King and Husband. First I demand the lives of these conspirators

Lodovico and Horatio.

Omn. Bloody. Alin. Next that your Son, much of the Mothers Nature,

By Act of Parliament be difinherited.

Omn. O fearful. Alin. Last, that this woman have her eyes put out.

And be for ever banish'd your Dominions.

Omn. Crueltie and Ingratitude past all Example. King. Was this your Charitie? you have now declar'd it fully:

And I of both have made fufficient Tryal. Come here Eulaha, take now thy wonted Seat and

keep it ever.

Thy povertie and patience have restor'd thee

By the just Providence: while her Excesse and

Pride

Casts her before thee, to receive that Doom She had devis'd 'gainst thy immortal Goodness Into perpetual Exile; hence, away with her Alund. Remember your Oath, my Lord.

King. My Oath was to perform what I had promis'd unto my lawful Queen: that's my Eulaita And let good Lodowick and Horatuo be restor'd

Exeunt King and Attendants. Alında en transed carried out.

Scoen. V.

Enter Curate.

Cur. Oh! proh! proh Nefas!

Ile have no hand in blood of any man.

Eul. More exclamations? what distracts you now!

Lur.

and CONCUBINE.

Cur. Coram Senatures acla est: sub Judice lis est.

Ocurva in Terris anima: the Rusticks

Have tane again the Law into their hands.

And will you tender elemencie non instante

A Courtier hang, his sweet Face nec invante.

End What is his name! Cur. His name is hight

That Treason brought in Pettore & Skonfo.

Eut. Who are the heads of the Judicious Faction? Cur. Andrea, Lollio, Poggio, the Drudges

Have got the Peoples voice to be their Judges.

Lod. Dare they do this? Cur. Yes Judges they will be.

And kill, they fay, the Snake of Treachery.

Ewl I hope we may come yet to stay their Sentence.

Pray bring us to the place: where if we can Let us avert their Judgment from this man.

Exeunt

Scoen, VI.

Enter Andrea, Poggio, Lollio, a Typstaff before them.

Andr. And can these turmoiles never have an end?

Unless we load our heads and shoulders thus Our bodies eke with Justice Capa Pe. And Pepper all our brains with Policie.

Pog. 'Twas time to have a care: I, and a pitcous

Lol. A pious care you mean. Pog. Well pious then You'l shew your own wit, whose clothes soever you

(So do the wits of the time) but as I faid,
'Tis time we have a care, for though our Queen,
(c)
Our

Our School Miftress I would say, be mercifully, idleful

It is fit that we be prejudicious in the State

Lol Ju-dictions Brother · Pog Jew in your tack.

Trip me again? Andr Agree upon't, Brother

Sages of the Bench

My Brother Peggio here faid very well And learnedly and as I would have faid my telf? (If you will take his meaning) to wit that as

Our School Mistris doats upon Clemencie, it is fit that we run mad upon cruelte, So meeting her in the midst, we shall jump into the

Sadle of Justice

Pog I do fay fo, without all peradventure. For if the Candle of her mercy be not put out, We shall thortly, see more honest men then Knaves among us

Lel More Knaves you mean Brother

Peg I mean no more Knaves then your felf, Brother

Agree again, Sage brothers of the Bench: and let no private

Itch grow to a publike Scab. Lol. Then the point: Do not I understand the purpose of our meeting. Here in our pettic Parliament, if I may so call it? Is it not for a Reformation, to pull down. The Queens mercy, and set up our Justice? For the prevention of a superabundance of Treaton Dayly practiced against her?

Andr Most true And is it fit therefore that you brabble among your selves, and leave all worse

then you found it?

Lol No, we will make fuch a Reformation, that Treason thall not dare to peep over the Hedge of her Dominion, but we will take it by the note and punish it indignely: most indignely will we punish it?

Peg.

and CONCUBINE.

Pog. All this I grant: but before we sit and sustle on the Bench, because it is, and that without all peradventure, the first time that ever we play'd to wise a part, is it not sit to take advice, among our selves, how to desorm our selves in our office.

Lol. De did you say? in in you should say. Pog. In with your Horns: how now? Andr. Nay

Brothers o'th Bench.

Pog. Does he think to control me? because he has been a Sexton, and a little more book learned then a Lay man with an Amen sorsooth?

Andr. Nay Brothers: this will control the business.

Pog. Or because he has been in many a mans grave before him, does he think no man so deep in grave matters as himself? Lol. Well, I forbear.

Pog. Shall he bid me In, In? as if I were not

his inferior? Lol. I forbear still.

Pog. I will shew my self his inferior I, and a greater man then he; and to prove myself a great man, let him hang one, I will save two. Lol. Still sorbear.

Andr. Pray Brothers yet agree: and remember we use no mercy.

Pog. Let him that uses any mercy lack mercy, for my part.

Lol. Then let us fit, and fall to the Business.

Pog. Sit and fall: was that so wisely spoken of a book-learned man now?

Lol. Still I forbear Passion becomes not Judges, Now bring in the offender, the new and last offender. And. Pray thinke on your speeches.

[Exit Typstaff.]

Lol. I have made speeches that I hope shall make Traytors. And. How? Lol. Asham'd to wear their own heads on their shoulders. Andr. A Traytors head is not his own head: 'tis forfeited by Law to 35 VOL. II. (c) I 3 the

the King; 'tis the Kings head.

Pog. I say a Traytors head is his own Head:

and a good Subjects head is the Kings Head.

Lol. I say that's Treason: and the head thou wearest is not thine own then, if thou beest a good Subject.

Pog. Wilt thou tell me that?

Andr. Passion becomes not Judges, Brothers o'th Bench.

The offender comes,

Now they are hot, he shall be sure to smoak for it.

Scæn. VII.

Enter Alphonso and Guard.

Alph. Whither do you hale me? you Pease-porridge Peasants:

Is this a place for me to come to Tryal in?

If I had broke the Law, as I have not

I am a Peer, and do appeal unto

The Kings high Seat of Justice, publikely.

Lol. And will not our low stool of Justice, privily Serve for a Traytor? ha. Alph. Your selves are Traytors,

In succouring 'gainst the Law, a dissolute woman Whom I command you, in the King's high name. To yield into my hands. Lol. Pog. Andr. You shall be hang'd first.

Alph. By whose Authority? Lol. By the said womans Sir.

She is our Queen and her Authority is in our hands Alph. That speaks you Traytors: and the King has Law against you and her.

Lol. When you are hang'd he has: to the next able

Tree with him, and hang him prefently.

Alph. Villains: you dare not so say.

Omn.

Omn. We do all fay Hang him with one accord:

Gua If one cord will not do't another shall:

come away Sir. Lol. Stay: hear a speech first.

Alph. You dare not use me thus: dare you take

Justice on ye?

Lol Yes, Sir, we can spie

Freat faults in Noble Coats, with half an eye.

What though we nod? does Treason therefore think suffice is adle brain'd? or though she wink in us (as thus) that she's a sleep? or say the take a nap, d'ye think shee'l sleep for ay?

No, she but dreams a while, to circumvent, your vain hopes, with sharper punishment for if she be but jogg'd, no Mastife takes Swifter or surer vengeance when she wakes.

Pog I, hang him, hang him. Andr. Is he not hang'd yet?

Pog. Without all peradventure the Hangman means to hang for him.

Guard. Come Sir along, never hang backward, for up you must,

Lol. Stay him, my speeches will be lost else.

Pog Your long speeches will loose our purpose gain, without all peradventure.

Alph. Must I be mock'd out of my life? and have My death by hanging made a sport to Peasants,

in this blind hole o'th' Kingdom?

Andr Why thou choplogicall Fellow, dost thou not think, there are as good men hang'd, and as good sport made of it too, in the blind holes of the Kingdom, as in the very eye or open mouth of the ha!

Pog. Away with him without peradventure.

Alph. I am a Courtier, and fervant to the King

Lol. Come all the Court in all your coffly

Braveries.

I 4

And

And Treason in your Breech, we'll hang you for your Knaveries,

On tree in Hempen twine nay if you come In open Arms, up shall you all and some. For though for Tournament your Fames do slie

Run all at Tilt on us, wee'l draw you dry.

Andr. Tell us you are a Courtier? we find here Faults to correct, which you perceive not there. So, now away with him, I have spoke my best.

Pog. And without all peradventure well said

Judge Andrea:

How long must we say away with him? ha!

Alph. You hobnayl'd Rascals: can you think that you

Are fit to spie or correct faults at Court?

Lol. Stay, a short speech for that, and turn him off.

Your shoes at Court are all too fine and thin: To tread out snuffes and sparks of kindling Sin, Which let alone the Rushes may take fire.

Then flame, then burn up higher still, and higher: You warm you at such fire, 'tis we walk through't The hobnayl'd Common wealth must tread it out.

Andr. So, now away with him. Hang him first, d'ye hear

He has the best clothes, that will encourage
The Hangman the better to turn the rest after him.

Enter Eulalia, Lodovico.

Eul. Whither away with him?

Pog. So, now you see what's become of your fine speeches.

Eul. Will ye, 'gainst all my Counsels and requests Persist to pull destruction by taking others lives upon your own?

And feem to carry it as in care for me?

Pog. No, 'tis in care of our selves, because we know Not

Ful. Have I not often councell'd and entreated ou would forbear? Lel. Your councels and entreats we are bound to difobey by Proclamation:

For we must grant you nothing. Andr. Well found

Pog. And therefore if you fay, Hang not this man Ve are bound to hang him! we will show our felves he Kings Subjects not yours.

Lod. If you can answer't to the King, 'tis well; lis Majesty is here at hand. Eul. Go leave him unto me.

Andr. The King at hand? 'tis time for us to look about us.

Lal. Must not we be hang'd now?

Peg It will be fo, without all peradventure.

End. Release your Prisoner, set him free, and go and the rest of the consederats.

Excunt Guard, Alphonfo kneeles.

Alph. I was not bound till now have no power to stir or move a limb:

facred Queen, use mercy, in adjudging me, to present death, to quit me of the torment. That rages all upon me, all within me.

The sight of you has shot more paines into me Then I have drops of blood: O let me die.

Eul. I cannot give thee death: nor will my prayers

Till thou layst ope the cause of thy disease;
Thy hamous sin, by fair and free confession.

Alph. I hope no cure, and therefore ask no life but the Kings Justice to afford me death, that is no less deserved then desir'd; for I confess, This my Device was but to make my way to you, t' have murder'd you.

Enter

Enter two Lieutenants, Doctor and Midwift. Wrought thereunto by Alinda's Instigation. More I confess; The evidence against you, Whereby you were despos'd, was false. And all these witnesses which now do bring Addition to my torment, did I hire Both for their perjury past, and for their late Attempt upon your life, with the Queens money.

End. Do you confess it?

Omn. Heaven Pardon our misdeed: it is most true. Eul. Heaven grant you all your cures.

Omn. All bleffings on the Queen.

End. All was confess'd before by Fabio and Strozzo

And you do well to feem so penitent:

I do forgive you: and will plead your pardon unto the King.

Alph. Your facred mercy Madam, shall save a life then, to be spent in Praises and Prayers for your Grace.

Eul. Go, and pray for grace to mend your lives.

[Exeunt offenders.

So, let's now to the King.

Lod. Now look you about you: cast your Coats, and instantly

Hast to the Curat, hee's preparing sports, In speech and Dance, to entertain the King: Go and assist him: that must be the way To gain your Pardons. Andr. Comethen, let's away No longer Brothers of the Bench wee'l be, But of the Revels for his Majesty.

Scæn. VIII.

[Recorders.]

Enter King, Horatio, Sforza, Petruccio. King. These troubles over: let us, now Surveigh this part of my Possession.

his late neglected peece of my Estate,

to be the happiest: sure it is no less,

to those that think on earth there's happiness,

the Air disperseth pleasure and the Earth

fresh delight to every step gives birth.

Iere plentic grows, and above it content,

the spreads the Face of all the Continent.

Inlata, thou art happy, and didst rise,

Nor can it move my admiration much,

Thy vertue wrought the change, and made it such

Sfor My Lord, the King is sad, what shall we

do?

Her. I am as fad as he, and should be dead, If he were dead: and therefore no fit member To make Him merry, I: try your vein with him, Tell him your Daughters dying; that may check him.

Sfor. Are you so tart Court Blain-worm?

King. Yet can I smile in midst of grief to think

How the Court malice hath been way'd and

punished.

By Rustical simplicitie. Petr. The Sun Appears again in the Kings smiles: observe.

Hor. I thank your Majestie, that sweet smile re viv'd me,

King. Who fmil'd? Hor. Not I, I'm fure did you or you?

There could be no such thing: who dares he merry, when the King's sad? Shalmes

Petr Yes, here are fome now coming, I hear 'm, that are merry in hope to make the King fo

Scen. IX.

Enter Curat richly rob'd, and Crown'd with Bays, playing on a Fiddle, many School Boys with Skarfes and Nosegays, &c. then follow Gonzago, dress'd and Crown'd as Queen of the Girles, following her: at last Eulalia supported by Lodovico and Andrea: Alphonso, Strozzo, Fabio. D. Midwise. The former being all pass'd over the Stage: they kneel to the King.

King. O my Eulalia! Eul. Still the most humble Handmaid

To your high Majestie. King. Thy words are sweet: Yet to my guiltie sense they are no less Then thunder bolts; fram'd of the wrongs I shot

Against the Heavenly Region of thy mind.

And 'tis but Justice that the repercussion

Do strike me dead. Eul. No Passion mighty Sir.

Hor. O my sweet Queen! but I am thunder struck.

Andr. Old Lad, art there? still sick oth' Kings disease. [aside.]

Eul. If I may presume of any favour, vouchsafe a glance on these.

Alphonso, Stro. Fab. Doctor and Mid. Beseech your Highness.

Enter Curat Gonzago in his hand veil'd three or four Lasses.

Cur. Thus have you seen great King in best array, Nostri Discipuli have made Holy-day, Whilst I their Pædagogue or pettie King Present in hand this little Royal Thing, Yclep'd their Queen or Mistris: certe faller

For

For that's the Royal School Mistress as we call her. And this her under Usher: vey'ld is she, Dreading the Power of shinning Majesty.

Might dazle her Dancing: nunc est faltandum, And here are Lads and Lasses that at Random Have lest their works, as we the School & Templum, To sollow us; 'tis Regis ad Exemplum.

The youth's are mustled for their better graces, Though you may like their feet, youl'd blame their Faces

But He not trouble you with long Oration,
Because I had but short precogitation. [Dance]

Hor His Highness thanks you: and hath here
disposed

An hundred Duccats in this Purse inclosed; Drink it amongst ye to the Kings well saring, And see there be no falling out ith sharing So make your Exit. Cur. Non simus ingrati Rex & Regina semper sint Beats.

Exeunt Curat and Lasses.

Eul. Stay you a while.

Manent Fabio Strozzo Alphonfo Dollor and Midwife; they all kneel

You know my Story, Sir, and who have been My strong abusers, and by me converted, Therefore let me Petition: Royal King You have by these discovered the abuse That led you into error: and that light, Which makes discovery of their black misdeeds, Will shew you to a Throne of greater mercy Then you can give. King. I must confess I need it, Bee't as thou wilt Eulalia.

Eul. Go then, and thank the King.
All Long live the King and Queen.

[Excunt offenders.]

Lod. Here's goodness now. Hor. I would the

Devil

Devil had 'm, that thought ill of her.

Andr. And good King Pardon me, and my pure brother Judges, and Sages of the Dorpe here, that would have hang'd those Manusactors.

King. 'Tis quickly granted.

Andr. And Ile as quickly make them run mad with Joy.

End. My next fuit is, (for now I'm set a begging.)
You'l Pardon your Alinda.

King. She is not mine;

Should the recover, as Heavens will be done.

End Recover? fear not, Sir, this Traunse has drown'd

Her Frenzie, and shee'l live a sober life.

King. I shall forgive her,

But she must no more, in her recovery:

Be consort or acquaintance unto me:

But where's Posteritie now? O my Boy!

Eul. Sir you have had but homely entertainment Yet in my humble dwelling: now Ile shew you (Since you appear so tender and so good

A Father) the sweet comfort of a Son;

Pray fetch the Prince. King. You cannot raise from death. Exit Lodovico.

Eul. Can you forgive Petrucio that deceiv'd you In his faign'd death, to save a real life:

King. Forgive? he won me in preserving Sforza,

Let me but see my Son, Ile honour him.

Enter Lodovico with Gonzago.

Hor. See the most Princely vertue that survives.

King. Lives my Gonzago?

Gonz. If you my Royal Father be not displeas'd With me, or my good mother, I shall live.

Hor. And long live my sweet Prince.

King. Let not my joy confound me! where's Petruccio?

Lod.

Lod. Sforsa and he are bringing the entraunc'd

Your fair Queene) to your presence.

King. She is no Queen of mine.

Hor. No, hang her, hang her. This, this is the Oueen.

A very Queen of harts: a better Title Crowns not the best of women in our days.

King. Good Lodovico, may the merited Fame of thy fidelitie,

While there are Kings on Earth, Shew them to gratifie

All trustie servants: love him Gonsago.

Hor. Love him? my Loyaltie preserv'd,

I shall not desire the Princes love my self

If he not giv't to faithful Lodovico,

My true yoak fellow in State and Commonwealth, [Recorders.]

Enter Sforza and Petruccio, bringing Alinda in a Chayre, veyl'd.

King. But here's the man Gonzago, whom thou owest,

A love of equal value to thy life.

Petr. I cannot Sir, in dutie nevertheless
But sall before your mercy, which I pray for,
That durst assume the hardness to control:
Your Majestie Command.

Hor. There is a Loyaltie after my own heart now.

Here a new Song, Eulalia unvailes Alinda,

Eul. Blefs'd Heaven! the lives and wakes I hope

in health.

Sfor. If the awake to vertue, the is welcome, Into the world again: but if the rife With an Ambitious Thought of what the was Or meet the light with a prefumptuous look: That renders her in thought but worthy of it: By this blefs'd prefence I will yet take leave. To

To fink her under earth immediately.

Eul. Patience good Sforza, see what she will do. Alm. Where have I been? or how am I brought hither?

Or where I am I know not: but that shall not.

[Musick costed.]

But unto me a wonder: for I know
Were it reveil'd, it could not be fo strange:
A storie as my self was to the world.
How have I wandred in the way of Error!
Till I was worn into an Arie vapour.
Then wrap'd into a cloud: and thence distill'd.
Into the earth to find a new creation.
Tis found: and I am found in better state,
Then I was in, before I lost my Dutie.
For in this second Birth: I find a knowledge
How to preserve it. Therefore if an Heart
Dissolved in its Tears may move your Pity
My noble Father, (if I may say Father,)
Whose blessing and sorgiveness I entreat,
Let not your frown destroy my suture hopes.

Sfor. What a rich found were this now, were it real!

Eul. As you may think I honour vertue Sforza. I do believe 'tis really unfaigned.

Sfor. It is Heavens goodness to your Grace then Madam.

The more to vindicate your injur'd vertue.

And manifest your merit to the world,

Thou art mine own again Alında. Eul. Note her
further.

Alin. My fuit is next to you King, Queen, and Prince,

Whose love, whose Pietie, whose Innocence, I have too much abus'd: that to appeal. My trespasses at large by due confession.

I should appear but more impertinent to each eye and ear.

My suit is therefore (though you not sorget I ever was) you will be pleas'd to think, There is not an Alinda in the world. So give me leave to leave it: and in this, I beg my Fathers Aid, to be remov'd Back to my countrey Naples; and in that, Into the Magdalene Nunnerie at Lucera, To spend this life in Tears for my amiss, And holy Prayers for eternal Bliss.

[veiles her self.]

Sfor. So thou art mine for ever.

King. She has anticipated my great purpole, For on the reconcilement of this difference, I vow'd my after life unto the Monasterie Of holy Augustinians at Solanto.

Omn. O mighty Sir! King. 'Tis not to be gain-faid.

So haste we to Nicosia, where (my Son)

In lieu of former wrongs, Ile yield thee up my Crown and Kingdom.

Your vertuous mother (whom may you for ever Honour for her pietie) with these true Statesmen, will enable you to govern well.

Hor. Who makes a doubt of that?

King. And let your studie, Sir, be ever watchful To cherish vertue, as to punish vice. And see that you considerative be Of Sforza, in the wrongs he selt by me.

His was the greatest losse.

Sfor. Sir, I have won:

My wrongs are drown'd in her conversion.

King. Good Sforza, see her plac'd as she desires, In that Religious order. I have now Plighted my Troth to Heaven, and so has she.

K

Omn

The QUEEN

may (Sir) fuch Wedlock ne'er broken be.
ow with fuch melting filence as sweet

on Bodies part to Immortalitie, y we for better life divided be.

Exeunt Omno.

Dedit Deus his quoq; finem.

RIC. BROME.

The Epilogue.

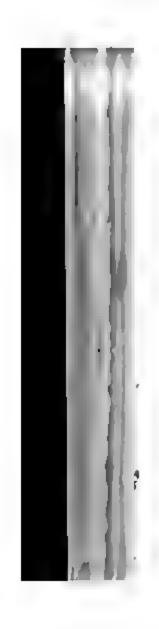
Lod. Through much diftrefs, and many perilous wayes

Our Queen at last with more then conquering Bays Is Crown'd with hearts: but now she fals again, And we, except her glory you maintain. Our good depends on you then, thus it stands; She chears our Hearts, if she but gain your Hands.

FINIS.

Errata.

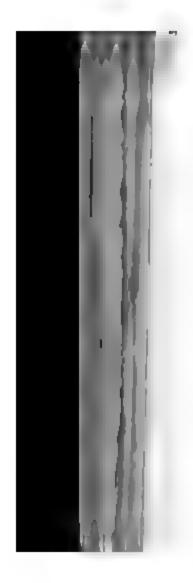
PAg. 9. l. 13 f. is read in. p. 38. bet. l. 13 & 14, insert Ent. Sforza. p. 68 penultimate, f. mine r. my. p. 69. l. 5. f. shall be King. r. shalt, King. p. 75. l. 19. f. inspir'd r. has inspir'd. p. 76. l. 33, f. but r. bare. p. 80, l. 26, f. said r. have said. p. 83, l. 4, insert Lol. p. 84, l. 18, dele Countr. p. 94, insert Exeunt. p. 95, l. 23, f. speaks r. speak. l. 29, f. in r. is in. p. 97, l. 10 f. they r. thy. p. 115, l. 12, f. to their r. to be their. l. 19, dele Eul.

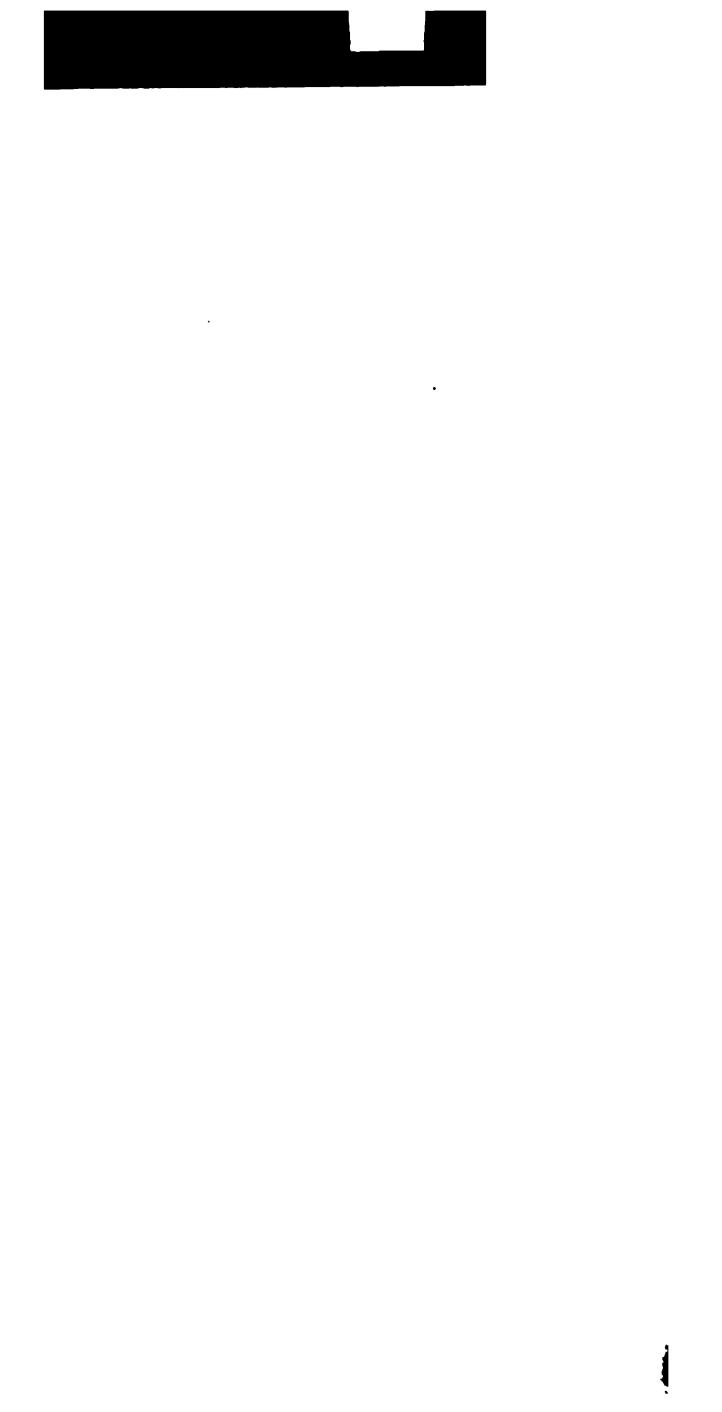


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